THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

ekly
Franklin

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Alice Duer Miller – R. G. Kirk – Joseph Hergesheimer – Kennett Harris
William Hazlett Upson – I. A. R. Wylie – Elsie Singmaster – Will Rogers

THE GREAT AMERICAN BREAKFAST

Food that "stands by" you through the important morning hours

8:30 A. M. 12:30 P. M.

Within 4 Morning Hours 70% of the world's important work falls

70% of the day's important work—in *the home,* schools, colleges and business institutions—is crowded into 4 morning hours, according to nation-wide commercial and scholastic investigations just completed.

That is why the world's dietetic urge now is to "Watch your breakfast"—to "Start days with food that 'stands by' you through the morning." And thus to protect your own and your children's most important working hours.

and—the most quickly prepared of all hot breakfasts

ON every count, Quaker Oats—steaming, flavory and appetite-enticing—stands supreme as the ideal hot breakfast.

In food balance, the oat stands alone. No other cereal grown compares. And food balance makes for active mornings.

16% of Quaker Oats is protein. That's more than any other cereal. 65% is carbohydrate, food's great energy producer. Vitamines and minerals are abundant. The "bulk" that makes laxatives seldom needed is there in good proportion.

Start every day for one week with Quaker. Note how much better your mornings are. Mark how morning listlessness goes. Note the absence of before-luncheon "nerves" and unrest. The difference will amaze you.

That is why it stands supreme among all breakfasts.

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Or—if you prefer—get the regular Quaker Oats that you have always known. Your grocer has both kinds.

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Quick Quaker Quaker Oats
Quick Mother's Oats Mother's Oats
Quaker Puffed Wheat Quaker Puffed Rice
Aunt Jemima Pancake and Buckwheat Flour
Milk Macaroni

QUAKER OATS

Fountain and charming courtyard of Lucile's Paris establishment

LUCILE Paris

Creates two Special Hosiery Colors

Holeproof weaves them in sheer and lovely pure thread silks. They are sent you months in advance.

NOW Lucile creates two very French and very charming colors. Each fulfills a duty of its own.

The first subtly adds allurement to cob-web materials and dainty laces . . . lends sweet enchantment to the *très intime wardrobe.* It's called *Collette.*

Carnaval, the second, is for street wear, designed especially for the odd new tans in shoes. It sets them off in a new way to give a strikingly chic effect that's now unknown.

* * * *

Thus Lucile, grand couturière and color critic, creates each stocking shade to fit a certain purpose. Each one results from more exacting effort and experiment than if it were perfected by a color chemist.

In every store are many different shades, but Lucile says that in twenty tans only two or three, no more, are actually correct. A perfect color goes with many shades of shoes and dress, an imperfect shade with none.

Lucile Creates for Holeproof

As new colors are created Lucile sends them to America immediately. Here they are reproduced in Holeproof Hosiery alone and offered you months in advance. In fact within a fortnight of the day they are first seen in Paris.

Now comes a new conception of the stocking mode. A new sense of correct shades . . . and how to choose them.

New Lucile Colors Constantly

Your store has just received the two new Lucile shades above. It now displays a score of others, too, that represent the latest Paris trend and may be seen in this fine hosiery alone. Lucile creates for Holeproof Hose exclusively. Choose from a wide variety of sheer chiffon and heavier service weights of pure thread silk. All are free from imperfections. The prices range from $1.00 to $2.95.

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The Prince Serves His Purpose

By ALICE DUER MILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

FELICIA was under no illusions as to why she had been invited to something which her hostess described as just a tiny house party to amuse the prince. There had been a great many house parties at Green Valley—the Brentons' country place—to meet a great many princes, near princes, crown princes, dukes, grand dukes, even archdukes, writers, singers, artists, actors, visiting missions and prelates of prominence, in none of which Felicia had even been included. She was asked to this one because by a strange accident she happened to speak the prince's strange language, having as a child spent two years in the rather remote corner of Europe over which the prince might some day reign—might, that is, if an uncle and an uncertain number of cousins should die without producing male heirs. The prince's English was not, it appeared, fluent.

"When I was a girl," said Mrs. Brenton, "royalty spoke all languages as a matter of course, but nowadays these postwar princes haven't the same sort of education, poor things." She spoke with a certain air of patronage toward a class of which in the old days she had stood in awe, the war having made the world—the social world, at least—safe for democracy.

The little town—which consisted principally of a small technical school, two or three enormous manufacturing plants and a circle of splendid old country places of which the Brentons' was the grandest and oldest—was accustomed to the visits of potentates, for the Brenton family had long had European connections. The present man's grandfather had married a well-known Austrian singer and his father a French girl of good family, and the Brentons had always had not only money but power. Besides this, Green Valley made an easy stop for royalty going from New York to visit Niagara and points west.

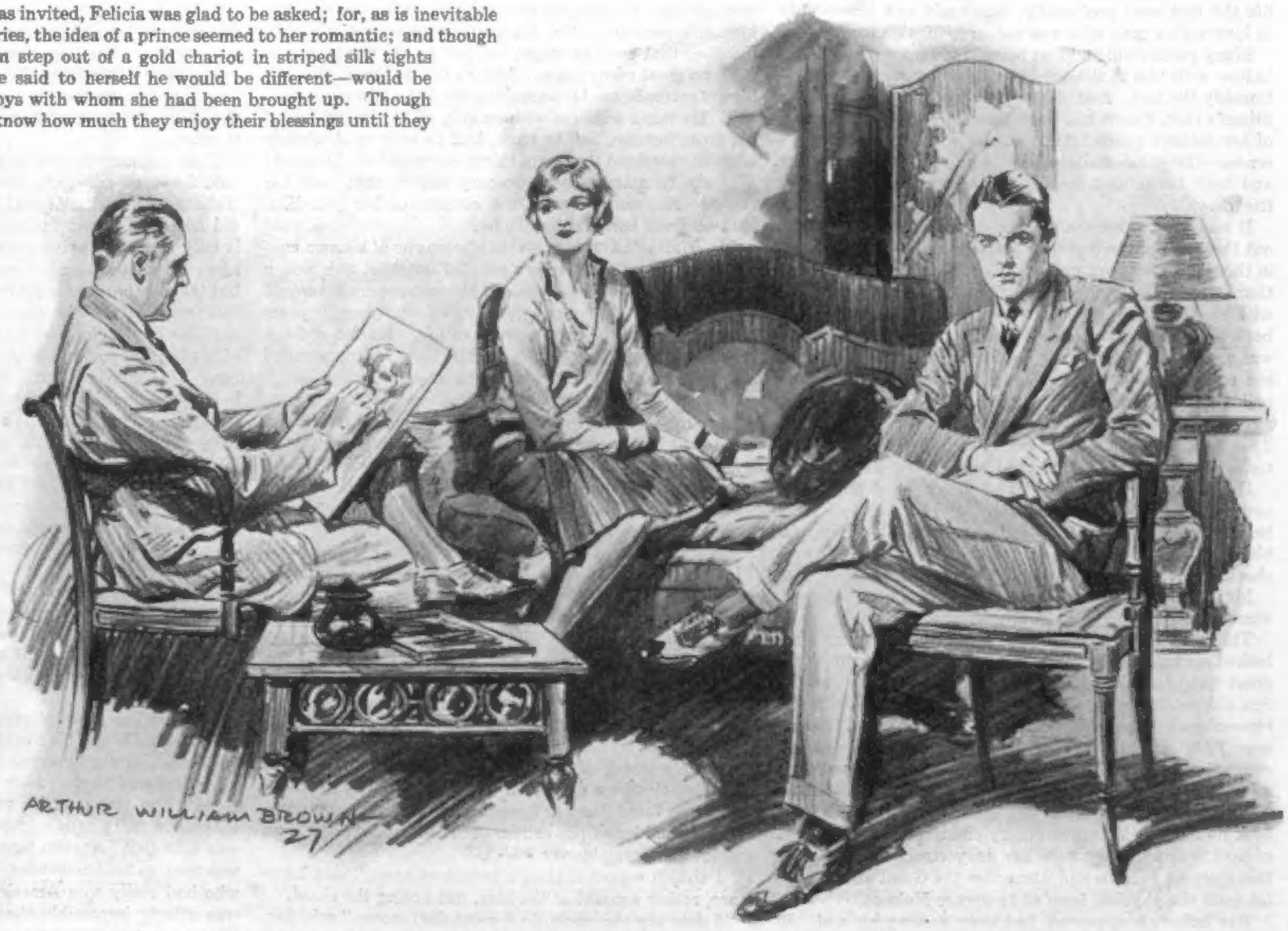
For whatever reason she was invited, Felicia was glad to be asked; for, as is inevitable to one brought up on fairy stories, the idea of a prince seemed to her romantic; and though she did not expect to see him step out of a gold chariot in striped silk tights and a feather in his cap, she said to herself he would be different—would be more interesting than the boys with whom she had been brought up. Though most people, it is true, never know how much they enjoy their blessings until they lose them, some others never know how much they want a blessing until they get it. Felicia belonged to the latter class. She did not take in how much she minded being left out of many parties until she was asked to this one.

There had been some discussion about her invitation. Mrs. Brenton, handsome and hard at forty-four, had gone over the question carefully with Betty, her daughter—handsomer and not quite so hard at twenty-one. They talked it over—and settled it—the very day the letter came saying the prince was arriving. The letter was from the prince's mother, whom Mrs. Brenton had met and befriended in Constantinople in those mad futureless days just after the war. The prince, Carlo Eugenio—or Karl Eugene, according to the momentary trend of the family politics, or dear Gene, as his mother called him, for she had English inclinations and preferred nicknames—was about to make the tour of the world, and would stop longest in the United States, a country whose greatness the princess had discovered with all the naïve wonder of a new Columbus. She begged her friend to be kind to the boy; and though she did not ask her to find him a fortune to marry, she did request that he might be kept out of impecunious entanglements. "For," she wrote, "in the present state of the ——" a word Mrs. Brenton could not read, but took to be the monetary unit of the country—"our estates are nothing but an expense, and Gene cannot afford to marry at all, unless ——"

It was at this point that Mrs. Brenton, looking up, said, "I think I shall invite Felicia Marion. I'm always meaning to ask her to something, and I never do."

Betty stared at her mother for an instant with a blankness of eye that indicated lack of sympathy. Even among members of families whose practical aims are so nearly identical that they become confederates as well as relatives, there is a certain absence of verbal candor, and Betty did not speak out what was in her mind. She thought, "Goodness, my dear mother, have I completely misunderstood you, and is all this trouble to enable Felicia Marion to become a princess?"

Felicia was an orphan and a great heiress—a greater heiress than Betty would ever be, although Betty would not be without her share of fortune. Then, after an instant's reflection, Betty saw her mother's wisdom. Felicia, gentle, silent and as self-effacing as if she were a poor relation, could not constitute a menace in case a girl of superior beauty and charm should take a fancy to the royal visitor. On the other hand, if the prince turned out to be impossible—as, alas, so many grandees are from the romantic point of view of the American girl—Felicia might very well be sacrificed to Mrs. Brenton's



The Prince Sat With Folded Arms and Bent Head, Like Someone to Whom a Great Wrong Had Been Done

friendship for the old princess; a great favor done, another European court open, and, not least, Felicia endowed with a life more interesting than anything her own country appeared likely to offer her.

"Oh, yes, I should like to ask Felicia," Betty said aloud. "Did I tell you the dreadful thing we did to her the other day? We borrowed her car and her tea basket for a picnic we were having, and then we entirely forgot to ask her to come to it. Wasn't that dreadful?" But she laughed as she said it.

"What is there about Felicia that makes everyone do things like that to her?" replied Mrs. Brenton, rather in the manner of Pontius Pilate, who did not stay for an answer. "So sweet, so kind, but ——"

"But," said her daughter, "she has nothing to say for herself."

"After all, Katherine Marly doesn't say much," said Mrs. Brenton, "but when she rolls those round blue eyes at a man it takes the place of conversation. She contributes something quite definitely to a party, but poor Felicia contributes nothing."

"I wonder what the reason is," said Betty, and they went on to the consideration of the other members of the party.

The reason was a simple one. The reason why Felicia was not talkative, why she didn't care much whether people included her in their parties, the reason why she was content to let them treat her as if she were a maiden aunt of fifty instead of a pretty girl of twenty-one, the reason why she regarded herself as unsuccessful and unattractive—was that all her life she had been profoundly, hopelessly and irrevocably in love with a man who was not in love with her.

They All Went Upstairs to Dress for Dinner. The Three Girls Stopped Together in Felicia's Room for a Few Moments. Betty Said at Once, "Well, My Dear, What a Hit You Have Turned Out to Be!"

Many people will laugh at being told that she had fallen in love with him at the age of ten, and yet such is unquestionably the fact. Just eleven years before the time of the prince's visit, Felicia had been playing croquet on the lawn of her father's place. Her partner was her French governess—the same mademoiselle who still lived with her and kept house and scolded her about the *tenue* of her friends.

It was a hot afternoon in June, and the sun had brought out the smell of the dry close grass to Felicia, whose nose, in those days, was not many feet above the earth. Her father had come sauntering out of the house, large and jovial, with his hands in his trousers pockets and his coat thrown back to show a lemon-colored linen waistcoat, to which he was addicted. Felicia was just engaged, with a swing of her starched petticoats, in sending poor mademoiselle's ball bounding off into the long grass, and mademoiselle was already beginning to whimper that it was too far to walk "*par une telle chaleur*"—for even today she had not accustomed herself to the climate of Central New York.

Her father called "Felicia," and she dropped her mallet and trotted obediently toward him, and then she saw that he was not alone. A beautiful young man, with bright blue eyes, set a little slanting in his head, and hollow brown cheeks, was standing just behind her father.

Mr. Marion said, as if it were a great roaring joke, "I want to introduce you to your guardian, Felicia."

The young man did not seem to think it funny. He looked seriously at her and she at him. Then he put out a great thin brown hand and she put a small soft one into it. She did not know what a guardian was, exactly, but she remembered a hymn in which something was said about one: "My all to thy covenant care, I, sleeping or waking, resign." So that from the first something sacred had mingled with her feeling for him. But the great emotion was romantic, for Felicia was extremely romantic. She took no interest in contemporary children, but the heroes of poetry and history were her daily companions. From this moment Perseus and Alexander the Great and Lancelot took the physical form of Lawrence Holmes.

Her father, it appeared, had been making his will. It was the summer of 1916, when even the most optimistic were obliged to face the fact that death was a common human experience. Mr. Marion saw plainly that people did die—that even he might die, but he did not intend to die for a great many years. Still, he decided to yield to the idea of mortality as far as making his will. It was a simple will. He was a widower with an only child; he left her all his great fortune, half in trust, half to be hers absolutely when she attained the age of thirty—or married. Married? Was she to marry any mercenary wretch that took her fancy? No, married with the consent of her guardian. But who was her guardian to be?

Mr. Marion's first idea was to choose one of his own contemporaries, but his lawyer pointed out that this was a mistake; when Marion was dead his contemporaries would be moribund; they must find a man who twenty years from now would be in the prime of life. Marion did not know any serious young man, and the lawyer recommended a young fellow whom he had just admitted to a junior partnership—Lawrence Holmes, a serious young man, an able young man, who, it turned out, was both flattered and amused at being selected for such a responsible position by a figure so important in the commercial world as Marion, of the Marion Processes.

"I'm afraid, though," he said, "that I don't know much about children—little girls particularly."

"Not necessary that you should," returned Mr. Marion. "I hope to be here for a few years still. I just want to feel that if I should die, you know, there would be someone to prevent her marrying some foreigner with pretty eyes and a title. After all, we're all mortal," he added graciously; though it was a hard fact to realize with the sun streaming in at his library window and three chimneys visible in the town in the valley all emitting the smoke that was the least important result of the Marion process.

"Better marry her himself," said the elder lawyer, who was deeply attached to Lawrence.

A faint cloud—a slight blankness—swept Mr. Marion's large open face. He was almost without social ambitions, and yet the idea of the heiress of his fortune marrying an unknown country lawyer ——

"I should regard that as a breach of trust," said Lawrence, rather amused at the idea, but noting the cloud.

"I dare say she could do a great deal worse," said Mr. Marion, cheering up.

"You flatter me, sir," said Lawrence, proud as Lucifer at twenty-five and quite sure he could make his own way in the world without stooping to marry old Marion's child.

So it was all arranged, the traditional glass of sherry was drunk, and at the last moment it occurred to Marion that the child and her guardian—her future guardian—ought to meet.

That summer the two saw a great deal of each other—conscience on his part, the devouring passion on hers. Holmes said to himself that if ever the time came when he did need to perform his protective function, he could do it only through having acquired some influence over her now. She found him not merely the hero of her romances but the only person she had ever known to whom she could talk freely. Up to this time there had been three figures in her life—her father, jovial, kind, busy and utterly unaware of her feelings and moods, her fears and wishes; her governess, also immensely kind, but engaged in trying to make her into something she could never be—namely, a well-brought-up little French girl; and her nurse, who agreed with everything she said, gave her everything she asked for and repeated all her most sacred confidences to the other servants. She had heard, through the accident of several open doors, that great warm voice of Nanna's saying, "And the child says to me, she says ——" And then the loud hearty roar that greeted her deepest secret thus retold below stairs.

In Lawrence she had not only complete confidence but he listened to her with the same sort of attention that her father gave his partners when, sitting round the table after dinner, they brought up some business problem and he waited, tense and concentrated, for the other man to develop his idea.

She saw Lawrence at regular intervals. Every Sunday he came for her in his shabby little car and drove her to his house to have luncheon with him and his mother, and after luncheon he drove her home again. She had time to consult him about all the problems of the week. At first they were more or less impersonal problems—whether it was true that Lancelot was not a good man; whether it was true, as mademoiselle told her, that it was the French who had really won American independence; whether it was utterly impossible that she should marry a prince. These were not easy problems for a young man to tackle,

involving, as they did, such questions as the moral law, patriotism and the opposing claims of romance versus realism.

Lawrence did rather well with Lancelot and the Revolution, but he had some difficulty with the question of the prince.

"Why, I suppose you could marry a prince if you wanted to," he said. "Lots of American women do, goodness knows! Why do you want to?"

It was hard to say. "I used to cry myself to sleep when I was small," said Felicia, looking up into his face and seeming to him so small that if she were any smaller she would go out like a candle, "because mademoiselle said I couldn't ever marry a prince. But then I expected him to come in a golden chariot with a feather in his cap."

Lawrence smiled, but not at her—at all life.

"They always come like that when you really love them," he said. And he went on to explain to her seriously and carefully the difficulties of making any marriage a success, and how these were increased by differences of nation and class experience.

Gradually she told him everything, even anxieties about her father which she had never told anyone—how he said things differently from the way mademoiselle told her to say things, how she feared he might remarry—a large lady with black hair and diamond earrings—and worst of all, how once in the railway station, when mademoiselle had left her alone in order to go and buy their tickets, Felicia had heard two men talking about her father and one of them had said, "He's a vulgar old beast and about as straight as a ram's horn."

The mere telling of these horrors to Lawrence took all the sting out of them. It became more and more apparent to her that she could never live without him. And so one Sunday afternoon driving back from luncheon, she said to him with a beating heart, "Lawrence, I don't want to marry a prince any more."

"Good kid," he said, not paying quite as much attention as usual, for it was the summer of 1916 and the minds of young men had much to occupy them. "That's right—marry one of your own countrymen."

"No," she said, "I want to marry you."

She had been terrified lest he should laugh, or that she would see that secret kindly look of amusement that children dread so, as if some hidden knowledge on the part of older people makes everything that children do and say a joke. Instead she found herself almost more terrified at his gravity.

"Why do you say that, Felicia?"

"Because I love you," she answered. She was not yet eleven years old. "Because you are kind and strong and very, very beautiful."

"Nonsense!" he said sternly, for no man can hear himself called beautiful, and the worship in her tone shocked something honorable and just in his nature. "You don't understand ——"

She interrupted him, which she rarely did. "No, it's you who don't understand. Older people don't understand children."

"Listen to me, Felicia," he said gravely. "I do believe you love me, but there is another way of loving."

"There isn't any way of loving that I don't love you," she returned. "I know I'm just a child, but you could bring me up to be whatever you want. I would learn anything you said, even"—she added in a burst of abnegation—"even algebra and the deponent verbs."

"When you are twenty," he said, "I shall be thirty-five." And to both of them this seemed a ripe old age. "The boy you will marry is at school now, or perhaps just going into college."

"And the woman you will marry? Oh, that's what I could not bear! A woman who would have the right to say, 'Why does that horrid little Marion girl come bothering about you?' I think I would kill her, Lawrence."

"On the contrary, Felicia, when I find her you will like her very much—as something dear to me." He looked down at her, but she, usually so docile to all his teachings, shook her head.

"I shall hate her, Lawrence. I don't think you can know much about love, if you think I could ever like anyone who came between us."

He smiled. "But, you obstinate kid, she won't come between us. I am your guardian. I shall always be here to look out for you."

It was thus that the shadow of a hopeless love descended on Felicia. Her emotion never changed, except as she was happy when Lawrence was with her and unhappy when he was absent.

She had accepted his promise that he would always be there to look out for her almost as a vow when he made it, just as his little car rattled under the enormous porte-cochère of her father's house.

Yet within a few months he was gone—gone, and perhaps forever; first to an officers' training camp and then, with cruel unexpected rapidity, gone overseas. None of the war widows suffered more than Felicia. He came to say good-by to her, looking, as she said, very long and narrow in his uniform. Her agony was not selfish—she did not think so much of her own loss if he should be killed; it was the thought that he might be wounded with no one to help him. Her dog had once been run over by an automobile and she had seen it crawl painfully to her feet to die. A scene in which Lawrence's figure was substituted for the dog's became her constant nightmare.

Now she discovered prayer—sincere, passionate flinging of the human soul upon God in an agony too great to be borne alone. She went secretly to Nanna's church, which seemed, at least for the duration of the war, to promise more than any other.

To Felicia, addressed in his clear running hand, came the penciled postal card announcing that his transport had arrived safely in France. She grew pale and listless that summer, and the neighbors—those, at least, who took any interest in her—said that it was very wrong of Mr. Marion to keep her there in the heat just because he was so busy with his war contracts.

With the signing of the Armistice she became a convinced believer in the efficacy of prayer. Lawrence was safe.

And yet things were never the same again. The instant her eyes fell on him after his return she knew that he was different—that in the life of that thin, open-eyed soldier such pleasant sentiments as his for her had no place—or had less place than before.

He kissed her and smiled at her. "I thought a lot about you in the trenches," he said.

"You're different," she answered.

His wide-open eyes stared a little more. "You're a clever kid," he returned, and asked after a moment: "Better or worse?"

She could not answer this much-disputed technical point, but she knew that he was worse for her purposes; that she must find a new kind of friendship with him—less tender, less silly and gay—perhaps realer.

And then it appeared that something terrible had happened—something so painful that she actually asked herself whether it would not have been better if he had been

(Continued on Page 94)

The Prince Wrinkled His Eyes and Turned to the Company. "He Speaks Me Very Sweet Before You All," He Said, "But When We are Alone He Scolds Very Horrible"

A HOLE IN ONE

By WILL ROGERS

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

Well, He Explained it So Easy I Was Sorry I Hadn't Taken Up Doctoring, for it Looked Mighty Simple. He Left Me the Map

AS I AM a-rolling to the operating room with a retinue of nurses and doctors as outriders, I thought I ought to pull some kind of a gag when I got in there that would get a laugh. I had never seen one before. The only experience our family had had with operating rooms was when we had the children's tonsils and adenoids removed, which is a juvenile social requirement in Beverly Hills. There was a kind of a little balcony up above the operating-room floor where people with a well-developed sense of humor could sit and see other people cut up. It must be loads of fun. But there wasn't a soul in there for my operation. I felt kind of disappointed.

I thought, "Well, here I am maybe playing my last act, and it to an empty house."

There were a lot of doctors and more nurses than I ever saw in my life. One nurse was there they told me afterwards just to count every single thing used inside you during the opening. Every gauze pack and every scissors and knife, no matter how small, has to be checked up and accounted for before any sewing up starts. This removes most of the old-time humor from operations, by making it impossible for anyone to joke about what was left inside them.

One fellow had a kind of a hose with a big nozzle on the end of it. Well, I had by this time thought of my joke and was all ready to pull it and set the whole place in a good-natured uproar. I just opened my mouth to utter my comical wheeze when this old hose boy just gently slipped that nozzle right over my mouth and nose both. I wanted to tell him, "Just a minute!" And I started to reach up and snatch it off, and a couple of men who had enlisted as internes, but who in reality were wrestlers on vacation, had me by each hand. I certainly was sore. Here I had this last aspiring wise crack and it had been snuffed out before I could give vent to it. And what made it so bad, I can't think to this day what it was. I remember at the time I thought it was going to be a knock-out, but the gas and the ether completely knocked it into another world.

Pleasant Dreams

YOU see the first thing they bump you off with is gas; that puts you where you won't tell any bum gags. Then they give you the ether; that's the postgraduate course in knock-out drops. When you get that you don't even leave a call. I knew this old boy was smothering me, but there was nothing I could do about it. After he had kept on a-smothering for a little bit it seemed like another fellow started hammering and drilling a hole through the side of the hospital and kept right on pounding and drilling right towards my head.

Then the birds started singing, but they only sang a minute, when we had a shipwreck and everybody on the boat was going down, and it looked like they were trying to push me under. Then there was a hall full of the craziest looking people. They would read off some numbers for one man and then some for another, and then say, "There wasn't enough to nominate." And this same thing went on and on. They were just about to agree, when the world came to an end.

Then a farmer started running and hollering for relief, when somebody shot him to put him out of his mortgages. Another little fellow was a-running and hollering, "I don't choose to run." And all this time he was running faster than anybody. Then I was in a bus trying to make a grade crossing and the bus was crowded with people, and as you know, the trains never run fast until they get near a grade crossing, and they never hit a bus unless its full.

Well, the train was right on us when the Chinese started shelling the town and saying, "We are Missionaries come to America, and you will have to worship Buddha and go to the Mission schools and learn Chinese." Then the Nicaraguans started dropping airplane bombs on us. We had nothing to do but let them drop. They said, "They wanted to protect the United States, as they wanted to put a canal through here some time."

Then I was rehearsing with the Follies. Coolidge and I were working together. We had an act framed up where we had asked an Englishman to disarm and he started laughing and we couldn't get him stopped, and we had to ring down the curtain. Then the water kept rising till it got up around the bed and there were women and children and horses and mules and levees and cotton gins and airplanes and boats, and a fellow got up in a big hall in a big city and said, "We can't pass this bill; it will take too much money. If it's passed, the income tax can't be lowered."

Then another crevasse broke and we were drowning, when I heard the nurse on one side and my wife on the other both saying, "Lay perfectly still, you're all right. You are fine now. Just relax."

How was I going to do anything else? Wasn't every bone in my body broke? Wasn't my throat cut? Couldn't I remember falling off a thirty-story building?

"You'll be all right. Just relax and go back to sleep. Yes, dear, it's all over and you are fine," said my Betty.

"What's fine? I don't see anything fine. Didn't the airship burn up and me right in it?"

"The doctors are right here, dear."

"My Lord, have I got a retake? If this is what they call saving anybody, what did they save me for?"

"It's the ether."

"No, it's not the ether; it's me. I know what I'm doing—I'm dying, and you-all are just standing there while I do it. Damn the whole gang of you."

Finally this ether got to leaving me and I sort of remembered what the operation had been for. I asked them, "Did you get any gallstones?" I was interested in the quality and the karats. I thought they might find something unusual, for any stone that hurt me that bad must have had corners on it. I figured it must be a rough diamond. Yes, they had got some, a couple of sizable dimensions, but nothing in any way approaching what could be used for exhibition purposes. I felt right then that the operation had been a failure. What's the use of having one if you couldn't show something worth crowing about?

The Explorers Make a Discovery

I THEN asked, "Did you take out the Gall Bladder?" He had told me he might jar me loose from that particular organ.

"No," they said. "We found a condition there that was unusual and it warranted us not taking it out at this time. But we found it, and if at any time you ever have any more trouble with it, why, it will be no trouble to go in and get it."

"Oh," I says, "you found out where it was?" This operation was in the nature of exploration or research. "Well, I'm glad you located it, anyhow; but suppose in my jumping around over the country the way I do, trying to find a Democrat, what if this thing should

Then I Heard the Nurse Saying,

change it's location? It's liable to be here today and gone tomorrow."

I would keep seeing the doctors and nurses coming in and looking down on the floor at the side of my bed. I thought at first it was a dog under the bed. They would frown and look worried and then move away.

I says, "What's under there that's causing all these mysterious peeps?"

The nurse said, "That's the drain from the tubes."

"Drain from what tubes?"

"Why, the tubes that the doctors put in your side."

"Why, I thought they opened me up to take out things not to put more in. You talk like there might be a series in there. How many are there, if its a fair question?"

She looked and counted them and said, "Two."

Two? I was hoping there was more than that. You can never get much distance on one of those two-tube sets. We had one at home in Beverly and all we could ever get would be: "Praise the Lord, make it a good collection. God loveth a cheerful giver." It was a woman's voice. I thought: "My goodness, I'm nothing but an old casing with a couple of inner tubes in me."

A Map of the Rogers Mine

WELL, all this worry of the doctor's was from the fact that I wasn't draining. They had found a rather unusual condition in there. Being in California, it would be unusual. I didn't have sense enough to know it, but I was in pretty bad shape, for this drain was over two days and nights showing up. It seems it wasn't due to defective plumbing, but there was some sort of a stoppage in the main duct that comes down out of the liver.

Well, the doctors slept right there at the hospital. They were trying everything from glucose to Murphy's Drip. As bad as I felt, I could tell that something wasn't breaking just right. Things were looking bad for Claremore, Oklahoma's, favorite light-headed comedian. If things didn't show up pretty soon, it looked like I had annoyed my last President. Betty was a better actor than the doctors. Finally it showed up.

Doctor Moore got one look and shouted, "If I was a drinking man I would try some of my own prescriptions tonight." He was so tickled that I believe if I had paid my bill then I would have got fifty per cent off.

He then tells me what shape I have been in and he sits down and takes a card out of his pocket and draws a blue print of the whole thing. That's one thing any Californian can do is draw a blue print showing you where in six months there'll be three banks, a subway and a department store right next to the lot he is trying to sell you.

The main duct —— Now I'm going to get into some technical stuff here and it's only people that have had the advantages of superior operations will understand, so the riffraff better skip over this part; it's only for the Intelligentzia. You know there is nothing broadens one like an operation, both mentally and physically. You see, I spoke of duct. Now to you ordinary boneheads, duct is the thing a batter does when a pitcher throws one too close to his bean.

Well, here is what he drew as well as I can remember: There is a right lobe and a left lobe of the liver. A good deal depends on which side the trouble is on. If you eat more on the right side of the mouth, why, the trouble is liable to be in the right lobe, and vice versa. The map started in with the liver, as that was the North boundary of my trouble. What laid North or beyond that I have no idea; it may be the thorax or the medulla oblongata.

The Offset Near the Wishbone

YOU know, the liver is shaped kind of like a boxing glove, and where it's laced up is where the big duct starts in. Just below it and sort of around the corner in what the oil men would call an offset, near the termination of the wishbone, is a small sort of a pocket, or rescepticle. This rescepticle is not very large and you would hardly notice it if it didn't get stones crossways in its main entrance. It's called the Gall Bladder and is shaped kind of like a hot dog that's been stuffed more at one end than the other.

Well, this main duct that runs from the liver South into

(Continued on Page 201)

"Lay Perfectly Still. You're All Right Now. Just Relax"

BRAVO, TORO!

By I. A. R. Wylie

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

THE four grew up together. Don Jaime was both the youngest and the eldest. The three others—Luis, Pepé and Juana—were fifteen, fourteen and thirteen when he was born; but, on the other hand, the day-old Don Jaime stood up strong and straight and two months later he could outrun Luis, and would have butted him over if Luis had not stepped aside at the last moment.

Not that Don Jaime meant any harm. As he swung about he would look at Luis with a sulky laughter in his red eyes. It was a game, and Don Jaime, who was young, understood games better than the three others. Perhaps because he was never hungry. All he knew of life was bounded by the Duke d'Alvarez's rich, sun-scorched savanna, where he and his mother, the famous Anita, who had brought more great bulls into the world than any other cow, browsed peacefully with the rest of the duke's herd.

Perhaps, too, he knew that he was set apart. The herdsmen on their miserable horses kept special guard over him, driving him wherever the pasture was richest. They watched the broadening of his great frame with grave, appraising eyes. When he was sick with some poisonous weed a veterinary was sent for from Toledo, and Luis and Pepé sat up all night in the dark shed ministering to him. And once the duke himself, who feared God and the saints and loved his cattle and nothing else on earth, came to see him. A herdsman dug his goad into Don Jaime's flank, to show his mettle, and with a small, absurd snort and a vicious toss of the head, Don Jaime sent his tormentor flying. Whereat the duke smiled palely.

"He will make a great bull," he said. "I dedicate him to Corpus Christi five years hence." And went away with only a careless glance for the rest of his great herd.

Pepé and Luis were the youngest herdsmen. Their village grew out of a spur of the Guadarrama Mountains that jutted into the vast plains beneath the Escorial. It was built of the same iron-gray rock, so that even from near at hand it was difficult to believe that it was there at all. The streets were narrow and steep, so that only donkeys could carry their staggering burdens to the Plaza Mayor—a forlorn square around which a fortified church and some old palaces, adorned with splendid armorial bearings, crumbled to ruins.

In the summer the village withered under a remorseless sun. In the winter terrible winds from the Castilian plains cut through the twisted streets. The people were always hungry and rotted by strange diseases that they accepted with a dark fanaticism. When Conchita, the aunt and guardian of Luis and Pepé, grew blind with some hideous product of the dust, and when it seemed that La Vierge turned a deaf ear to Conchita's mutterings, Conchita bore her no ill will.

Luis and Pepé were cousins and playfellows, but not friends. If it had not been for Juana they would never have played together. But Juana wanted to play with both of them. She would bring their food down to the shadow of the rocks where they and their herd took shelter from the midday heat and would stay with them till the long siesta was over. Juana was different. She was fair and blue-eyed, with some distant alien blood showing its color under the smooth skin. The villagers spoke of her and her mother as foreigners. They did not like them. They were angry with them because, when she could, Juana's mother would throw scraps to the mad-eyed spectral dogs that prowled the streets.

"Are animals Christians that she should throw Christian food to them?" they demanded bitterly.

And once Juana had flown at the muleteer, José Carres, and beaten him with her fists because of the blood dripping from his mule's neck. José, who was a kindly, good-natured man, had only laughed; but Luis had teased her for weeks afterward, bringing her birds with their eyes picked out, just to see her stamp with rage. But when he saw her cry he was sorry, though without understanding. For in a puzzled, half-resentful fashion he loved her and meant that she should be his wife.

And Don Jaime Watched. The Doomed Man Could Have Fancied That There Was Scorn and Irony in That Red Gaze. He Flaunted the Muleta Once and Once Only. The Sword Made a Line of Silver in the Sunlight

Pepé was undersized, with a pleasant, wizened face, out of which the brown eyes could twinkle a friendly merriment. They were more often perplexed like those of a sad young monkey. When Luis threw his hapless victims carelessly aside Pepé put them out of their misery. It made him sick, but it was all he could do for them—and for Juana.

Pepé wasn't much good to anyone. When he had a chance he would go to the priest's house and learn to read and write. He was always scribbling on odd bits of paper. Because he could never say what he thought, and his thoughts were like the waves of a wild sea beating backward and forward in a narrow inlet.

Luis was slender and beautifully grown. He had the grave aristocratic features of an old Castilian. He, too, knew that he was set apart. Ever since Pedro Castro, the *ex-torero*, had taken him to a small *corrida* at a neighboring town he had known. At dusk, in the Plaza Mayor, he rehearsed his destiny. His playfellows were the bulls, and as they charged him, each in his turn, he would step aside and deliver the *descabello de pulso* with a deliberate grace. Once only he made Pepé play *toro* for him. Juana was there, watching with the other girls from the thick shadow of the trees. Though Pepé was small and delicate, he was very agile. And gradually there came into the mimic struggle something that he did not understand. It was as though amidst them all he felt himself alone and baffled and tormented. He felt that he was being fooled by a force that in his innermost soul he despised. And Juana's blue eyes were watching him. And suddenly his small face twisted with this strange, unreasoning emotion, he charged—not the mocking cloak, but Luis himself. And Luis, taken by surprise, went down in a cloud of dust.

He stood up instantly. He was livid. His boy's voice sounded harsh and broken.

"You did wrong," he stammered. "Bulls don't do that—never—never!"

"They might," Pepé answered, with the shameful tears wet on his cheeks. "They might."

"They don't. You are a bad bull. Now I will kill you."

And this time Pepé stood still with lowered head, waiting for the death blow. He was the bull; he was panting, weary, bewildered. And when Luis, with his *espada* leveled straight from the eyes, leaped at him, he felt the sharp point strike between the shoulders and plunge deep down into his body, piercing its way through his lungs and his very heart. He felt the agony—the red, mounting weakness. The blood poured to his nostrils and he blundered to his knees, and thence to a motionless, unconscious heap.

It was a dreadful thing. Afterward even Juana, who was ordinarily so gentle to him, would not look at him. And Luis was cold and haughty. He could not forget that Pepé had knocked him down, and he was ashamed of a blood relation who had fainted at the thought of pain.

When it grew too dark for games Luis would slip into the *fonda*, where his friend, the *ex-torero*, sat playing dominoes, and sometimes breaking into harsh, vigorous speech. He would tell of the greatest day of his life, when the Madrid crowd had risen en masse to him, tossing their hats and coats into the ring, whilst he had stood triumphant with the bull's ear in his lifted hand.

Those were other days. Castro had lived unwisely; now he had crept back to his village, broken and forgotten by the merciless crowd. But he could still talk. And when Luis was there, crouched breathless in the shadow, he would talk better, his blood warming under the boy's ardent eyes. Suddenly he would stand up like a rekindled torch, slim and erect, and the foul beggar's rags would fall away, and in the fluttering candlelight Luis saw the glitter of gold and red; he heard the roar of cheering. He saw himself, and Juana, from her box, bending toward him.

II

DON JAIME had no thoughts—only sensations that were like thoughts. The smell of the rich grass, the soft warmth of the early sun, the cool shadows and, when the wind blew, the comfort of his mother's great sheltering

body—these things came and went through his days as dreams glide through the mind of a sleeper on the verge of waking. And when his mother vanished forever—that, too, was a new sensation. He sought for her all day, and at nightfall his small plaintive bellowing sounded in Pepé's ears like the inarticulate crying of a whole sorrowful world.

It was then in his loneliness that he began to feel people. He became aware of the two herdsmen on horseback who stood about his life like enigmatic, ominous shadows. They were connected in his consciousness with pain and a red, strange force in himself. One day the youngest of them had goaded him with his lance, and he had turned, not knowing what he was about to do, and had caught the aggressor's horse beneath the girths. With one great jolt of the lowered head he had sent the wretched animal floundering in the dust. But as yet he had only stubs for horns, and his victim had staggered up, wild-eyed and panting, but unhurt.

The herdsman, though he was badly shaken, had laughed—grim laughter. And they had talked of Don Jaime's father, who had died at the *corrida* at Pamplona after one of the most magnificent spectacles that city had ever seen.

"He will be just such another," they had said.

But the three young people were like himself. He felt their youth. When they lay in the shadow of the rocks he would come toward them and watch them with quiet, inquisitive eyes. He was like a diffident, rather sulky little boy, waiting for them to make advances. And one of them would get up and feed him with a handful of rich grass and put her lips to his soft velvet nose.

"Dear little Toro!"

"He is not as the others are," Pepé had said one day, stumbling out of his silence. "He is friendly. I think he understands. He remembers how we cared for him when he was sick, Luis. He is saying, 'Thank you.'"

Luis had laughed. But when Pepé stood up, too, and stroked Don Jaime gently between the arching horns so that his hand brushed against Juana's, suddenly Luis had become angry. His anger was always cold and swift like the flash of a knife. He had thrust Pepé on one side.

"You are a coward, Pepé, and would make a coward of a brave bull. Now I will show you ——" And the game had begun.

Don Jaime knew it well. He knew every twist and turn of it. First the cloak would be flaunted in his eyes and he would snort and paw the earth in mimic fury. Then he would charge, tossing the cloak into the air, whilst Luis swayed lightly to one side and Juana laughed and clapped her hands.

"Bravo—bravo, Toro!"

It was a great game. They played it whenever the other men were away, minding the far-flung fringes of the herd. Don Jaime played it as a puppy plays with other puppies, roughly, but without anger and with an unconscious carefulness. He knew two things. He knew that the cloak was not the man. And the man was his friend.

Pepé and Juana watched together. And Juana's blue eyes grew brighter and clearer, like deep water in sunlight. She loved it when Luis stood before her, his shabby *beiro* in hand, and dedicated Don Jaime's life to her. His austere, proud gesture made her feel like a princess to whom the prince swears service before an applauding multitude. She felt rich and beautiful. She loved to watch him as he rose on tiptoe—as Castro had taught him—swaying his lithe body to a curve so that Don Jaime flashed past with not a hairbreadth to spare. His body was like a fine steel, quivering and tense, in the hand of a master swordsman.

And when at last Don Jaime, wearied and a little baffled, would stand passive, with lowered head, Luis delivered the death blow, gravely, unerringly.

But the *espada* was only a herdsman's staff. Don Jaime would shake his shoulders under the pin prick and canter off in a cloud of laughing dust.

"Bravo, Toro! Bravo, Luis!"

And Luis would stand before Juana, one hand lifted, one hand stemmed on his thigh, in the stereotyped attitude of careless, graceful triumph.

But Pepé had seen the blood well up in Don Jaime's nostrils. He had seen death. And each time that the end came he would look away, his small brown face puckered, the laughter quenched in the brown eyes.

"Why do you look away?" Luis once asked. "Are you afraid that you will grow faint again like a girl?"

"I am a girl," Juana said indignantly, "and I have never fainted."

"He is our friend," Pepé stammered back, "and you teach him now how he will be killed."

"And he is teaching me to be the greatest *espada* in Spain," Luis retorted. "And he knows nothing."

"He knows that it is a game. He knows that we are friends. He could kill you. You would kill him."

"Animals are not friends. And he could not kill me; I am too quick. He is stupid—a stupid bull. And you are a poor thing, Pepé. I do not know how it can be that the same blood runs in both of us."

Luis threw himself down at Juana's side and the three ate their dry bread together in silence. The truce was broken. Juana dared not look at either of them. She was frightened and sorrowful. She did not quite know why.

Presently old Fernando, the village beggar, came groping his way toward them, holding out his bowl and tinkling his little bell.

"Alms for the love of God ——"

Luis gave him his bread.

And now Juana looked at him. She was smiling with a gratitude that she understood as little as her grief. She could have kissed his hands.

"But, Luis, you will be hungry."

He smiled gravely down at her.

"No man can enter heaven without a beggar to call him friend," he said. "Come, Juana."

She rose and walked beside him up the rocky path toward the village. They had forgotten Pepé and he did not follow them. He went over to where Don Jaime stood browsing peacefully amidst the withered grass and laid his head against the silken neck, and he was blind with tears.

III

AND so the months passed and a change came. Don Jaime, who had no thoughts, did not understand the change. Only that he was tormented by a restless, unsatisfied hunger that made him easily resentful—easily angered. Sometimes at evening he would stand alone amidst the herd of passionless, harmless bullocks that had become his companions and unconscious guardians, and with lifted head send out a terrible, thundering call that seemed to reach the very crest of the black mountains—that sounded in Pepé's ears like the inarticulate crying of his own beaten and baffled thoughts.

Even in these days Don Jaime was magnificent—red, glittering, with the great muscles rolling under the sleek satin cuirass of his hide.

He was three years old when they sent him to the *novillada* at Pamplona.

Juana cried as the herd passed down the dusty road. And Pepé, the inarticulate, who understood, slipped his hand into hers. But Luis' face was set with pride and bitterness. For he was very poor. Pamplona was a long way off. And as yet no one knew, except Castro, that he was to be the greatest *torero* in Spain.

IV

THE winter before had been such as no one living remembered. And when the summer came, and with it a strange virulent fever, the village met it without resistance. Every day men bearing a rough black coffin tolled up the narrow cobbled street that twisted from the church door to the walled cemetery on the top of the hill. Behind the coffin stumbled the gaunt priest and wide-eyed little acolytes with their *soutanes* stained with candle grease, and behind them again a straggling procession of silent men and women. On the way they passed houses from which hung small red flags, marking the spot where death would strike next.

There was no doctor. They did not need one. If the Virgin did not intercede for them, then human help availed nothing. And, indeed, death and pain and hunger were a part of life.

But Pepé saw death as the embodiment of all cruelty. He saw it stalking the breathless, mourning streets at the heels of the bleeding, sweating mules and the terrible dogs with their mad eyes and staring ribs. He wrote what he saw on a scrap of paper and the thing fell into a sort of unconscious, passionate rhythm over which the priest shook his head sadly.

"It is not good to kick against the pricks, Pepé," he said. "I know—it is the way of youth. But youth passes. We grow older and wiser. We see that we cannot fight against God's inexorable will. If we do not always

understand it we must wait patiently until we do. Still"—he sighed a little, touching Pepé's work with reverent fingers—"it is poetry, Pepé—poetry."

And all that day Pepé went about like a man who has found his way out of prison, whose head has broken through a deadly smothering cloud into sunshine.

Conchita died that night, very quietly. She stretched herself out, sighed a little and crossed her bony hands over her breast. Even in death she knew how to behave like a good Christian. Pepé drew the sheet over her face. There was a candle burning on the chair beside her, and he looked up and saw Luis on the other side of the bed, watching him. They crossed themselves, and with that sign it seemed that they both acknowledged the breaking of the last tie between them.

Pepé took the candle and went down the steep stone steps to the lower room. A small heap of charcoal glowed dully on the square open hearth where the dying Conchita, who knew no pity even for herself, had tried to prepare a last meal for them. It threw a red stifling glare onto the whitewashed walls, and into the corners shadows that were hot as burnt-out embers.

Pepé set down his candle. Over its yellow spear point the two young men resumed the stern scrutiny that was like a passage of arms.

"What is it you want of me, Luis?" Pepé asked.

Luis threw his knife on the table.

"Lay yours beside mine," he said, "then neither will have the advantage."

But Pepé looked from the knife to Luis and made no movement.

"You are thinking of Juana, aren't you, Luis?"

"As you are."

"You want us to fight—one of us to kill the other?"

"We have always been enemies. It is the best way."

Pepé took the knife by the blade and put it back into Luis' hands.

"No," he said.

Luis struck him across the face.

"Now!" he exclaimed exultantly.

Pepé closed his eyes a moment. But his hands had not even clenched themselves, and his face, for all the red stain spreading across the cheek, wore an expression of sorrowful serenity. Ever since his mind had found the relief of words a strange thing had come to him—an understanding that was compassion. Anger had died in him. Grief and loss remained. But they, too, seemed like friends bearing him between them to some high place of vision.

"No," he said. "You can kill me, Luis. But it would mean nothing."

"You won't —— I might have known. You are a coward, Pepé."

"You will always think of it like that," Pepé answered sadly. "But I think it is for her to choose."

Luis thrust his knife back into its sheath. He looked superb in his youth and contemptuous pride.

"Very well. Ask her. She is waiting for one of us by the ramparts."

Pepé went out silently. The heat outside was worse than in the house—sickly, evil heat that tasted of corruption. The moonlight lay like a blight of leprosy on the crumbling walls of the old houses. Usually the night streets were clamorous with playing children and the shrill harsh voices of the women. Now everything was hushed under a pall of deathlike resignation. Here and there in the lightless doorways were the motionless shadows of men and women waiting hopelessly. A wretched dog, nosing a heap of offal, sped before Pepé like a ghost into the black maw of a side street.

At the bottom of the church steps was a wide, walled-in space. There the villagers held their yearly *fiesta*. There, in other days, they had awaited the approach of their great enemy against whose infidel force they had held the battered walls and ancient church inviolate. Their bodies had been the ramparts of Christendom. A quaint crucifix stood up straight and heroic on the spot where the invader had been thrown back for the last time.

In those days they had learned to suffer and to forget pity.

Juana waited under the shadow of the crucifix. Not docilely. For as she saw Pepé she cried out, with her hand to her mouth: "Luis—Luis!"

Pepé shook his head.

"It's all right. Don't be frightened, Juana. He is safe. You see, I would not fight."

Even then, through her thankfulness, he could feel her pitying contempt for him. He stood quietly beside her. The ancient plains where his race had been born in suffering lay under a transparent veil of moonlight. He could see everything. He understood. Even his own people who had rejected him. He understood Luis—the last heroic figure of a heroic age that had crumbled and grown meaningless, as the noble armorial bearings on the great houses had crumbled, losing even their memories.

He thought, "If I could tell her everything I see. If I could show her a new Spain—a new courage and a new greatness ——" And for a moment his hand fumbled at the poem which he carried in his breast. But then it fell away hopelessly. For he saw that she was looking at him—that there were even tears in her eyes—but that her deeper vision went beyond him into the shadow, seeking.

So he said instead, "I am going away, Juana. I have come to say good-by."

And she gave him her hand, sobbing convulsively. And he turned and went down the street, past his home, through the black gates of the old wall, out onto the open road.

V

UP THE steep hill which leads from the main gateway to the Plaza Mayor came a roaring stream of cars, their exhausts open, mule carts, peasants on horseback, and townsfolk, swallowing as best they could the clouds of dust that rose under the wheels and hoofs of the never-ending procession. In the Plaza Mayor itself the procession broke up. The cars, with their loads of tourists and well-to-do Spaniards, swung off down a narrow street to the Hotel Universal. The rest mingled with the after-siesta loungers—cadets in their smart gray uniforms, officers, priests, high-heeled women with cheap mantillas over their sleek shingled heads, hard-faced peasants from the plains, and here and there arrogant-looking fellows with neat pigtails visible under the hard brim of their high-crowned hats. Workmen were busy with the awnings that were to shield the next day's procession from the June sun. There were children everywhere, wide-eyed and curious, like spectators of a life to which they did not yet quite belong.

To the young man seated alone at a table in front of one of the smaller cafés, the passers-by were like the notes of an old song which had been sung so often that the charm had gone from it, and even to the singers it had become flat and wearisome.

"If only someone would give them a new song," he thought.

Though he was a shabby young fellow, the women strolling past arm in arm glanced at him curiously. For there was something different about him. He met the glances of their dark, enigmatic eyes without insolence or innuendo. And there was an innocent friendliness in his expression—a look at once courageous and diffident—that made them smile a little.

"It is a pity that he is alone," they thought.

He drank his coffee slowly, for it was all he could afford, and he didn't want to move. The shifting kaleidoscope was being reborn into words behind his bright eyes—as yet confused, but beating themselves into line and rhythm. In this passion of creation he could forget everything, even loneliness.

A woman came out of a side street. She was dressed like the majority of the women, in neat, sober black, but she was alone and her hair gleamed like pale sunlight through the web of her cheap mantilla. The men stared inquisitively at her fairness. But she seemed unaware of them. Her face was sad and aloof as the face of a Madonna on a dim gold Spanish retable. But as she passed the young man and he sprang up with a stifled exclamation, her composure broke like the quiet surface of a pool under a breath of sudden wind.

"Pepé!"

"Juana!"

He could have controlled his trembling better if he hadn't seen the tears spring to her eyes—sudden tears that

(Continued on Page 127)

A Woman Came Out of a Side Street. She Was Dressed Like the Majority of the Women, in Neat, Sober Black, But She Was Alone and Her Hair Gleamed Like Pale Sunlight Through the Web of Her Cheap Mantilla

NO BRAINS AT ALL

"You'd Better Not Wear That Thing," I Said. "Somebody Might Think You Was a Fritz." "Don't Make Me Laugh," He Answered

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY DE ALTON VALENTINE

NEVER in all my life—said Sam Miller, ex-infantry private—have I known such a magnificent saphead as Bert Billings. He was absolutely 100 per cent idiotic, and so stupid he never knew how brainless he really was. He actually thought, in his dense ignorance, that he had one of the world's great minds, so he was always perfectly happy and contented and satisfied. Such brainlessness is a gift.

When I first met him, though, I felt sorry for him. He was one of a truckload of replacements that came to our company when we were camped in a little woods near Souilly just before the St.-Mihiel drive. The top put him in the same squad that I was in, and as soon as I had given him one look, I knew that something very unusual had dropped in on us.

He was tall and bony, with great big baby-blue eyes and a smile that was kind and gentle and completely dumb. But that wasn't the half of it. He had his equipment arranged like nothing I ever saw before or since. Instead of having everything done up in a neat infantry pack, he had his stuff hung all over himself like presents on a Christmas tree. His blankets were rolled up and slung over one shoulder and his overcoat and slicker and shelter half over the other—all of them dragging down on his shoulders and pressing in his chest so he couldn't hardly take a good breath. His mess kit, canteen, tin cup, gas mask and a lot of other things were tied onto his belt with pieces of twine; they hung down and knocked against his knees every time he took a step. And around his neck he had a couple of O. D. shirts, a few socks and an extra pair of hobnail shoes—all carefully arranged so they pulled his head away over sidewise like he had curvature of the spine.

"How long," I asked him, "have you been in the Army?"

"Four weeks," he answered.

"They evidently sent you over here pretty quick. Have you had any drilling at all?"

"Hardly any."

"Did anybody ever teach you how to make up an infantry pack?"

"Yes," he said. "There was a lieutenant back at Brest that showed us just how he thought it ought to be done. But I didn't like his method, so I have worked out a system of my own that is a whole lot better. What do you think of it?"

His silly smile got a little wider and more self-satisfied, and he turned himself around so I could admire him on all sides.

"Listen, son," I said, "I'm going to give you a little good advice. This is a real fighting outfit you've got into. The top kick has just announced that we're making a hike tonight. We're probably going into the lines to make an attack; there is hard work ahead and you won't last half an hour all harnessed up like that. You'd better let me show you how to make up a regular infantry pack."

"No," he said. "I know all about what you call a regular infantry pack. That is what the lieutenant back at Brest showed us, and I don't like it. This new method is my own invention; I worked it out myself, and it is much better than anything else I have seen."

"Don't be a fool," I said. "Remember, I have been in this Army for a year and half. I have been hiking and fighting around over here all summer, and I know how a pack should be made up."

"It's probably true," he admitted, "that you know all about making up your own style of pack. But did you ever try carrying your stuff the way I do?"

"I most certainly did not."

"Then," Bert Billings said, "you've got a lot to learn. If you haven't tried my way, of course you don't know how good it is."

"Suit yourself," I said. "But before this march is over, you'll wish you'd taken my advice."

"Not a chance!" he said. And all the time his face was lit up by that foolish, vacant smile.

After supper, when the company lined up in the road, he fell in beside me, with his equipment loaded all over him in that same senseless way. If this had been a practice march back at a training camp, he would have been ordered out of ranks right off to make up his pack properly. But up so near the front the officers and noncoms had too many other things bothering them to take the time to instruct a poor mutton-headed recruit.

It was just getting dark when the march began, and it was also just beginning to rain. As the darkness got deeper, the rain came harder and harder, and finally settled down into one of those all-night soakers that used to make Northern France so interesting for soldiers.

We marched in column of twos along the side of the slimy limestone road. The center of the road was taken up by long lines of trucks, guns and supply trains. And everything was moving westward—toward the faint, steady flashing on the horizon that showed where the front was located.

Bert stepped out full of energy and confidence, with his mess kit, canteen, gas mask, knife, fork, spoon, bacon can and other junk swinging backward and forward and making a fearful clatter. He didn't look as if he had a care in the world—and probably he hadn't. The last thing I noticed about him—before the darkness got too thick to see—was that simple, idiotic grin like the cat in the Alice in Wonderland book I had when I was a kid.

(Continued on Page 173)

PHILADELPHIA

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Would You Give Up Your Connection With Our Humorous Continentals to Command the Hessians?"

THE snow changed from gold with cobalt-blue shadows to lavender, the sky turned from yellow to green—a clear green on the horizon darkened at the zenith—stars appeared at once white and brilliant. The cold increased. The evening was still. The stillness was broken by a sharp challenge of drums. It began at the right of the first line of encampment and beat until it was taken up by the corps of artillery on the far left; then it rang through the second line; the drums of the reserve followed; all the drums of the army sounded at the heads of their corps. It ended with a long-drawn expiring roll again on the right. The cold increased. The snow, except where it was frozen in ridges and gleaming surfaces of ice, was dry and musical like rosin, a pure and exquisite powder. The lavender vanished and it became luminous, mysterious in tone; the darkness at the edges of the woods was mysterious and transparent. The stars glittered in the metallic immensity of the sky.

Capt. Ephrim Benezet, of Lieutenant Colonel William Butler's Fourth Pennsylvania Regiment, who was already numb, could feel the cold increase. He was more warmly dressed, too, than most of the army at Valley Forge. In addition to a fragmentary woolen undergarment, the greater part of a shirt and breeches comparatively whole—except for the legs—he had a tattered but thick dressing gown wrapped as closely as possible about his body; pieces of sacking were tied at his ankles with twine; his head and ears were protected by a large silk madras handkerchief.

His exposed hands, however, were no better than useless—there was a suspicious quietness of pain in them and he couldn't manage to close his fingers. Probably, he thought, his hands were frozen again, and a bitter angry resentment possessed him. He wished now that he had carried a pike instead of one of the new issue of flintlock rifles. A rifle was heavy and horribly cold and it couldn't—this one, at any rate—be fired. The old slow-match fire was more dependable.

A pinched smile moved his stiff lips—Doctor Franklin, idiotically, had advised the American Army to give up firearms in favor of bows and arrows.

Ephrim Benezet had a ridiculous vision of Sullivan's men engaging the Hessians with bows and arrows. He saw in imagination arrows striking absurdly in the high brass Hessian hats.

Before him seven men of his company were dragging a sled laden with wood. One of the runners of the sled was broken squarely off in front, and when it met a sudden rise in the ground it held the sled, while the men pulled and slipped and cursed weakly. That had happened now, and he stood waiting for the load to be moved on. He had a human instinct to put his shoulder to the weight, to drag at the rope of thick grapevine, but he did neither. Instead, he remained silent and inactive, remote in bearing and severe of expression.

He said sharply, "Galtry, you are not pulling. I've noted you several times. Help Thedlock Riner here at the back." The soldier he addressed gave a useless shove. Galtry struck a glaze of ice and fell. He got up slowly and stood in an attitude of sullen dejection. Benezet waited a moment. "Now, Galtry," he said, "if you are rested we will go on."

Galtry replied that he wasn't rested. "I never expect to be rested again. I've been barefooted on this snow and nothing in my stomach for a week." Benezet commanded him to return to the sled. "I won't," the soldier replied; "I won't, because I can't."

"You can walk," Benezet told him.

"No," Galtry asserted, "I can't."

"James Polegreen, Ishmael Bomel," Ephrim Benezet called, "Galtry says he can't walk. We equally can't leave him here. Help him on the sled and pull him into camp." He was answered by a smothered but audible anger.

Ishmael Bomel, a big man, caught Galtry by the shoulder. "You can't walk, hey?" he proceeded. "We are to pull you into camp, are we? Well, I can't walk either, and James Mease can't walk, and no more can John Henmarsh—none of us, but we're walking. And now we have to pull you. If I ever do get a pair of shoes again, I'm going to wear them out on your behind."

Benezet's voice was thin and sharp: "Silence! Galtry, I'm going to confine you to your hut until a court-martial stands you on your feet. You other men in the hut will be responsible for him. . . . March!"

It was, Benezet admitted to himself, a damned shame, an outrage. The men in his company hadn't had a decent thing to eat for a week. The seven individuals of the present detail did not have, amongst them, enough clothes to keep one warm. Three, he saw, had bare feet—stark-naked feet on the ice and dry snow. There was a bare arm and shoulder, a gleam of back through casual rags. The Continental Line, Ephrim Benezet told himself, moving forward. General Washington's Army—the noble army of freedom! They were moving up the Gulf Road and the encampment lay immediately ahead. The empty commissary general's quarters was already behind them. Back of the exterior line of intrenchments lay Muhlenberg's division. They slowly passed the dark line of huts that held Weedon's Virginia men. Forward on the right lay Poor, and beyond, the Pennsylvania Line. A picket stopped them; the officer had a household rug about his shoulders. The detail proceeded uphill past Knox's artillery and through the abattis that guarded Conway and Maxwell and the approach to general headquarters.

On either side the lines of huts reached with scarcely a glimmer of light. The doors were closed, the single windows blocked with anything to keep out a degree of cold. Some of the officers' huts, larger and standing alone, showed the flicker of a candle. Benezet shared a hut with the commissioned officers of two companies of Butler's command and he was anxious to get back to it. William Pawlet, an ensign, had sold his knitted gloves and as a result had been able to purchase, among other things, a gallon of apple brandy. The regimental sutler had delivered

the brandy. Benezet knew, soon after six o'clock: it was now well past nine and his hope in the gallon was rapidly diminishing.

The wood was to be left at the headquarters of General Washington's Life Guards, at the farthest end of the camp, and at moments Ephrim Benezet doubted if his men could drag it there. He was sorry about Galtry, but that couldn't be helped. Only the sharpest discipline now, he understood, could save the American Army—if it were not already lost. The night actually grew colder—his left hand was definitely frozen—and suddenly his thoughts turned to Philadelphia. He had often been there—he lived at Wayne Meeting—and he knew it well; its streets and taverns and neat brick amplitude; its rigid society in drawing-rooms flooded with the light of crystal chandeliers; and he looked back on his knowledge, his experience, of it with the sensation of recalling an extravagant dream. It was at present, if anything, gayer than his memory, brilliant with the scarlet and gilt of the king's uniform, luxurious with Tory beauty. The British officers, he understood, had a weekly ball at the City Tavern, they attended long late suppers at the Indian Queen. Philadelphia had been entirely hospitable to Sir William Howe.

Well, why not? The rich merchants had no interest in a freedom gained at the cost of rebellion, of war. What shopkeeper would sell his wares for worthless Continental paper when he could get bright English gold? Ephrim Benezet realized this, and at the same time he regarded Philadelphia with a bitterness of both resentment and contempt. He had a right, he felt, to its support. At least it owed him clothes against the winter, and food. He was an officer in a Pennsylvania regiment. There were times when safety and material advantage were not only ignominious but impossible. He had arrived, he saw, at General Washington's headquarters.

Beyond the Gulf Road, where the land rose sharply to the low crown of Mount Joy, Nathanael Greene occupied the house he had taken when his wife Mary arrived at Valley Forge. Before that he had inhabited a hut, and he was extremely glad to see her; but not only on account of the necessary added comfort—his affection for her was deep-rooted in the realization of her many admirable qualities. His appreciation was quickly shared by the officers close, like himself, to General Washington. At present, in a small stiff country parlor, were Allan McLane, Colonel Hand, of a Lancaster regiment, and a Captain Benezet from Butler's Fourth Pennsylvania Regiment.

Drawn aside from the others, Mary was exercising her limited knowledge of the French language on General Lafayette and Gimat, his aide. McLane was talking: "It was so damned cold that I had to pour the rum I had left into my boots to keep my feet from freezing. Anyhow, we were picketed back from the road and heard footsteps across the snow. There was a hedge. We picked up two women and a man. The women had forty chickens hung about their waists and the man all the flour he could carry—for Philadelphia. My men were so cursed starved and discouraged we gave him two hundred and fifty lashes. You know how it is, general"—he turned to Greene "you had a foraging party of your own. You can't keep supplies from going into the city. It's not just to Howe's army, either."

"Yes," Greene agreed, "I know how it is. So do Ballard and Lee. Colonel Spencer couldn't find a beef in Goshen. It was scarcely better, Harmar found, along the Brandywine. I will say this: When I got done at Edward's Tavern and the meetinghouse at Providence, the country was bare. There wasn't a shilling's worth of parched corn left. But you are right. This is Philadelphia, and Philadelphia is Tory. The Quakers want their commerce and they want their king. I'm not bothered by that, though—by what happens out of the army—it's what is happening in the army I am afraid of."

"I went into Philadelphia last week," Captain McLane continued; "five men with me, dressed in British cavalry uniforms. It was hard not to laugh. We collected a Captain Sandford, on horse, at Second Street Bridge, and just missed the adjutant general with all his papers near Chestnut. I turned up Walnut Street and added a Varnum, the jailer under Galloway, to our prizes; and if I'd had any luck—any at all—I would have brought Howe back. Isaac Parrish told me he had just gone by. We saw him, from Cormer's house, riding down South Street with his general officers. I will say, for the girls of Philadelphia, they looked a damned sight more martial than we do. Benezet, here, wouldn't be much of a success in that wreck of a dressing gown."

"I don't care about Captain Benezet's dressing gown," Greene insisted. "It isn't what is on the army; it's what is in it."

McLane replied quickly. "You mean the Gates-Conway nuisance."

It was more than a nuisance, Greene told him very seriously. "James Lovell, from Congress, is at Conway's headquarters tonight. We can fight the British; we can even do without Philadelphia; but we can't fight Congress, too—specially since the War Board has been created. I wrote what I thought about promoting Conway to major general and Wilkinson to brigadier, and that took care of my future. They are determined to ruin General Washington. If they do, it's all over. It's a victory only to keep this wreck of an army in the field. If we haven't beaten the British, they haven't beaten us. With any help at all from the country, they couldn't."

"The country, if Philadelphia means anything, has no interest in freedom," Hand asserted. "My rifle corps, I'm glad to say, reënlisted until the end after a year's service. Where else, in Pennsylvania, will you find that? If short enlistments keep on we won't have a thousand men by spring."

Greene added: "Then the bounties for service must be stopped. I hear men are paid as high as fifty sovereigns to go into state regiments. It's natural they won't serve in the Continental Army."

"What is to be done?" McLane asked.

"Only one thing," Greene told him. "No matter how bad the rest is, it needn't be fatal."

"General Washington," Hand broke in.

"General Washington," Greene repeated. "It's a curious thing—so far as I'm concerned he represents the whole war for liberty. I admire him, he is able; but it isn't that. I don't know what it is. I am not logical about it. You must remember I am a Quaker—that wasn't changed when I was put out of meeting—and my instincts are not primarily for war. There is something more than a soldier in Washington, something more than intelligence. He would be even better in times of peace than war. 'Times of peace' sounds extraordinary—far off, if not impossible. I suppose it will come. Colonel Hand, when it does, what will it be like? Will we still be English, or free men?"

(Continued on Page 54)

"I Tell You This is the Lowest Hour of the War and I Tell You That I am Not Discouraged"

THE BLOWHARD

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"Seems Like He's a Good Listener. What's the Matter, Young Man? Cat Got Your Tongue?" "No, Ma'am," Says Jolly, Pleasant and Polite. "I Was Only Just Waiting Till You Got Through"

THERE was trouble at the Tip Yoakum ranch on Hat Creek. Here, at the beginning of the haying season, Tip had invested in a new mower—one of the very latest models freighted into the Black Hills; a lovely thing whose paint, a lively red with rich yellow trimmings, flashed splendidly in the sun, whose working parts of naked gray steel shone dully through their lubricating film with a strong suggestion of powerful efficiency. In brief, a lulu.

It was not quite assembled when the Blueblanket dealer unloaded it at the edge of a wide expanse of waving grass, but Tip surveyed it with unmixed emotions of pride and made no objection when the dealer, who was in one big rush to get back to town, left him to do the few simple things that remained to put it in running order. Sure, he, Tip, could connect it up! Easy as falling off a log and to be accomplished in two shakes of a lamb's tail! So he had been cussed fool enough to let the dealer go, and here it was blamed near noon now, and after hours of toil and sweat and thought and speech under the blazing sun, he couldn't get the gol-darned sickle bar attached.

Old Sam Stegg, retired bullwhacker, who had come with a hayrake to render neighborly assistance, and Hank Symonds, stocktender at the Box Elder station, who had ridden over to see about a twenty-ton contract—both these friends had offered helpful suggestions. Mr. Stegg was confident that he could make the connection with baling wire. He had never seen anything that he couldn't fix, give him baling wire enough. The stocktender opined that time would be saved by telegraphing to Chicago for an expert mowing machinist from the factory, meanwhile using the less complicated scythe.

Yoakum was not grateful for the advice. He was not even amused, and he was expressing his distaste for this ill-timed persiflage somewhat profanely, when his flow of language was shut off by the arrival of a man on horseback. "What seems to be the diffi-culity, friends and fellow citizens?" inquired the newcomer cheerfully. He was a young man with an impudent pointed nose uptilted toward the brim of a well-seasoned hat that was impudently cocked. He was mounted on a blazed-face bay with the Z-Bell brand on its left hip, and his rope, instead of being the ordinary grass of the foothill ranges, was an old-time rawhide riata. A newcomer, but an old hand, one saw.

"None of your damn —— This mower here," Yoakum replied somewhat ambiguously. "Know anything about mowing machines?"

"Me? Anything about 'em? I know all about 'em," the young man answered. "Why, bless your red whiskers, I'm the waddy who invented 'em! All the reason it didn't make me a rich man is that I was too dag-gone bashful to tell anyone, and the first thing I knew some son of a gun had got the same idee and patented it. Want I should take a look at thisn of yours?"

Without waiting for assent, he slipped from his horse, drew off his new buckskin gloves and made a brief inspection. "You want that sickle on before you'll ever do much cutting," he observed, looking up.

"Think of you finding that out the very first thing!" observed Tip sarcastically. "If it ain't too much trouble, would you just as soon hook it on for us? Or just tell us how."

"First off, I'll have to get this gadget turned around right side to," said the young man. "What mutton-headed, cross-eyed loon fixed it with the bolt holes innard, where it would get chewed off, anyway, the first time the wheels started to move? Hand me that there wrench. . . . There! See? Now gi' me the sickle bar. Catch a-holt of the tongue, gran'pop, you and your pardner, and pull 'er along about an inch. 'Snough! How you expected to bolt onto a flat iron without any bolt holes gets me. Yank 'er ahead again—straight along. Works, doesn't she? Sure! Now hitch up your team and go to cutting, and thank the good Lord a good man come along with a spoonful of brains and an accommodating disposition."

"I was just a-going to turn that dooflicker around when you come up," Tip said, backing his harnessed team up to the mower. His face was a shade or two redder than his exertions and the sun had made it. "Just as much obliged though. . . . Get around there, Bess, you old hellion!"

The old bullwhacker approached the stranger, smiling ingratiatingly. "You got to excuse Mr. Yoakum, bud," he said. "It ain't that he's ungrateful, but his manners is short-winded and peters out easy. He appreciates what you've done for him, but it makes him as sore as Job's boils to think he couldn't see what my friend and me seen an hour ago and would have told him if he'd let us. You done noble, and I want to shake hands with you. My name's Stegg and my nature is to admire brains. What you've got is a bucketful."

"Maybe I've got that much, and I won't say that the quality's poor, whether or no," the young man conceded modestly. "This here wasn't nothing, though—not for me. And he'll find that mower is all right too. When I fix a thing, I fix it. . . . I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Stegg. My name's Dennis and my nature is to take a crack at anybody that considers that funny."

Yoakum, who had listened to this dialogue from the seat of the mower, told Mr. Dennis that it was near noon and he'd better come up to the house and eat. He, himself, would make one round and then they'd all go up together. The young man declined. Obviously he was hurt by the rancher's *brusquerie*. He would be pushing on, he said; but

any time the machine got out of kelter Tip could send word to him at the Z-Bell, and maybe he, Dennis, would hustle right over and fix it—and maybe not. He threw the reins back over the bay's head, pulled his stirrup forward and swung into the saddle. "So long, old sod-buster," he said, making the bay dance a little. "So long, you two gentlemen." And with this subtle insult and a wave of his hand, he loped off.

Tip glared after him for a moment and then started his team and drowned Mr. Stegg's remarks in the clatter of the machine.

It went beautifully, leaving a sweet swath, and when the sod-buster had completed his round he was smiling—for the first time in hours. "Run's like a watch," he said as he climbed down to unhitch. "We'll make up for lost time this afternoon, boys."

"Thanks to the young fellow you treated like he'd done you dirt," said the old bullwhacker severely. "I been blushing for you, Tip. Making all allowances, a hog would have been politer. And he was a right clever boy too."

"I ast the pup to eat dinner, didn't I?" Tip protested. "I thanked the Smart Aleck, didn't I? What would you expect me to do—cry for joy all down his pimply neck? I knew as well as he did that there ought to be bolt holes in that dingus and I was a-going to try reversing of it if you coots hadn't throwed me off with your fool talk of baling wire and scythes. And it wasn't as if I had ast him to butt in. I didn't. I seen right away he was one of them know-it-alls that thinks nobody else don't know nothing. A good thing he waited until he was on his cayuse before he made that sod-buster crack. I'd have busted him."

The sound of the ranch bell, rung by Mrs. Yoakum, called them to dinner and they wrangled all through the meal about the obliging young man from the Z-Bell. He reminded Mr. Stegg of a young man name of Solomon Twinney, otherwise known as Handsome Solly, who worked for Jake Bingham out near where Cascade is now, about ten or twelve years back. Not that Solly was as modest as what this here young Dennis seemed to be, but there was points of likeness between the two.

"If Solly had invented anything, he wouldn't have been too bashful to tell about it, for instance," said Mr. Stegg as the men left the table to the womenfolks and sought the shady porch.

Yes, sir, resumed Mr. Stegg between puffs of his pipe; Solly had a right good opinion of himself; and he used to say that it was only natural he would have a better one than most folks, being he knew himself better than anybody else did and reelized that he had a heap of extry-fine qualities that was apt to be overlooked by strangers or folks that he'd never had a chance to show 'em to.

I remember him telling about the time he struck Jake Bingham for a job. Jake told me about it too. Jake was just a-going into the house with a pail of water when Solly come along with the glad tidings that he was open to offers. Jake looked him over. He was sure handsome, but Jake was one of these old roosters that has got apast the vain deceitfulness of beauty and would just as soon or sooner do without it. Solly's curly gold hair and his blue eyes and rosy cheeks, that would have been like a girl's if they hadn't been browned up, didn't make no impression on him whats'ever. What he was looking at was breadth and thickness, and there didn't seem to be quite enough of either. The boy had a straight back and legs, but being straight wasn't no sign they'd been used a-plenty bending over and lifting and walking at the tail of a plow, and Jake guessed his weight at not over a hundred and forty. Still, his chest and shoulders wasn't so bad. Kind of a tricky build all round. H'm!

Jake pulled at his brindled whiskers a spell and then he called to Mis' Bingham, "Oh, maw! Leave them dishes and come out here a minute." When she come out, he says, "This here young slim jim wants I should hire him. What do you think?"

Mis' Bingham looked at him. He'd took off his hat and made her an elegant bow and smiled sweet but respectful. "I d'know as it makes any difference to me," she says. "One more for me and Pauline to cook and do for—that's all, and he don't look like he'd be any more trouble than anybody else. You wouldn't need a man no more'n a cat needs two tails if you'd get up and hump yourself, but he might be good comp'ny for you. Seems like he's a good listener. What's the matter, young man? Cat got your tongue?"

"No, ma'am," says Solly, pleasant and polite. "I was only just waiting till you got through—you and Mr. Bingham. When manners calls for listening, I can listen and heed as good as anybody, and maybe better—specially when the person that's talking is worth listening to and heeding. That's manners and it's sense, and I got both a-plenty. Similar, when I've got something to say that's worth saying, I say it, and you'll find that I think before I talk. I make sure I'm right and then I go ahead. Some folks go off at half cock and talk before they think, but that ain't me. I heard in town that Mr. Bingham wanted to hire a good man, and being as that was my description and wishing employment, my reason told me to hire a horse and come out and see if such was so and the wages fair, even if below what I was worth. When reason tells me to do anything, I do it right away; so I come.

"I seen right away that there was work to be done here," he went on after he'd took a breath. "As I come in at the gate I seen the fence needed fixing and one of the gateposts needs a brace. Prob'ly there's other places where the fence is nearly down. It wan't built right in the first place. Then I took notice that the co'n needed cultivating, and if them oats ain't got in mighty soon there won't be nothing but standing straw." He looked around and pointed. "See that well curb?" he says. "It's a shame and a disgrace, and fifteen minutes' work with a saw and hammer and two-three boards would fix it in half an hour or less."

"I've been dinging at him for two years to fix that well curb," says Mis' Bingham. "And I tell him if the range cattle once get a taste of that co'n he'll have to build a fence eight foot high to keep 'em out, and then they'll hook it down."

"Yes, ma'am," says Solly. "Whether Mr. Bingham ain't able or just don't feel like it, there's work to be done here and done right away. I ain't one of the putting-off kind.

(Continued on Page 64)

"Shucks, No!" He Says. "I Ain't Never Yet Seen the Girl I'd Give a Snap of My Fingers For"

NINE MONTHS' REST

By Frederic F. Van de Water

EACH day the snows were creeping lower. They had turned the Absaroka peaks to silver pinnacles, austerely radiant against the deep Wyoming sky. They had capped the gray pyramids of the Gallatins and were sending white exploring columns down their scored flanks. The winds of September, blowing across the Yellowstone, held the chill of dismissal. Once already a brief squall of flakes had roared through the park, thrilling dudes at the hotels, frightening sagebrushers in the motor camps with nightmares of drift-clogged passes.

Where 500 automobiles had been parked before their owners' tents a week ago only a score remained, and most of these were being laden for departure. In the great inns the pack rats wrestled with outgoing luggage and collected the dwindling tips of the waning season. Soon the last of the 190,000 who had swarmed through the largest of the national parks during three months would have fled. On their heels the pack rats and the rest of the hotels' rank and file of service—the heavers from the dining rooms, the bubble blowers from the laundries, the pearl divers from the kitchen sinks—would depart also, riding away in the last squadron of busses gear jammers would pilot from Yellowstone for three-fourths of a year.

For the snows were marching down the mountainsides. Permanent Ranger John Government twisted a weary face into a semblance of cordiality, and pumping the dregs of politeness into his voice, replied for the ten-thousandth time in ninety days: "No, sir, it's a one-way road from Old Faithful to West Thumb," and perhaps for the five thousandth in the same period: "No, ma'am; the hot springs don't freeze over in winter." He forbore to look long at the tourists who had invaded the ranger cabin, lest he say more, but through a window viewed the distant glory of the advancing white host with a besieged expression.

When the Guests Depart

THE belated sight-seers straggled out and John Government's slightly bilious gaze strayed to the activities of his station mate. Temporary Ranger Richard Roe, one of the fifty-five youngsters the park employs each summer to direct and inform the stream of tourists, was also preparing to leave. With a regretful tenderness he was stowing away the forest-green uniform of the service which had made him, Ranger Roe was convinced, one of the major and more pleasing spectacles of Yellowstone. Yet his sorrow at parting therefrom was not absolute. The tales of valiant adventure in the untamed West that he would carry back to college would furnish partial compensation.

There was no envy in Permanent Ranger Government's regard as his partner packed his bags, but rather the dawn of a great contentment. He sighed.

"It's over," he announced, "and the Lord be praised."

"You said it," Roe affirmed, raising a reddened face from his suitcase. "More like a cemetery every day. How you can stand a winter here is way past me."

"Stand it," the other retorted. "I'll wallow in it. No more traffic duty, no more formation patrols to see dubs don't parboil themselves in the hot springs, no more separating sagebrushers and bears, no more questions. Nine months' rest. Man!"

"You can have my part of it," Roe offered.

His partner's reply was cut short by an inroad by more tourists.

"No, ma'am," John Government droned. "It's a one-way road from Old Faithful to Thumb" . . . "What? Oh, yes, sir. The hot springs always freeze over on Christmas Eve. A ranger broke through the ice last January and scalded himself to death."

It snowed again September fifteenth—the day Yellowstone officially closed: no squall this time, but a steady downfall that swept lingering visitors out of the park to lower altitudes where summer still dwelt. For a day the reservation lay white. Then winter, having slammed the door behind the last tourist, relented and permitted a territory two-thirds as large as Connecticut to dream through the serene glory of Indian summer with only thirty-one rangers and a handful of permanent residents—perhaps 100 persons in all—within its borders.

Rescued at the Snow's Edge

Bogged Down in a Drift

Aspens shone like yellow flames against the somber background of the lodgepole pines. Vines and bushes blazed crimson in the enchanted light, so still, so fragile, that one knew it soon must shatter. Bull elk whistled on the ridges and bears lumbered about, spurred on by prehibernation appetites.

John Government laid aside his uniform for nine months. It cost ninety dollars and rangers buy their own. Arrayed in overalls, flannel shirt, old jacket and slouch hat, girt with gun and cartridge belt he had not worn since spring, he had gone to ride the park boundary, for Wyoming's hunting season had opened on September fifteenth and Montana's and Idaho's had followed shortly. While he and other mounted men patroled the park's edge, within the reservation itself their comrades worked feverishly through the respite of bright, still days, stocking, preparing, equipping the park against the time when the downward creeping snow should launch an attack in force.

Besides the game patrols of the boundary, there were fire patrols to be ridden; camps had to be cleaned and equipment stored away. The mess and litter and damage caused by the passage of almost 200,000 persons had to be eliminated as far as possible. Food must be brought in before the snows began their assault.

Ranger stations used during the press of summer visitors were to be abandoned. Others on the borders of the park, vacated during the tourist season, were to be manned and equipped. By snowfall it was necessary that these be stocked with six months' supplies. Winter, once it shuts down, rarely lifts in the Yellowstone for half a year, and the men who have underestimated their needs must pack in what they have overlooked many miles through deep snow.

Satisfaction and a lurking glee rode with John Government on his game patrol. He had received his station assignment for the winter—a sturdy log cabin at a mountain's foot, with fir trees standing at attention about it. It was a good assignment, with his nearest neighbors to the north only forty miles distant and to the east a scant thirty. Mac, who was to be his patrol mate, was a good guy and easy to live with. This was immensely important. When for a half year one must share a tiny cabin; when for six months one must live, eat, sleep and patrol with one man and one alone, congeniality heads the list of all possible virtues. Lacking this, any disaster up to and including attempted murder may result.

Food for the Winter

"CABIN FEVER," the bleak frenzy-breeding boredom of isolation, finds ready victims among the park rangers during the winter months. Weekly patrols fend it off, burning away resentment by the ordeal of the snow trails, but sometimes there are long black days on end when snow and sixty below zero cold hold the rangers prisoner in their stations. Then, when talk has run out, when meals are the only break in the monotony, utterly trivial actions may become bitter insults. The very way your companion rolls a cigarette can swell into affront. Two in one cabin is dangerous when winter sets in. Four is worse. Three, by its lack of possible balance, is best. John Government was glad Mac was easy. He was doubly glad that, by reason of his own assignment to patrol, the work of stocking the station would devolve on his partner.

Between the ranger posts on the park border are snow-shoe cabins, set a day's patrol apart—fifteen or twenty miles from one another. Now, while Government rode the boundary and Mac, his partner-to-be, indulged in lengthy and immensely complex calculations with a provision merchant of Gardiner, Montana, pack trains were making the circuit of the snowshoe cabins, filling the ironbound mess chests.

The Department of the Interior, whose employes the rangers are, pays for the snowshoe-cabin food. The provisioning of the ranger stations themselves is the responsibility of the rangers. It is no light problem to purchase at one sitting sufficient supplies for six months. The delivery of these is a delicate matter of guesswork, weather wisdom and luck. If one waits too long the roads may become snow clogged and impassable for the provision truck. If one stocks too early warm weather may spoil the beef carcass, the half a hog, the side of mutton before it freezes for the winter.

This, however, was Mac's responsibility. John Government, freed therefrom, emancipated from the tumult of sight-seers and their interminable questions, rode boundary patrol with a free and gleeful spirit. His work was a formality, little more. Though men were hunting on all four

sides of the park, the chief task of the patrols was to keep game from straying out, rather than to prevent poachers from sneaking in.

Twice during his weeks in the saddle John Government encountered trespassers. The first announced his presence by an eager yell from a hillside and the clatter of loosened shale as he descended toward the rider.

"No poacher," the ranger decided aloud. "They run."

This man ran, too, but toward the horseman. He was harried and disheveled and the relief on his unshaven face was obvious even before he spoke.

"Hey," he panted, "where am I? How do I get out of this?"

While he spoke he held Government's stirrup leather as though he feared the ranger might vanish.

"You're in Yellowstone Park," Government said grimly, with a nod at the rifle in the scratched and trembling hand. "And carrying one of those in here costs money, friend."

The other seemed to derive consolation from the information. His haggard face twisted into a tremulous grin.

"All right," he said. "Take me in. Only don't get out of sight. I been lost in here a day and a night. Arrest sounds good."

—*And His Hand Sought His Trusty Weapon*

HE TOLD his tale with the volubility of excessive relief. He had been a member of a hunting party from a ranch beyond the park's east boundary and had left his friends to trail an elk. He had lost both. Night had endured for ages, to dissolve at last and reveal a wholly unfamiliar jumble of snow-capped peaks, hostile ranks of lodgepole pines below them, and a terrain scored and twisted past all imagining. Cliffs had blocked him, streams had thwarted him, the empty stillness had brought him to the verge of panic.

"A nice cozy jail with walls will be O. K.," he concluded.

Government had listened gravely to the half-hysterical recital. Now he gathered up his reins, and with the intruder trotting anxiously at his mount's heels, set off along the trail. Finally they reached the wide placarded slashing that marks the park boundary.

"Go north a mile," the ranger directed, "and you'll find a trail off to the right that leads to the road you want."

The trespasser wavered between relief and dismay.

"You'll have no trouble," Government urged. "It's a clear trail."

"I'd rather pay up than get lost again," the other faltered.

"And I'd lose a day taking you in and then they'd let you go, anyway," the ranger supplemented. "Get out and stay out."

Persons are few who will risk a heavy fine and possible jail sentence by deliberate trespass within the park. So rough is the territory that packing out game is next to impossible, and a rifle shot is almost certain to bring down upon you a ranger who is wrathfully incorruptible. In the old days when soldiers still patrolled the reservation—men who had small taste for their job and were paid fifteen dollars a month, or about one-tenth Government's salary—it might sometimes have been possible to bribe your way in and out again. Now the odds are heavily against the poacher.

The rangers of the national forests are often confused with the rangers of the national parks. The first are employes of the Department of Agriculture; the second, of the Department of the Interior. No one can be angrier than a park ranger mistaken for a forest ranger, unless it be a forest ranger who has been identified as a park ranger. Gun play today has been transferred largely to the big cities east of the Mississippi—except, of course, in Western fiction. No romancer worthy of the name would think of concluding John Government's second encounter with trespassers as actually it ended.

He came upon them suddenly around a bend of the trail—three mounted men and a pack horse. He recognized the leader, a rancher and guide from a near-by town, fiery of hair, and of temper when irritated. A single glance told the ranger that his present irritation was intense. "Hyah, Jake," said Ranger Government. "How come you're in here?"

Jake's companions glanced uneasily from the ranger to their guide, who glared at Government.

Caught in a Snowdrift

"How come!" Jake blustered. "Snow caught us up in the Absarokas—that's how come. Pass blocked and this was the only way out."

"Permit?" Government asked, though he knew Jake had none. The park government does not issue permission for hunting parties to cross its territory.

"Permit!" Jake exploded. "No, we ain't. How in hell would we get a permit? We had to come back this way. Pass was blocked, I tell ya, and these gentlemen got to get a train East, Thursday."

"H'm," Government hesitated. "Guess I'll have to take you in then."

"Yeh?" the rancher replied, his face suddenly brighter than his hair, and his eyes quick with fury. "You and who else?"

"Just me," the ranger answered. "You'll have to stand a fine, old-timer."

Government saw the other's hand slide beneath the skirt of his coat. The riders behind Jake looked helplessly at each other and turned a bilious hue. They had read too many novels not to know what was coming.

Government deliberately folded his arms across his chest.

"Look," said Jake, and his voice rasped savagely. "I'm takin' these gentlemen through this corner of the park to get to the railroad so's they can catch that train East on Thursday. I've told yuh we couldn't reach it no other way. Now, we're goin' through. Understand?"

"You bet," the ranger agreed. "Only it'll cost you a fine, Jake, and the more fuss you make about it the worse it'll be."

"Try an' take me in," the other challenged, and his right arm with its hidden hand grew tense.

Government shrugged and swung his horse out of the trail.

"We'll see you later," he said quietly.

"Hah," Jake snorted and spurred forward. His outfit passed, the two Easterners staring at the ranger with a seasick expression.

"He was crazy mad," Ranger John Government reported by telephone that night to Chief Ranger Sam T. Woodring. "He was all set to pull a gun if I took him, and somebody would have got hurt. You know how Jake is."

"Good head, Jack," the chief ranger approved. "I'll ride down and see Jake."

Through gold-rimmed spectacles the steady eyes of Chief Ranger Woodring confronted and beat down the still faintly truculent gaze of Jake.

"I'd have thought," Woodring reproved, "that you'd have more sense. A man your age! Someone might have got shot, the way you acted."

"Whatcha goin' to do about it?" Jake demanded.

"I'm asking you to come back to the park of your own accord and take a fine," Woodring said steadily. "The longer you stall about it the worse it's going to be. And stop acting like Bill Hart."

And Jake went, baffled and meek, and paid a $100 fine without further murmur.

A Low Mound in the Universal Whiteness

The Bare Earth of the Hills Beckoned the Elk From the Valleys

A More Deadly Foe

THE park is more than a half century old. It was there, a government reservation, before the first settlers came and, in consequence, its neighbors accept it and its restrictions as a matter of course. The poacher is not the chief antagonist against whom the thirty-one men who guard Yellowstone fight. They struggle against an infinitely more redoubtable, more deadly, if less personal foe—winter six or seven months long, winter such as no Easterner knows, winter whose banners on the peaks seemed the flags of deliverance to the tourist-surfeited soul of John Government.

It snowed, smashing the crystalline brightness of the Indian summer with the bellow of wind and chaos of driven flakes, abolishing roads under a foot-deep covering, forcing

(Continued on Page 80)

SEX STORY—MALE

By R. G. KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

Deliberately It Tipped. Slowly Enough for a Great Shout of Warning to Send Bricklayers and Carpenters and Concrete Men and a Survey Corps Wildly Clambering Out of the Stove Foundation Pit Before Red Death Came Flowing In

RIDICULOUS, plumb and absolutely, to catch yourself looking backward at the tough man-killing years, and to realize suddenly that you are thinking of them fondly as the good old days.

All the things you hated in the tough old years, all the things you fought against the best you could, are slowly going, yielding place to betterments at last. The merciless old game of steel is getting human.

Uncovered gears no longer chew up men; unrailed stairways and dizzy uncaged ladders no longer pitch men down to death. Blindness one seldom sees, for now no man would be allowed to work a billet chipper all ungoggled. The safety department has arrived.

The old brick hunky row is coming down, and all its vermin and its crowded rotten promiscuity are disappearing with it. Steel has found out that it pays to help its hunky men to live like wholesome humans, not like crawling scum.

Decent Slav people, decent Magyar people, never did want to live that way. And with the ones below now housed respectably, authority no longer deals with them as with crawling scum. Authority even sits with them at conference tables, talking, men with men.

The drab grim thirteen-hour nights and the eleven-hour days, only less drab and grim, are gone—they and the dreadful old twenty-four-hour trick that used to switch day turn to night turn. The terrible man-crushing squeeze of steel is easing. Even authority feels it. Authority, which used to work ten times as hard as any laborer beneath it, breaking heart and mind and body in the grind, now takes an afternoon from the open hearth occasionally and goes out into the wide open spaces. Unbelievable, but true.

Many things have brought all this about. Half a dozen reasons could be named offhand. But maybe this is greatest—that the world no longer shrieks for steel, steel, steel, as it did a score of years ago. Mankind is in the air now. Mankind is looking for material with twice steel's strength and half its weight. Mankind will find it. Steel will pass. Perhaps it is now passing. What a mighty story in the death throes of this giant!

But whether steel's time comes quickly or comes slowly, the tough old, merciless old days of steel are heading back toward history. Ridiculous to watch them going then with any least regret. Yet there was this about the tough old years—they bred male men. Only that kind of men could live them. And looking backward at those tough old years, I give you, in this record, Con Riggin and Danilo Tankovic.

Con's dead now. Over Con's resting place should be no cold, dull, heartless piece of stone, but a great living, throbbing stack, a towering blast furnace, the mightiest device of pygmy men. Fate did its best to put old Con appropriately to rest. The whole side of the new B Stack at Susquehanna Steel blew out one day. They come about all unexpectedly, incomprehensibly, these great catastrophes of furnace practice, as though the unbelievable forces that man has pent inside blast-furnace walls to do his will have rebelled against such insolence. The whole side of B Furnace opened up—and suddenly Con Riggin's work was over.

I can think of no more splendid end for him. Suppose now he had died in bed, dressed in a nightgown—Con! The men who cleared away the seemingly unclearable chaos of cast-house frame and roof, of furnace plate and coolers and down-comer flues, of furnace charge and furnace lining, ore and stone and coke and fire bricks by the hundreds of tons, felt deep regret, I'm sure, when at last they came to Con. He had been so perfectly interred. Far better had it been allowed that the kindly head of old Con's church say *requiescat* over that terrific ruin and so leave Con at peace. But the world needed steel, and so the wreck was cleared and Con at length put to rest with a myriad lesser men, under green grass and flowers, instead of under iron ore, where he belonged. So I give you, in this record, furnace men, Con Riggin—one of you.

Dan Tanković? I cannot tell you what's become of Dan. I hope he has gone back to Montenegro. That valiant little land, that gallantest of all heroes in a world full of heroic peoples, has need of all such sons as Dan. That such a land as Dan's should lose its entity would be a tragedy unmatchable in any of the Great War's aftermaths. I hope Dan's home. He'll help his country to stay Tserna Gora, the Black Highlands that liberty held inviolate so long.

What Dan's bleak, barren, tiny country has that any other state should want it is a mystery. She has three treasures only—liberty and history and men; and her liberty perishes if she should perish; and the glory of her history can be no one's but her own; and her men are Crnagorans till they die. The whole world would be poorer should that nest of eagles pass. Men like Danilo Tanković spilled blood defending it against odds passing all belief a thousand years. Brave Crnagoran women have given men like Dan to Montenegro for ten centuries—given such men by ones and twos and tens. History tells that Crnagoran women do not weep, so proud they are to give them—that they rejoice, indeed. But men write history, and men are fools so often. Because Crnagora's women have not wept for men to see, men write in histories that these women do not weep to lose sons, brothers, husbands like Dan Tanković! Brave, secret tears of Crnagora's women! To have their land be anything but Crnagora, whose very name is a war trumpet's blast, an eagle's scream! I hope Dan Tanković is home!

They called Dan "Jumbo Dan"—for more than one reason, maybe. Dan was big enough, heaven knows, to warrant such a title; but his body, on the other hand, was far from pachydermal. Dan was too much the mountaineer; too long of limb, too lithe; too broad of shoulder, small of loin in build. Dan was more Jumbo in his character than in his body; for Dan was easy-going, tractable, sagacious, quiet. Dan was deliberate. You seldom saw Dan wroth. Men took a look at Dan and took care not to make him wrathful. He was a most ferocious-looking gentleman. Coupled with his tremendous build, he was most fell of countenance. His face was grievously pock-scarred, and he had a cold blue-gray eye that looked out at you direfully from under

penthouse shaggy brows, like some beast glowering at you from a den. And Dan had a pair of fierce mustachios that must have been the pride of all the Balkans. But Dan could not fool dogs or little ones or women with that frowning front. All the small folk, the gentle folk, were unafraid of Dan. You had to be a burly giant of a fellow in order to feel any dread of Dan.

Maybe Dan got his nickname from his size, maybe from his nature—from the fact that, like an elephant, though he had terrible strength, he did not often choose to use it terribly. But it's also just as possible that the name came to him naturally about the furnaces on account of his proficiency with the jumbo hammer.

I think no other device so characterizes steel and the tough old days in steel as does the jumbo hammer. What other industry is there in the world that ever evolved a hammer for its men of such a size that it had to have two handles, of such a weight that it took two brawny men to wield it?

You seldom see a jumbo hammer now. Jumbo is a relic of the old sand-casting days, before the pigger; of the days before cast houses had a traveling crane, with magnet hoist and drop ball available if need be. But jumbo once was indispensable cast-house equipment.

Jumbo was surely one odd-looking gadget. Jumbo was just a huge, crude, oblong block of iron with a pair of handles sticking out sidewise from it like the two prongs of a Y. They broke up runner skulls with jumbo. All scrap from metal-pouring operations goes by the name of skulls. Inevitably, for all of it is much improved by breaking, and further resembles the human cranial equipment in being nearly always rounded, hard and empty.

Runner skulls formed when the iron froze along the gutters that led blast-furnace iron from the tap hole to the pig beds. From time to time this frozen iron gutter had to be pried out of the runner before it grew so heavy as to fill it or got too big to be conveniently handled. Most times the runner skull would come up out of the sand in pieces so long that it had to be broken up before it could be dragged away. And no ordinary sledge could do this breaking. So evolved jumbo. But when jumbo came down, with the strength of two good broad hunky backs behind it, the runner skulls got cracked a-plenty. And if, once in a while, there happened to be one so thick that a couple of good horse-sized bohunks couldn't break it, then experts were called in—Dan Tanković and Con Riggin. When that pair brought jumbo down, something got bumped. They hit with jumbo like a forging hammer.

When we started to put up the new blast furnaces at Susquehanna Steel there were no more frequent or more welcome visitors on the job than old Con Riggin and Dan Tanković. Con was the foreman at old Number 1, a buggy-charged old relic that would come down as soon as the first of the new stacks, the one that the blue prints designated as B, was ready to light off. Con would get the foremanship of B. Dan Tanković was the cast-house boss under Con at Number 1. Dan had lived under a bustle pipe from the day he landed in America; and he and Con, teamworking, could make the biggest, stubbornest stack you ever saw roll over and be good. They were a welcome pair on any man's job who had the sense to value the suggestions of good men who would have to work with the thing then being put together.

But I got a queer criticism of the work one day from big Dan Tanković. "Mister," said Jumbo Dan, standing beside me, watching stove foundations grow, "jus' one t'ing I no like 'bout dis new farnis job."

Dan was an old, old friend of mine. Not ten days out of Valley Tech, carrying in my newly stuffed skull the bright idea that hunkies were all cattle and not men, Dan had taught me, thus early and before any harm was done to a more or less promising career, how dog-gone wrong this was. Dan had taught me this by the very simple means of being what he was, as fine a man, bar no man in this world, as I have ever met. But besides being an old friend of mine, Dan was one blast-furnacing fool; and so if there was anything about this stack that we were getting up that didn't meet with Dan's approval, I wanted to know just what it was. I told him that.

"Jus' one t'ing I no like," said Dan. "No like dot dam Sokolović you got for bricklay boss."

My first impulse was anger—first that Dan should presume to extend his helpful suggestions to the organization. Furnace detail came well within his field as a consultant. But construction organization was very much outside Dan's line and very much in mine. Then, too, it vexed me that Dan should let some obstinate old Balkan prejudice affect the harmony of a fine-going job of work here in America. I knew it must be that, for this Sokolović was a fine bricklayer foreman and a splendid man—an honest, smart, square shooter, who could make men put down bricks.

I never could get him sized up to my satisfaction as to race. His name was Slavic, doubtless Serbian, Croatian or something near akin. But his given name was different from anything I had ever run across on a Slavic pay-roll sheet. Riffat, they had him down. It was peculiar. I had never come to know the man very well. He had been loaned us from the operation mason forces, highly recommended—but not a bit too highly. He could lay bricks high, wide and sixty miles an hour, and was so little bother that I had not come to find out much about him personally.

Just a day or so before Dan spoke to me about him I had got a hint as to his native stamping ground, but had not yet found time to chat with him about it.

Our labor man had picked up a gang of newly landed bohunks in New York and shipped them in for the construction needs.

"Bosnians," he had wired. "And they claim to be brick masons."

Those babies were. The moment Sokolović caught sight of them fighting a concrete mixer, their first morning on the job, he swooped down on them as on a tribe of long-lost brethren and there followed a jabbering between them that lost me about three cubic yards of concrete. But it was worth the price; for the next day those lads were all out from between wheelbarrow shafts and slapping bricks into stove flues at a rate to make a cost sheet better reading than the Morte d'Arthur.

No, Dan wasn't staying quite within the limits of propriety or sound judgment, finding fault with this man, and I let him know it. "Dan," I said, "you're full of goulash. You know a blast furnace when you see one; but what you know about putting one up you could tell in a minute and have fifty-one seconds left to catch your breath. That man Sokolović knows his garlic. He's good, I mean, old Crnagora. He uses up bricks. He uses 'em up twelve cents a thousand easier than any mason boss I've ever had. What's the matter with him? He's a Slav, isn't he? He ends in vitch. He can't be an Albanian or a Turk, can he? Or has he got the evil eye?"

"Skipetar?" exploded Dan, using the native name for an Albanian. "Skipetar, dot fellow? Hah! Skipetar be man—no louse! Sometime take two-t'ree Montenegrin men kill four-five Skipetar!"

Dan was giving the devil his due. Albanians were worthy enemies, and Dan admitted it. Two-to-one odds were the best a Montenegrin brave could offer to Albanians.

"Toorkoman!" Dan raved further. "Dot fellow Toork? Toork be good fighting man! Sometime take two-t'ree Montenegrin kill ten Toork!" Not quite so good as the Skipetars, the Turks; but pretty good at that!

"Aber dot fellow—dot Sokolović! He no be man. Be bedbug! He be dam Bosnian *poturica* no go for church. He go for moeque!"

So that was it! A *poturica* was one who, in the ancient days, turned Turk! I read it up. I found out that there were a lot of Moslem Slavs, especially in Bosnia. When the Turks overran Southeastern Europe four or five centuries ago, Bosnia was utterly subdued and many wealthy families of Slavs were given the choice of confiscation down to the last little goat, or of embracing the religion of the conqueror—confiscation of their wives and daughters also, many a time. Put your own ancestors in their places. Ten to one you would be a good Mohammedan right now. Intermingling of the races, too, of course had much to do with making many of the Slavs Mohammedan. But whatever was the process, I'll be hanged if I could see where it affected their bricklaying qualities one little bit. I said as much to Dan.

"Well, mebbe," Dan said. "But I tell somet'ing, muster. Me, Tanković Danilo, no gon' work no bles farnis when some dam Mussulman gang put in lining. Dot velike Bog, dot God, she's no gone like dot farnis. Gon' ketch bad luck too much, dot farnis!" And nothing I could say would change Dan's mind.

Imagine, though, the shock I got when I found out in a day or so that Dan had managed to sow seeds of uneasiness in another good blast-furnace mind.

"Say, chief," Con Riggin said to me, "is it right now the company should be putting on a lot of haythin Ayrabs to get up these new furnaces? It's bad enough with all the wops and guineas and bohunks and naygurs and spiggoties working around where

(Continued on Page 194)

But Old Con Riggin Struck Down Sokolović Instanter With a Sidewise, Heel-Fisted Blow Across the Temple That Would Have Broken Any But a Balkan Skull

A COOK'S TOUR

By George Rector

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

ENGAGEMENTS, previously contracted, forced me to turn down a very enticing invitation to visit Normandy in April. The occasion was the unveiling of a monument in honor of Madame Marie Harel, of Vimoutiers. Madame Harel was born in that town in 1761 and only Joan of Arc excels her in fame. Marie did not help to drive the English from Normandy, but I think she assisted in driving a lot of Normans to England. She is the Madame Curie of *fromage*, the Steinmetz of dairy fermentation and the Edison of curdled culture, for she discovered the famous Camembert cheese.

Vimoutiers is within a stone's throw of the town of Camembert, the home office of this peculiar table grease, and many stones were thrown before Vimoutiers was finally awarded the honor of being designated as Marie's birthplace. It is now fragrant history that 150 years have collapsed since the momentous day that Marie was churning milk while her husband was out in the fields helping to pull a plow and a cow around the farm. Marie had no thought of immortal glory as she churned away at the milk, for she was engaged merely in making the usual French *fromage*, and no doubt she pulled and tugged at the odoriferous mortar and pestle while she gazed in admiration at her husband or the cow, for it is a well-known axiom that a watched churn never cheeses.

Suddenly she sniffed the air. There was a new breath of springtime in the atmosphere, a perfume that was tantalizing, an odor that intoxicated and an aroma that hypnotized. Hurriedly she dipped her finger in the churn, tasted the digit and shrieked exultantly, "Eureka! I have found it!"

Out in the fields her husband and the cow also sniffed the air. Mr. Harel shouted, "Palooka!" He had found it too. The cow made no recorded remarks but fourfooted it away from there, utilizing its tail both as a rudder and a signal of distress. Even though the cow never came back, the fortune of the Harels was made. Mr. Harel's first taste of the new creamy concoction was proof enough for him that his wife had stumbled upon one of the basic ingredients of civilization.

Skeptical neighbors were invited to try the terrific compound, and soon the news spread all through Normandy Mrs. Harel had erected a new, impenetrable bulwark on the frontiers of France. She immediately inaugurated a Camembert factory, with no branch offices or connections with any other firm of the same name, and the Harels became rich overnight. In spite of her efforts to keep the recipe a secret, it leaked out with the perfume and was copied under other names all over the Continent. Now the town of Camembert seeks to enjoin the illegal use of the name and desires that its use be confined to the district of Camembert alone.

I did not attend the unveiling of the monument on April sixteenth, not being certain whether the statue was to be hewed out of the living rock or the livelier Camembert. I had no desire to deliver a eulogy to a piece of cheese. On the day of the unveiling I was down on the French Riviera, but I cite the incident to show in what lofty regard the creator of a new edible is held in Europe. Were I fortunate enough to discover a new and revolutionary method of unraveling an artichoke, there is no doubt that I would be awarded a bronze tablet, a wash line full of medals and the red ribbon of the *Légion d'honneur*.

Every province of France has its own individual table specialty, and each sector guards its fame jealously. Champagne is noted for its wines, Alsace for its goose livers and the Côte d'Azur for flowers, fruit, vegetables and the essential oils of the perfume industry. The Côte d'Azur, which includes the Riviera, is the only district of which I know that requires freight lines for flowers alone.

I saw the Battle of Flowers at Nice this spring, but it has deteriorated considerably from the beautiful festival of old.

Inside of three seconds I was nailed on the nose with a two-pound bouquet of violets, a couple of reënforced roses and a cabbage, which I consider very good pitching. I left the carnival before they started throwing potted palm, pot and all.

The Riviera is noted for its fine hotels and restaurants and equally fine food. There are no cafeterias or sudden-lunch rooms in France. When a Frenchman sits down to eat, he is in for the evening. He is the opposite of the average American, who handles his knife and fork as if he were fighting a duel.

If you want to starve, open a cafeteria in France. You will perish of hunger in your own restaurant, for no

(Continued on Page 139)

"Un Franc," Says the Endive Lady, Who is Big and Fat. "Un Franc, Grande Occasion"—One Franc, Big Bargain

THE DEEP PIT

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK L. SPRADLING

Her Children Thought They Knew: They Clung to Her Knees, Her Arms. "I Know What It Is!" Screamed Lura

LITTLE Mrs Lucas was standing in her gateway, her hands rolled in her apron, her straight black hair plastered neatly to her head, her new white teeth showing in a beaming smile, the slight cast in one eye obscured by genial wrinkles, when a low rumble sounded through the air and the faintest trembling shook the earth. Behind her was her tiny yard, her log cabin and the mountain wall. Before her was the road, in which stood a large automobile holding a stout red-faced man and four ladies, and beyond the road lay a sloping cornfield, then another wall of mountain. The corn had been cut and shocked, the trees flamed with crimson and gold.

Mrs. Lucas was a widow with three children—Lura and Lily and Lionel, aged ten, eleven and twelve—and up to a few months ago, with only such meager income as her little property provided. Recently she had been discovered by the ladies who dispensed the County Mothers' Assistance Fund, and since then she had had riches beyond her wildest dreams. In return for the thirty dollars a month which she received, she gave the most willing and explicit accounting of herself and her expenditures, and of the dispositions and behavior of her children. She had additional benefits besides the regular income, the most notable of which were the new teeth which made her smile so dazzling.

The ladies of the Mothers' Assistance Board were returning to the county seat. They were Mrs. Iredell, Mrs. Westfield, Mrs. Knowles and Miss Norton, and their driver was Leander Thomas, who attended them in all their rounds. The ladies also heard the dull detonation; though in their car, cushioned with heavy tires, they did not feel the quiver of the earth.

"Sounds like blasting," commented Mrs. Knowles. "What do you think it is, Leander?"

Leander turned politely to answer: "It must be from the Yellis limestone quarry. They're putting off extra-strong blasts."

"I guess that's it," said Mrs. Lucas. "I seen the quarry when I went to get my teeth. My, ain't that a deep pit?" Her eyes gleamed; the sight of the vast excavation had apparently affected her powerfully.

"It's ten miles away, surely," said Miss Norton.

"The sound would carry that far," explained Leander. "And if there was a ridge of rock, you might feel it."

"I felt it then," said Mrs. Lucas.

"Ready, Leander?" asked Miss Norton. "Now, Mrs. Lucas, the children mustn't miss a day of school. I understand you have a better teacher than usual. Remember!"

Mrs. Lucas gave her apron a tighter twist. Her cheeks flushed and her lips closed tightly over her shining new possessions. "I remember," she said earnestly. "Oh, ladies, I want my children to have learning!"

"They won't get very far unless they at least finish the country school," said Mrs. Knowles. "Now good-by, Mrs. Lucas."

"Good-by," answered Mrs. Lucas. "I ain't forgetting nothing you tell me. I won't be dragged back to poverty and woe."

Leander started his car, the four ladies waved their hands, Mrs. Lucas waved hers, the car disappeared down the steep road. She stood still as a stone; the heavy distant detonation made itself heard once more, the earth shook. Into her eyes came a glittering light. She looked down the road and saw nothing; she looked up and saw a girl approaching, surrounded by a dozen children, each of whom tried to cling to her hands. There was no loud chattering; they seemed to look upon the young woman with awe.

Mrs. Lucas flushed red. The girl was Gladys Nunnemacher, who had gone to high school in the county seat and who stood in her eyes for all that was beautiful and admirable. She adored her and sent her presents and watched for her as she came and went. But now she could not greet her; there was a cloud between them. She would like to run away, but it was too late.

"Good afternoon," called Gladys gayly.

"Good afternoon," answered Mrs. Lucas.

"They weren't there," said Gladys firmly.

"They'll be there tomorrow," promised Mrs. Lucas. "Never fear! And they'll be there every day from now on."

"I hope so," sighed Gladys.

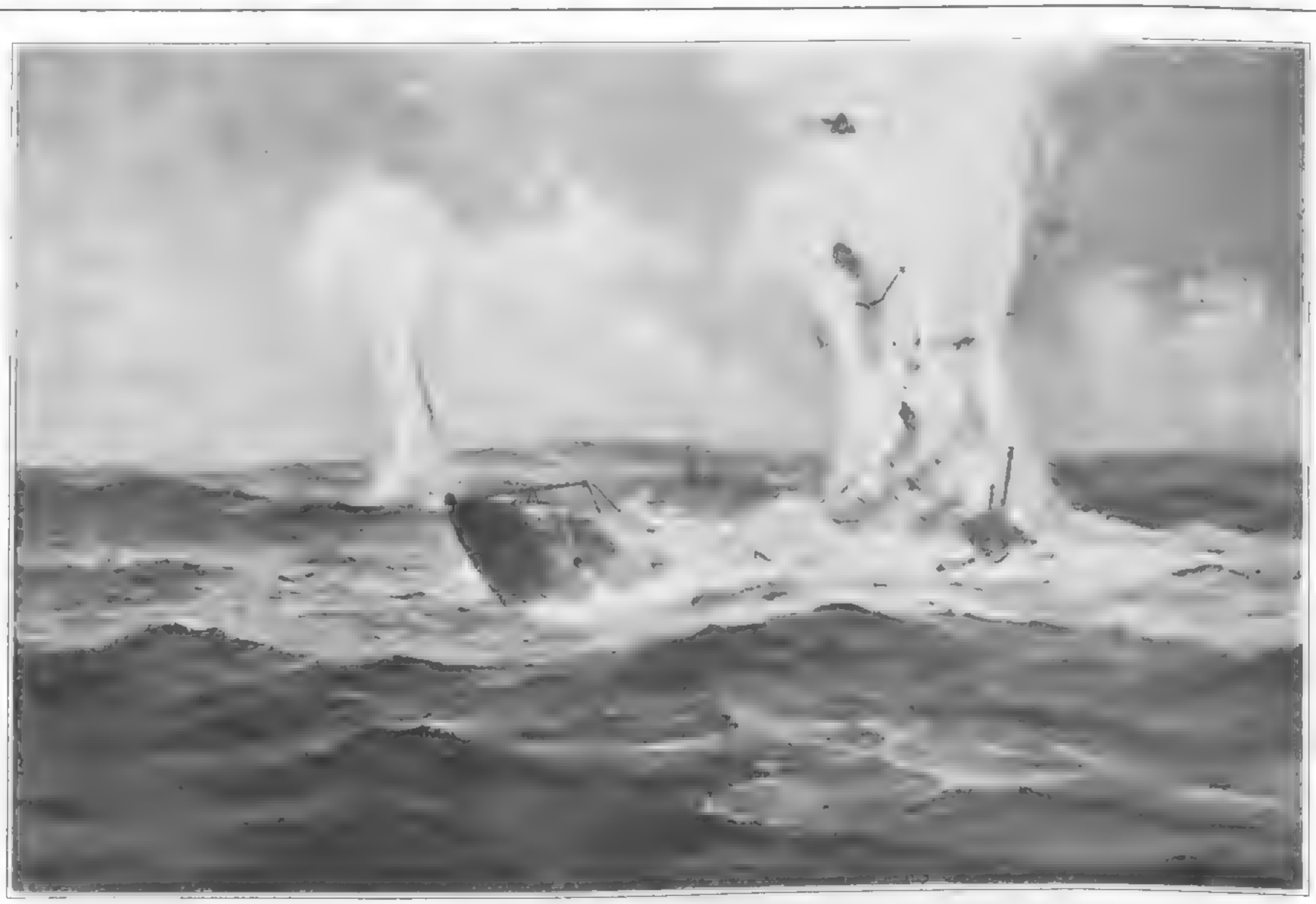
Mrs. Lucas stood by the gate long after the little procession had passed on. She heard the sound of blasting once more and felt the trembling of the earth. She saw a vast pit filled with steam and smoke and flaming fire into which stones rose and fell again like rain.

"I seen it when I got my teeth," she said aloud. "It looked like"—Mrs. Lucas whispered—"it looked like it was the bad place."

She gazed up the road and down. Down the road she saw nothing; from up the road she saw three figures approaching—Lionel in the middle, on either side Lura and

(Continued on Page 168)

The Captain's Cordon Rouge



A Column of Spray Leaped Up Three Hundred Yards Aft, With Steel Splinters on Its Crest and a Blot of Oil at Its Base

By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

CORDON ROUGE is a champagne. Champagne is a wine. Wine is the something or other of all what not. The particular vintage year of this particular captain's Cordon Rouge is not known, but it is known that whereas the captain would have been wroth had the year been one either way of that which he preferred, a slight discrepancy of that kind would not have bothered the Kid, for the Kid was from Kansas, where wheat years are far more important than grape years.

It may be remembered that in '17, the way to fight U-boats was to mount two 4 point 7's fore and aft on each converted transport, send picked navy gun crews aboard to eat pork mixed with bloated rice pudding out of babies' rusted bathtubs, pledge allegiance to the flag and sail out of New York Harbor singing K-K-K-Katy!

If you made St.-Nazaire, somebody in Washington got another leg on a D. S. M., the French sang songs along the canal banks and yelled "*Vive les États-Unis!*"

The Tenerita was Clyde-built for the Caribbean service. She had running ice water in every cabin and an electric fan to play on every passenger, asleep or awake, standing, sitting or lying down. She had pale blue brocade paneling in the dining salon and buffalo hide in the smoke room. She had stewards that could sober a man in twenty-five minutes, Western Union time, officers that looked like cigarette advertisements, engineers that made Havana within thirty seconds of the arrival time stated in the company's folder, and a captain who drank a glass of Cordon Rouge with his luncheon and two glasses with his dinner.

Four days after they snubbed her out from the company's pier and towed her across the river to the army transport piers in Hoboken, she still had her captain and her officers, but the captain did not have his Cordon Rouge, nor did the officers look quite so much like cigarette advertisements. Topside, her brass and cream white was clouded under fog gray. The ice-water machine had stopped running, the pale blue brocades looked slightly wilted and abashed, and already the buffalo hide panelings had had three matches struck upon them. War is a serious business and the Quartermaster Corps knows best.

Her merchant crew was still aboard, but the stewards' department had been cut to pieces and into the vacant glory-hole bunks came Bull Logan, Rory the Duke and four picked gun crews from the Big Outfit, while into the purser's cabin came two ensigns, complete with swords and binoculars, direct from a vast textbook experience gleaned within a stone's throw of a shower bath near Lake Michigan.

Bull and Rory's only worry until they came aboard had been whether the Navy Department would pass a regulation allowing them to wear hash marks on their pants legs after their sleeves got full up. When the first meal of rice pudding meringued with pork arrived they looked at each other and swore a joint symphonic oath beautiful to hear. While one carried the full-throated aria, the other ran in little impromptu *arpeggios* anent ancestors and the world in general.

When the first ensign arrived on an inspection tour they swore another one. He wanted to see everything in the men's bags and called upon the spirit of John Paul Jones when the socks didn't pair up. He announced that things would be run as they were on the battle wagons. He looked at the baby's bathtub and told them to "jettison that garbage." They did, and then when someone told him that it was their dinner, he had another bathtub sent down with the pork in the bottom and the rice pudding on top, and left in a dignified huff to change into whites for his own dinner of *blanchaille*, squab and biscuit Tortoni.

Presently Bull and Rory gave it up and climbed onto the foc'sle head for a look at the guns, in as much as they were in that line of business. Rory thought that it wouldn't quite take the fifth round to rip them clear of the deck and overside. Bull thought that the anchoring was deep enough to save the deck, but that when they did fire the fifth round they'd carry away the whole tissue-paper foc'sle head, deck, gun crew and all. About that time the other ensign arrived with emergency, collision and combat orders that he had worked out with a slip stick and one of the company's folders which gave a plan of the Tenerita on its inside page. Boiled down, they came to this:

1. If you see a submarine, open fire at once.
2. No shots are to be fired at anything without orders from the fire control on the bridge.
3. No white clothing is to be hung topside to dry after dark
4. Battle stations at the first ring on the alarm bell.
5. When the alarm bell rings, do not assume battle stations until an officer appears.
6. Deck patrol will fire point-blank at all lighted matches and cigarettes after dark.
7. Remember that you're in the Navy now.
8. When the band plays the Star-Spangled Banner, face aft, stand at attention, damn the torpedoes and go ahead, but don't give up the ship until Gridley is ready to commence firing, because blood is thicker than water.

Perhaps they weren't quite like that, but they looked that way to Bull and Rory, who, in a manner of speaking, had served aboard ship. They leaned heavily against the rail and spat long disconsolate brown streamers into the oily waters of the Hudson.

"Wal," said Bull, "me, I've done my last hitch. Picked gun crews my blistering elbow!"

Rory squinted at the palm of his hand. "You may be doin' it, Bull—but you ain't done it yet. I wonder could a guy buy some chow if he had some jack?"

"Me, I shoulda taken Cap'n Jenkins' advice. After I knocked that queer paymaster overside at Guantánamo and the court-martial is done with me, he says, 'Bull, when you get in a tight fix again you walk aboard my hooker and go to work as chief with me.'"

"Why didn't you?"

Bull rubbed his chin. "Wal, he says that the first thing I had to do was report personal to his cabin when he had his coat off, and that as soon as he seen my mug he was goin' to tap me to sleep for good measure and friendship, and I seen him tap one guy in Nagasaki who slept for three days."

"Yeah?" said Rory. "An' I seen him tap a guy at Coco Sola who ain't woke up yet. Jenkins is a real genelman, I'll tell you, an' there ain't many skippers like him left in this here man's Navy. I guess you was right, Bull. But I wisht he had this hooker."

"Yeah," said Bull, "we're gonna have a swell time here."

"Yeah," said Rory, "a swell time."

"Yeah," said Bull.

Rory spat overside and sighed. "Yeah," he said.

About this time the Kid walked jauntily up the gangplank with his cap cocked over one eye and his bag on his shoulder, for no good reason except that instead of sending him to Pelham Bay, the man who enlisted him decided that he looked like a sailor and sent him to the Navy instead. After three months the Kid had got over looking for hammock ladders and the key that winds the port watch, and because he had wet-nursed gang plows and tractors most of his life he showed a fine curiosity and a clever aptitude for guns. Hence when the Tenerita's picked crews showed up a man shy on paper, the Kid had been routed out of his happy home at the Navy Yard in Philadelphia and sent to Hoboken.

Twenty minutes after he came aboard, he was up on the foc'sle head. "Say," he said, "I ain't leaped around no grub since noon, an' the guys below tried to get me to eat some garbage out of a washtub. Where do I lay into a meal?"

Bull and Rory looked at him and smiled grimly. "Just ring that gong down in the glory hole an' the steward'll bring you a me-an'-you card," said Rory.

"No foolin'," said the Kid. "I gotta eat and I can't eat that stuff outa no washtub."

Bull grunted, "I guess if we can, you can. I guess you'll eat it and learn to love it."

"But you can't do that," said the Kid. "They told me I was joinin' a picked gun crew on a swell merchant ship. You'll have to do something about it."

"Sure," said Rory pleasantly. "We'll do something about it. We'll break your damn neck if you don't stop jawin' about chow."

The Kid sighed and climbed down the ladder. Half an hour later he was back with a dinner plate heaped with whitebait and half squabs and garnished with two biscuit Tortoni that blinked and winked mischievously under the yellow wharf lights. He ate his meal with great gusto, meanwhile Bull and Rory stared speechless.

"Say," said Rory finally, "where'd you get that?"

"I commandeered it," said the Kid. "There ain't none left. I guess now I better get me some sheets. The guys below told me I was entitled to a pair, bein' as we was picked crews on a swell merchant ship."

"Sheets!" roared Bull.

"Yeah," said the Kid pleasantly. "I don't mind blankets m'self, but as long as I'm entitled to sheets I better have 'em."

"Leaping gosh in a pair of striped pants—sheets!" Rory grabbed the rail in both hands to keep from falling. But the Kid smiled pleasantly, dusted his hands and climbed down the ladder.

And when he turned his blankets down that night Rory put a hand to his forehead and fell backward. The Kid had sheets! Bull, being the more practical, reached over and grabbed them.

"Ain't you got any?" asked the Kid. "Well, that's all right. Take 'em. I'll get me another pair tomorrow." And he did. But there were other things to think about by that time.

First of all, the Tenerita's troops came aboard—a hard-bitten bunch of sand fleas from Fort Huachuca, or some such place in the Southwest, where the handshake is strong enough to break your wrist and men are mean. Then the Tenerita crawled down the bay to join her convoy and dropped her hook off Tompkinsville. Then the Carmencita, her sister ship, sidewiped the Utica, whose concrete bottom dropped out in mid-bay, leaving the three trees, one there, one there and one there. The Utica lowered her boats and raced for the Brooklyn shore, where she beached: meanwhile her boats pulled for the Tenerita. Mr. Hotchkiss, the ensign on the bridge, saw nurses in the boats; so he placed his men at the disposal of Captain Stocker, and during the next three hours Bull and Rory worked so hard they forgot the Kid's sheets and dinner.

About three bells they were on the foc'sle head again when the Kid climbed up the ladder.

"Say," he said, "Sparks just told one of them army guys that we're pulling out for Franst about seven bells tonight if they's clouds in the sky, an' I guess I better be gettin' me a life preserver. Where do they keep 'em?" Rory and Bull grappled to hold each other back until each one could get the first blow in. It was a deadlock.

"Say," hissed Rory, "you get to hell out of here if you aim to keep healthy. If you was in the cavalry in this here war, I suppose you'd be yellin' fer a horse. Go on—git!"

"Life preservers!" gasped Bull.

The Kid backed away apologetically.

"I only thought," he said, "that it might help—I can't swim much."

Then Rory remembered. He caught the Kid in both arms. "Say," he said, "quick now, you tell us where you got the grub last night or I'll whittle you right here."

(Continued on Page 122

The Tenerita Was Leading the Convoy in Around Belle-Isle in a Long-Drawn Single File

MAYZIE IN A SISTER ACT

By SEWELL FORD

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

I REMEMBER the morning well. I'd waited on two traveling salesmen—barber supplies and gents' haberdashery, or else my sense of smell and eye for color schemes wasn't working—and I'd got a party of motorists under way for the mountains with a box luncheon put up and coffee container filled. Yes, that was all the transients I had that meal. And then the first of my regulars, Byron Tillings, drifted in. I was looking for a howl and it came.

"Prunes again, Mayzie!" says he. "What's the idea?"

"They're good for you, sonny," says I. "Besides, the oranges are running punk and sliced bananas are too heavy to do light banking on. You been looking below par lately, so you better cut out the minute steak and have a small order of scrambled eggs."

"You're like a sister to me, Mayzie," says he, reaching for my hand.

"Then be yourself, Byron," says I, giving him a wrist tap and stepping behind his chair.

"But you are," he insists—"a real sister."

"It's the best thing I do," says I, "and heaven knows I've had practice enough. If all the men I've sistered could be marched down Main Street it would be quite a parade. Some day those saps at Hollywood will get wise to me and then I'll be featured right—Mayzie Monahan, Everybody's Sister. Except Chub Gunter's. I'd bar Chub."

"At-a-girl, Mayzie!" says he. "I guess you don't like him any better than I do."

"If I liked him any less," says I, "then Attorney Ross Cates would have the job he's been dreaming about and South Adnock would get on the map as the scene of the mysterious tragedy."

And that, I expect, was really the beginning of a beautiful friendship, for it was only a few evenings later when Byron Tillings, having stalled around until he was last in the dining room, confides that he wants to have a serious talk with me and asks will I go for a drive.

"Look Any Like Me?" He Asks

"You're sure it's just talk?" says I. "No side-arm clinches or petting stuff?"

"I said serious, Mayzie, and I meant it," says he.

"All right then," says I. "But you better park that red roadster halfway up Elm Street and have the engine going so you won't rouse the block starting it. . . . About quarter of nine."

That's what comes of being the most popular waitress at Adnock Inn. Not that the competition is so brisk, for of the two others, one has frizzy hair and a sour disposition, while the second has jutty front teeth and fallen arches. I don't mean I'm any eye dazzler, but neither am I one of the seven mystic reasons why boys stay on the farm. Mostly it's my sympathetic smile, I expect, that gets the men rolling their eyes at me. They think I'm falling for 'em. Huh! I'm sorry for the poor fish, that's all, and sooner or later they want to hold my hand and tell me their troubles.

What was on Mr. Tillings' mind I couldn't guess, but we hadn't driven out past the cemetery before I gets him to open up. I asks how he's coming on with Roberta Cutler

"She's all right," says he. "You know how Roberta is?"

I did. She's dimpled and pink and white and placid, and there's one hundred and eighty pounds of her. She has nice eyes, a satiny skin and a little laugh like the ripple of a brook. Also, her father is the strong man of the Adnock National, where By Tillings is assistant cashier.

"A real sweet girl, Roberta," says I. "Crazy about you, too, isn't she? Then what's wrong with the picture?"

"For one thing," says By, "her father has picked out Chub Gunter, and I think Chub means to pick her, too, when he gets to it."

"Anybody with as little gumption as Chub had ought to be easy to beat," says I. "All you got to do is stick around faithful."

"That's the trouble, Mayzie," says he. "I'm afraid I can't."

"Eh?" says I.

"It's because of what's in my blood," says he.

"I'll bite," says I. "What is in your blood, By Tillings?"

"You've never heard?" he asks.

"I didn't even know you'd had a test made," says I. "Cross-eyed corpuscles, or what?"

"It's no joke," says he. "I got a Don Ju-an heritage."

"Clear as pea soup," says I. "Go on. Anything like halitosis?"

"Listen, Mayzie," says he. "You knew my dad was named Byron?"

"Sure," says I.

"And so was his father," he says solemn. "In fact, I'm the fourth Byron Tillings in our family."

"It isn't such a poor name, either," says I.

"No," says he, "if you don't take into account how we came by it."

"Well, how?" says I.

He stops and pulls the car into a woods road. "You've read about Lord Byron, the poet?" he asks.

"Some," says I. "We had him in the English course at school, but Miss Tuttle sort of skimmed over him. I take it he was kind of a gay bird when he was young."

"All that," says By. "He was a bad egg—with women, you know."

"You don't mean," says I, "you think that's something you can catch just from having the same name?"

"There's more—and worse," says he. "Our folks were English, 'way back—lived on his estate. One of the girls was a dairymaid. Good-looking too. And this young poet —— Well, you can guess."

"If it's a scandal you're hinting at, it's sort of a musty one, isn't it?" says I. "Who dug all this up?"

"I used to hear some of it when I was a youngster," says he. "But I didn't understand and paid no attention. I'd almost forgot, too, until here a month or so ago Chub Gunter got to razzing me in front of a crowd and came out with this old tale that he'd got from Doc Fink, the old busybody. Said I had Byronic tendencies that would get me in trouble some day."

"A case of so's your great-grandmother, eh?" says I. "Something to worry about—not. Why, your old man was foreman of a chair factory for thirty years or so, and about as wild and romantic as a back-yard sheep."

"Had to be," says By. "Ma was always after him. She knew the story and kept it over him. Henpecked, pa was, all his days. And according to what Chub says, that's repression, which makes whatever's in the blood break out all the stronger in the next generation. . . . That's me, Mayzie."

"Well, cheer up," says I. "You're twenty-six or twenty-seven, and I've seen no signs of your being a super-sheik yet."

"You don't know, Mayzie," says he, shaking his head gloomy. "I don't ever miss seeing a good-looking girl."

"That's about as unusual in males as breathing," says I.

"But they say I have a good line too," says he.

"I know," says I. "You get 'em holding hands and then you tell 'em they remind you of an old sweetheart. You sprung that on me once. Remember?"

"So I did," says he, "for practice. But you're kind of hard-boiled. It goes better with some others, and there are times when I just can't help trying it. Chub says he's watched me, and calls it my Don Ju-an habit. Says it'll grow on me until ——"

"A hot right he has to talk, that sneaky young rip!" says I. "But don't you see he's only stringing you, By? Or else he's up to some trick. Now you forget all this Byronic bunk and concentrate on Roberta Cutler. You'd team up well, you two, and it would be good business."

"That's right, Mayzie," says he. "And I'm going to do my best."

I thought I'd got all that rubbish out of his mind, too, and I was glad I had the chance; mainly because it was blocking off anything Chub Gunter might have been trying to put over; and then again I always liked Roberta and have been kind of sorry for the way she's been passed up by the young sports just on account of her size. She isn't so much overweight at that. Pleasantly plump, I call her, and with her good-natured ways and all her folks could do for her, she'd be just the one for By Tillings.

She wouldn't be getting any grand prize, of course, but she might do a lot worse. Byron means all right most of the time, but he don't bulge much over the eyebrows and he's easy led. I expect he'd have kept on hanging around the Palace Pool Parlors if the Hon. Stub Carter hadn't taken sort of a liking to him and got him a job in the bank. He's doing fairly well there, I understand. Anyhow, he's been shoved up when somebody died or quit, and if he could tie up with Roberta he'd be sitting pretty.

So I'm more or less disgusted with him when, less than a week later, I find he's still harping on this Don Ju-an notion. Seems he's got hold of a book about that poet and has been reading up on his career.

"Talk about your sheiks, Mayzie!" says he. "Say, that old boy must have hung up a record, all right."

"Maybe," says I. "How far would he have got, though, if he'd tried pulling that stuff in some burg like South Adnock?"

"Wowee!" says he. "Makes my spine chilly to think of it."

"Better keep it chilly then," says I.

"That's easy enough to say," says he; "but with the kind of blood I've got in my veins ——"

"Pardon my grin," I breaks in, "but I think you're kidding yourself. What you feel is most likely a touch of spring fever. Get Doc Fink to give you one of those big blue pills he puts up—and take Roberta to the movies tonight."

"All right, Mayzie," says he. "I will."

Next thing, though, he brings in a picture to show me. It's a leaf cut from an old book and shows a young fellow with dark roving eyes, a lot of wavy hair and a shirt with a sport collar. "Look any like me?" he asks.

I had to swallow a snicker. For while By Tillings hasn't got a face that would actually make you think of a rabbit, it wouldn't remind you of Julius Cæsar or Mussolini, either. It's kind of a plain, everyday face, a bit shy on chin and sort of boyish.

"I don't see any likeness," says I.

"Not about the eyes?" he insists.

"That's so," says I. "You've got one on either side, too, haven't you? But who's the other party?"

"Lord Byron," says he. "I took it out of the book to tack up near my shaving mirror. I see new points every day or so."

"Some imagination to be wasted in a bank!" says I. "And listen to me, Mr. Tillings, if that's Lord Byron and you look like him, then me and Mary Pickford are twins. Better put this back in the book and throw the whole thing away."

That's exactly what he don't do. Instead he starts reading the poetry and giving me bits of it. Stuff about some girl from Athens.

"Georgia?" says I.

"No, no!" says he. "Greece. I suppose some day I'll meet my Maid of Athens too."

"Maybe she'll be like that Popogoulis girl at the fruit stand," says I—"the waddly one with the woolly bob."

"Bah!" says he. "You've got no romance in your soul, Mayzie."

"Then that's something to be thankful for," says I.

You'd hardly believe, though, what a worm-eaten idea such as Chub Gunter had tossed into By Tillings' so-called brain could do to a simp like that. He takes to wearing a flowing black tie and letting his hair grow; and he has an odd, mushy look in his eyes when he spots some zippy young lady transient at a near-by table. Then one night I saw him talking to that Frenchy milliner from Quebec who's opened a shop in the Bullen Block. She's forty if she's a day, but she gets herself up like a flapper.

"Were you trying your line on M'lle Forshay?" I asks at breakfast.

He nods. "It went over big too," says he.

"Why not?" says I. "That dame would get kittenish just passing a billboard with a cigarette ad on it. Getting her twittery don't prove you're good, you know."

"I'm coming on, though," says he. "Know what Chub says?"

"Well, what's his latest?" I asks.

"He says there'll come a time when I'll have vine leaves in my hair," says By, "and then I'll really cut loose."

"You keep on listening to that clump of poison ivy," says I, "and your head will be so loose it'll rattle. . . Are you forgetting about Roberta?"

He claims he isn't. No, he's still strong for her and sees her regular. These other little flips of romance he means to keep quiet and on the side. Says he can't help having 'em.

"You see it's my nature," he explains. "If Roberta understood, I don't think she'd mind. Do you?"

"Depends," says I, "on just how romantic you got. She's easy-going and good-tempered, but there's always a limit. If she should really get peeved and drop you overboard some day, your banking career would be a flop."

"I know," says he. "I ought to stop it. I—I can't lose Roberta."

That was Friday. I can place the day, because it was the afternoon there was so much excitement over this diamond robbery. Anyhow, my Uncle Dan Bannon was excited, for he'd been chief of police for fifteen years and this was the first big job ever pulled in his district. Seems that a Mrs. Mott Schuyler, who has one of those fancy summer places out at Chester Lake, had lost all her bar pins and rings, and so on, at one swoop, and had breathed in a lot of chloroform as well. Uncle Dan had been out sleuthing around and had come in for luncheon, all steamed up. He didn't know whether he was eating Irish stew or Spanish mackerel, but he kept wagging his head wise and muttering, "Inside work, boys! Inside work!" Which shows that Sherlock Holmes had nothing on Uncle Dan, unless it was a fore-and-aft cap and a better press agent.

And then Saturday morning it was By Tillings who pranced in on his toes after parking a new suitcase and a new straw hat outside. He's wearing his best suit and what chin he has he carries well up. Also there's quite a flicker in his eyes.

"What's the program?" I asks. "Week-ending in Nashua?"

"Nashua!" he snorts. "Atlantic City."

"Well, well! To see why the sad sea waves are sad?"

I'm wrong again. He tells me he's subbing in as delegate at the institute, which is something bank clerks belong to that gives 'em an excuse for an annual blow.

(Continued on Page 89

"If It Isn't Our Old Friend Winnie the Weasel!" Says He

ACCELERATING SENTIMENT

By William Hickman Pickens

THE laws of gravitation and pure food have extracted the glory and glamour from the science of vigorous outdoor promotion. The old-time promoter drowned his conscience in his imagination, and when facts interfered with the truth, he discarded them both. We believed ourselves to be honest, but we never investigated too personally. Our books were open to the public, but as these were twenty-four-sheets on the sides of barns, we were forced to make the statistics attractive and the totals stupendous.

There was no deliberate attempt at hoodwinkery. We simply tried to make the public believe things that we hoped were true. It was fortunate for us that none of our brilliant statements had to be indorsed by three reliable witnesses. We operated on the theory that the billboard is half the circus and never insisted on each of our bill posters being accompanied by a notary public. We were pasting up twenty-four-sheets and not affidavits.

Sky-High Irving Landing on the Roof of the Tanforan Race Track Grand Stand, San Francisco, 1911

The ancient flaming billboard has faded under the restrictions of supervised advertising until it is now an anæmic thing of pink, white and lavender. When a modern manager gets a diamond in the rough he proceeds to polish it off and round it. When I got a diamond in the rough I always made it rougher, and when I got through billposting a suburb I could make you think the sun was setting in sixty-seven different places. If some philanthropist wishes to perpetuate an important branch of American art and literature, he should build a wing on the Metropolitan Museum of Art and dedicate it to the housing of the twenty-four-sheet. Its classification will be difficult, as it was profane to the ethical but sacred to the young.

Not only has the color faded from the poster but the accompanying legends have lost their authority and sting under the close overseeing of earnest young secretaries of chambers of commerce and the demand for the finer things of life. Where Barnum billed the hippopotamus as the blood-sweating behemoth of Holy Writ, Mr. Ziegfeld would take the same animal and placard it as Miss Africa.

The Spin of Death

MY FIRST practical valuation of the twenty-four-sheet was gleaned while ballyhooing for Lee Richardson, the most reckless and daring comet who ever hurled flesh and steel forward at the wool-bleaching speed of thirty miles an hour—which might have been a thrilling performance on the back of a razorback leopard. But the most dangerous animal ever ridden by Lee was a bicycle; and a bicycle was no novelty, even in 1896, so it was up to Will H. Pickens to paint a frenzied halo of heroism around Lee's head that would convince the pliable public that Richardson was the pathfinder for the man who carried the message to Garcia.

He held a world's record for riding a bicycle backward for one mile without stops for refreshments. He could also ride with both hands off the handlebars, both feet off the pedals and both eyes on the fair sex in the audience. His best stunt was spinning on the back wheel with the front wheel raised a dizzy sixteen inches from the ground. It was this feat which I selected to capitalize and my lithographers were instructed to emblazon Richardson as the Angel of Desperation in the Spin of Death.

This whirl of horror was nothing more than a few dozen revolutions on the back wheel of a bicycle, with no more centrifugal force involved than that generated by a Japanese waltzing mouse on parade. But a good sincere lithograph, if mishandled properly, can make a school picnic look like the third day at Gettysburg. The resulting twenty-four-sheets depicted Richardson in an eight-colored battle with the forces of sudden oblivion. The descriptive legend beneath the picture was both educational and vitriolic, and when the villagers scanned the result their eyes popped out so far that they would have been as easy to pick as berries on a bush.

William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., (at Left) Watching the 1909 Vanderbilt Cup Race

Barking Bicycles

I HOOKED up as personal ballyhooer for Richardson in 1896, when the bicycling craze was at its zenith and the bloomer girl was causing the reformer to polish up his vocabulary and his spectacles at the same time. Up to that time I was ballyhooing myself, for I held the Mississippi velocipede records for all distances up to a mile. I also won the Alabama quarter-mile record in 1894 from a high-class field of neighbors.

Cycle racing was the star attraction at all Southern state fairs and Will H. Pickens was a dreaded competitor until a tendency to overeat slowed him up considerably. I had prepared for this contingency, however, by having myself appointed traveling correspondent for Bozeman Bulger, then sports editor of the Birmingham Age-Herald. The slower I raced on the track, the faster I spurted toward the telegraph office, and the Birmingham Age-Herald never lacked for victorious tidings of Birmingham's favorite son. I won many telegraph victories over the greatest in the land and might have been world's champion if a check-up by the conscientious Bozeman Bulger hadn't curtailed my career.

I went to Atlanta in 1895 to ride against a young fellow by the name of Bobby Walthour, who filled a spot in Georgian hearts now occupied by Bobby Jones. There were about thirty starters in that race and I wired my usual victory to Birmingham. The next day the Age-Herald carried this news of my victory:

> Will Pickens came very close to winning his race against Bobby Walthour and a field of thirty yesterday in Atlanta, and would have made a very creditable showing if unforeseen circumstances had not compelled him to finish last.

The unforeseen circumstances were my slowness and the fact that Bulger was suspicious of my monotonous triumphs. So he had appointed a reliable Atlanta newspaperman to relay the correct summaries to the Age-Herald. That was my finish as an athlete and my start as a ballyhooer. I strung along with Lee Richardson and the Spin of Death until he left for a tour of the world in 1899.

The day of the bicycle was nearing its finish anyway, for a factory in Waltham, Massachusetts, was manufacturing a tandem equipped with a small one-and-three-quarter H. P. motor made in France. This was not a motorcycle, for the riders on the tandem were forced to pedal and

keep pedaling. The motor, which was a De Dion one-cylinder affair, simply accelerated their efforts and made more noise than progress. I bought a battery of these machines and made a tour of the country with a troupe of famous pace followers, among them being Miller and Waller, noted six-day racers.

The De Dions made such a terrific racket that audiences would leave their seats and the building. It was necessary for me to spiel a long ballyhoo before each race, telling the crowd not to be frightened at the unusual noise, which was simply an explosion of gasoline ignited by an electric spark. It was all new to the crowds in those days. They never did become accustomed to the barking bicycles.

Promoters must keep pace with progress. Just when I had figured that there could be nothing more dangerous than motor-paced cycling, I heard about two fellows in the Middle West who were tinkering around with a new contraption. One was in Cleveland and the other in Detroit, and you may have heard of their names—Alexander Winton and Henry Ford. Tom Cooper, who had been the star of a cycle-racing team which I managed for Chicago manufacturers of wheels, returned from Europe with wild tales of great speed shown by racing automobiles in France. He claimed that these cars could go a mile a minute.

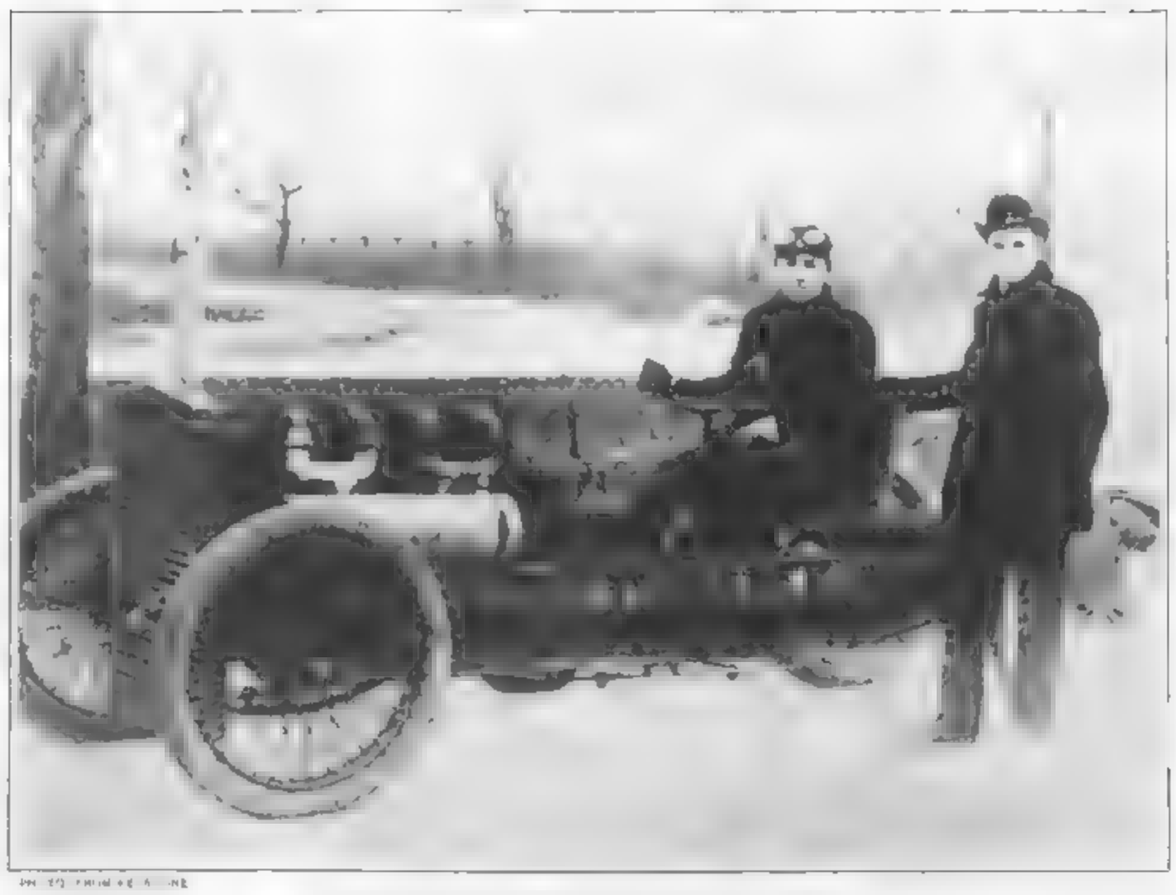
Cooper brought back a motor which he intended to place on a bicycle and break all speed records. The daily papers carried descriptions of this wonderful thingumajig, and Henry Ford, being interested in anything mechanical, called on Cooper and examined the motor. Ford asked Cooper what he intended doing with the engine and Tom told him. Ford didn't care much about bicycles and informed Cooper that he was building an automobile that was better than motorcycles for frightening horses.

The Last Word in Speed

NOW Cooper was a showman who had made plenty of money in cycle racing and he asked Ford why he didn't make a racing car that could be used to break records in front of big profitable crowds. The result was a partnership, Ford to build the machine and Cooper to drive it. While they were building the car, Cooper sent for me and asked me to ballyhoo the first modern car of Juggernaut. I got all steamed up over the possibilities, but my ardor cooled when I saw how long it took to build the car.

The casting was bad in those days, each cast taking several weeks to make and the work being crude. The metal was full of sand holes and air bubbles which would not be discovered until the casting was being dressed on the lathe. Realizing that the job would take some months, I left and opened an amusement park in Alabama. But the persistent Ford managed to finish the job and challenged Winton, who was then the recognized American champion.

A date was set for the race, but on the eve of the contest Cooper was stricken with appendicitis. There was a young fellow in the Ford camp who had made a good reputation as a daring rider of motor tandems on the bicycle track. Like all young fellows, he was eager to do anything dangerous, and Ford selected him to take Cooper's place at the wheel. The youngster made good, beating Winton's famous car, Bullet Number 1, and hanging up a world's record on the Grosse Point track in Detroit. An old railroad engineer was one of the big crowd which saw the race, and as Ford's car scooted by he took off his hat, wiped his brow and said, "Boys, she runs faster than the 999."



An Early Photograph of Henry Ford

The 999 was the locomotive which had drawn the first Empire State Express between New York and Buffalo. She was looked upon as the last word in speed. And that's how Ford's first car came to be named 999, which meant glory not only for the car and for Ford, but also for its first driver, Barney Oldfield.

Oldfield sprang into instant fame. After driving the 999 in a few exhibitions and races, he hooked up with Winton to drive the Bullet Number 2. Cooper bought out Ford's interest in the 999 and again sent for me to manage his interests. Realizing that the automobile was a going concern, minus sand holes and air bubbles, I sold the amusement park and came North with plenty of money to promote Cooper. We figured that the new car built by Winton was faster than the 999, and that the Bullet Number 2 would win all the silver cups and cash prizes in match races.

So we cooked up a scheme whereby Cooper and Oldfield would both make money and Will H. Pickens would also get his share of the plunder. Cooper sold the 999 to me and made a deal to manage Oldfield. I had the 999 but no driver, for I was too busy trying to make a living with a crippled head to take chances on a crippled body. I finally signed Dare-devil Hauseman to pilot the car. The combination began to function as per schedule and I publicly challenged Oldfield as quickly as I could get out the twenty-four-sheets.

Early Hood Styles

COOPER accepted in Barney's behalf and the first race was pulled at Savannah, Georgia. Oldfield won. His reputation was growing rapidly, having been enhanced a few days before the Savannah race, when he defeated W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., driving his $40,000 racing car over the Daytona Beach course. We toured the country and Oldfield never lost a race. But my disappointment was assuaged by the fact that I got my share of the gate money. The 999 began to develop spavins and we discarded it. I signed to manage Oldfield, for I realized that he was destined to be the greatest figure that the racing game ever knew. We formed a partnership in 1904 and it has survived wind, storm and quarrels through almost a quarter of a century. During that time nearly every man, woman and child has paid fifty cents to see Barney race around the motordrome. If there is anybody who missed him, that person can send me the fifty cents.

After being out of Ford's hands for more than twenty years, the old 999 is back in his possession. I allowed it to be sold for freight charges in Los Angeles and one of Ford's dealers bought it in. Very few people know that Ford was once a dare-devil race driver and held the world's speed record for one mile. He read one day that Henry Fournier had covered a mile in forty seconds in France.

In December, 1903, Ford borrowed the 999 from Cooper and took it to Lake St. Clair, near Detroit. The lake was frozen solidly, and, after the ice had been sprinkled with hot cinders which would enable the 999 to get traction, Ford drove the car a mile in 39 2-5 seconds.

During a practice spin before the big attempt, Ford discovered that the intense cold would freeze the carburetor in an open position and it would be impossible for him to shut off the throttle. It looked as if the attempt would have to be abandoned, until a young fellow called Spider Huff volunteered to lie over the top of the engine and shut off the carburetor at the end of the drive. The car was nothing but a chassis, the engine being set on a frame with four wheels. There was no hood on the engine and Huff was warmer than Ford, for the Spider was a-straddle the hot cylinders. The only protection Ford had was a thin board, which he used as a windshield.

Ford's mile record stood for three weeks, when W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., lowered it to 39 seconds flat on the Ormond-Daytona Beach drive. Ford's performance is the more meritorious of the two, for it was made in zero weather under adverse conditions. The 999 really belonged to me when Mr. Ford made

Erbsloh and Herdemann in the Basket, Jockeying for a Start in the St. Louis Balloon Race, 1907

Continued on Page 204

THE BORDER JUMPERS

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

CARSON'S gaze followed that one face through the swirling sea of faces on the dance floor. There was a haunting loveliness about it that stirred some pleasant chord within him. He did not, however, approve of her habits. He had first seen her at the gambling layouts in the Foreign Club at Tia Juana, later at a drinking resort in Mexicali. And now —— His gaze followed her as she crossed the floor with her companion, seated herself at a table and ordered drinks from the hovering waiter. Didn't she go in for any other form of amusement than that of visiting the various towns just south of the border to gamble, drink and dance throughout the night?

Larry Carson, still observing her, listened absently to his companion's voice through the delirious bleating of drum and saxophone.

"That slim dark egg with the third eyebrow on his lip—the one she's with now—is Cherokee Tanner," Hornet remarked.

Carson's glance came back and centered on his companion. "That who is with?" he asked.

"Tut-tut, Larry!" Hornet Ellis grinned. "The one that danced with the frail you've been lamping for the past coupla hours."

"Have I?" Carson smiled. "Yes, she interests me rather."

"Why not?" Hornet returned practically. "She's a keen looking mamma, that party. As I said, that's Cherokee Tanner with her. I know him to speak to, and I'll ask him to give you a knock-down to that dame if you say."

"No," Carson declined; "the interest isn't quite that personal."

"Well, maybe at that she's better to look at than she would be to sweetie with," Hornet agreed philosophically. "This world is sure alive with skirts that's on the make."

Carson's eyes roved back to the girl in question.

"I saw you piping her off in Tia Juana and again in Mexicali," Hornet observed. "And now here she is in Calizoni. She's an eyeful and no mistake.. I've seen her on and off, all the way from Juarez to Tia Juana; also night-lifing at some of the fashionable dance places round L. A. and Hollywood. Don't know who she is, but I'll get a line on her from Tanner if you say so."

Turning His Face Toward His Companion, Carson Was Able to Keep One Eye Trained to the Rear at Frequent Intervals

"Not necessary," Carson declined. "This Cherokee Tanner—who did you say he drives for?"

"I didn't say," Hornet returned. "Why did you want to know?"

"Idle curiosity," Carson submitted.

"You're curious, but it's nowaya idle," Hornet countered. "We've got to get down to cases, Larry. You act casual, but I know you ain't casual except to the naked eye. You're sleuthing for some reason. What I want to know is whether you've retained your amateur standing."

Carson laughed. "Whatever occasions you to believe that I'm sleuthing?"

"You come romping along and pick me up for an alleged fling; you having been on the range and deprived of city pastimes for six months, you say. Then your idea of a fling turns out to be loitering round these border towns south of the line. You having lived on the border all your life—why, these squalid camps must be a great novelty to you. We've been night-lifing for two weeks and doing our sleeping at noon. And you're as feverishly interested in night life south of the border as I am about knitting in New Hampshire. It ain't what we do that absorbs you, but what other folks are doing. It's 'Who's that, Hornet? And who's this and the other, and what do they do?' Don't delude yourself that I haven't observed it."

"Crowds, Hornet. Crowds make night life what it is. The colorful throng. Drab and vivid personalities mingling into a kaleidoscopic whole."

"So's Aunt Annie's rag rug," said Hornet.

"Your remark makes me strangely reminiscent," said Carson. "Once upon a time a certain party made frequent use of similar expressions, and they were foreign to his general manner and style of speech. Stood out like a sore thumb, if you know what I mean. It's been flirting round in the pool of my thoughts a considerable. My mind's like a trout in an aquarium that snaps at a butterfly of thought that keeps a-flitting just outside the glass. So far I've only succeeded in bumping my mental nose."

"I've learned to thumb my mental nose at butterflies that's out of reach," Hornet testified. "But to hold right to the point—you're looking for someone. It must be for some party on the lower fringe or in the middle ranks of society. Otherwise you'd have selected a fashionable friend for a guide instead of sorting out an old army acquaintance that's now one of the biggest liquor handlers on the border and requesting that he show you round. Working on that theory, I sounded you out. 'That's Miss Roe, the great movie star,' says I. Or 'That's Mr. Doe, the world-famous magnate,' I says. And you yawn and never glance at 'em again. But if I intimate that some party is so crooked that he'd hijack his baby sister of her last bottle of milk, right away you're all attention and want to know all the details of his past and present and what he's likely to do next."

"Consider the first pages of our metropolitan newspapers, Hornet, and the surging throngs that battle for admission to court rooms where sensational murder trials or marital infidelities are being aired. Then you'll realize that my interest in those of shady reputation is a most normal manifestation."

"So's Ananias," Hornet said cheerfully. "And I ain't to be diverted ——"

"Again," Carson interrupted—"again your remark strangely reminds me ——"

"And still again," grinned Hornet, "your strange actions remind me. They remind me of a flat-foot trying to gather information. You might as well come clean, Larry. Have you turned professional, or are you sleuthing in the interests of a personal vendetta?"

"The latter," Larry smiled. "I've engaged in a little private war of my own."

"Then I'm in," Hornet flatly declared himself. "That's all I ever wanted to know."

"But there's this," Carson amplified: "I don't know how wide a loop I'll have to throw in the end. It may result in a round-up of sorts by the constituted authorities of the law."

The Hornet shrugged his indifference to this possible contingency. "If it's a private feud, Larry, I don't care how you handle it. You can turn the miscreant over to the mercies of the law or punish him personal. The point was that I wanted to make sure that you'd only use such information as pertained to your own private feud and not file the rest where it was open to perusal by the dicks."

"Anything outside of my own particular grievance, Hornet, is of no interest to me whatever," Carson assured.

"Then I'm in," Hornet Ellis declared again. "I ain't forgot, Larry, that except for you I'd be among the defunct heroes, that made the world safe for democracy, instead of a live human."

Carson's gaze had strayed back to the face that had so intrigued him from his first glimpse of it. The orchestra crashed with a delirious throb of saxophones and the girl's companion led her onto the floor. The slim, dark face of Cherokee Tanner was animated by a smile that displayed a flash of white teeth as he looked down at her, and Carson found himself filled with a sudden and unaccountable dislike for the man.

"What's the reason you're gunning for this party?" Hornet inquired. "If I'm to do you any good, you'd better slip me a diagram of events. I take it you're real unfriendly toward him. What did he do to you?"

"It's what he did to someone else," Carson explained. "You remarked a minute back that you felt you owed me something. Well, I owe another party a hundred times more than you fancy that you owe me, and for a similar reason. He didn't only save my mortal carcass—which he did do that little thing, too, on one occasion—but he salvaged my self-respect. My guts had turned to rain water and my mind was sick. I was still forging ahead through hell's own jamboree, but in another second I'd have been high-tailing it to the rear. He looked across and grinned at me as if we were going to a picnic. It put stiffening in my backbone and I went on."

"I expect you'd have gone on anyhow," Hornet said. "But I know just how you felt. I've been there, as you know."

"His life and mine had been similar," Carson said. "He'd been a cow waddie all his life and so had I, except for time out for schooling. Naturally, it was like meeting up with an angel to be thrown with one man that talked your own language—cow talk. His people had a sizable layout. The Carsons, as you know, had run big outfits ever since the Southwest was first heard of. Well, we planned to go into business together, once we got back. We'd start up a little outfit of our own and watch it grow to one of the biggest, our brand known the length of the border—wherever riders forgathered, in fact.

"You know how it goes. Feeling ourselves tolerable small and insignificant in that mighty jamboree, we planned big for the future. Neither of us got back for almost two years after the end of it. My buddy came back to find his folks dead and his old home ranch sold under the hammer, busted in the postwar deflation. That same deflation hadn't helped the Carson family either—not any to speak of. A carload of choice steers wouldn't pay the freight on 'em to the Kansas City stockyards. It shook my family's finances down pretty near to bed rock. Anyway, it cleaned up most all the liquid assets, including cows as liquid—which beef was considered such—but at that time the Carson outfit was about as liquid as the Mogala River in July when compared with it bankful during the spring run-off. They come out of it land poor, but with a plaster on some of the holdings sufficient to keep the outfit running, and managed to pull through.

"Well, there we were. My brother hadn't come back and there was a look in my mother's eyes that tugged at you, and the old man's mouth was kind of tight at the corners. No reason why Carlos—that was my buddy's name—shouldn't step right in with us. He'd have been mothered and fathered to ease his own loss a mite and he'd have helped to fill in the gap that was left in our ranks. But would he do it? Not him. He leaned over backward against being handed such an easy berth. We'd start even, he opines. Hadn't we planned to start small, on our own, and grow big? Well, he'd go to work right off, and when he'd hustled enough so we could make a beginning by me putting up an even amount, then we're all set to go. Nothing could alter him.

Marion

"Of course I started raising hell with him, but the old man headed me off. 'He'll always feel better about it, Larry, a man of his breed will, if he knows later that he stood on his own two feet,' he says. 'Let him have his way, boy. We'll fix it in the end.' We finally made Carlos see the light to a certain extent. Cows was dirt cheap. You could buy them for a song. We pointed out to Carlos that now, when nobody would take cows as a gift, was the time to get a start; that by the time we'd saved up sufficient to make a start they'd be back up in price. I rustled round and located an outfit that needed money bad and we bought two hundred head of as pretty a matched bunch of long two-year-old heifers as you ever laid an eye on—for fourteen-fifty a head. My old man put up the money and Carlos and me signed the note for twenty-nine hundred dollars to be paid out as we earned it.

"Carlos couldn't go to work as a cow hand and make any money, and he wouldn't go to work for our outfit at any more than regular waddie wages. We agreed to that The governor had land a plenty. He'd bought out two big Spanish grants. Also, there was one piece of round twenty thousand acres, rough but well watered, that lay off some sixty miles to the west of his main holdings. He agreed to sell us that at two dollars an acre when we were ready, taking our note at 4 per cent, no matter if land had gone up in the meantime. Soon as we'd paid off the note for the she stock we'd start saving for a little stake to start up on, give our note for the land and run our own outfit.

"We arranged it that way. Our layout is way over east of here in New Mexico. Carlos came back here into his own country to locate a job I went to work as foreman of our outfit at a hundred and fifty a month. Carlos got a job at that same figure and expenses out here. Every month he sent me a hundred dollars to apply on our note. I was to run our little bunch of she stock along with the old man's regular layout. The difference in handling 'em along with the rest wouldn't amount to anything. With a regular spring round-up crew working, it would only mean branding a few extra calves a day. Carlos finally agreed to such little concessions. Our brand was the C. J. and Carlos' old brand was the T. P., so we settled on our new one as the J. T. P. Everything was running pretty—prettier, in fact, than Carlos would ever suspect."

Carson smiled and for a space gazed silently and unseeingly across the room. Hornet Ellis knew that he was contemplating in retrospect some desirable features of the arrangement.

"Time was, Hornet, in the early days of the cow business," Carson presently resumed, "when many a man got a start without other tangible assets than a long rope and a running iron. There have been foremen, too, that built up bunches of their own out of the cows of the outfits whose interests they were supposed to be guarding. But

(Continued on Page 100)

"Steady!" Carson Admonished. "Slide Your Hands Along the Wall and Reach Up Toward the Eaves, Buddy"

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 12, 1927

Research Fever

ONE legacy of the war has been a stampede throughout the country to set up organizations for the purpose of procuring special information along economic lines. Mostly this movement has gone under the name of research, with departments, bureaus and institutes of research springing up all over the country. Apparently the word "research" has been applied to pretty much everything not in some other well-defined category. Facts are valuable articles of commerce, and as industrial organization grows more complex, there are no doubt many additional facts to be collected, classified and catalogued. Yet the new enthusiasm for research has shown not a little danger of spreading itself too thin.

Business men are becoming tired of replying to questionnaires sent out by so many different organizations, and new bureaus are started to procure data which already gather dust in the local library or are duplicated by another organization. In one Western state where an attempt has been made to coördinate the different research agencies the first list made up of those developing statistical information from original sources contained about forty names. This was soon enlarged to eighty, then to one hundred and thirty-two, and at last accounts to at least one hundred and fifty.

The idea of most new organizations seems to be to start out for themselves and collect all the material, regardless of what the various governmental departments, universities, industries, banks and commercial organizations of cities and towns have already accomplished. The temptation is to take a running grab at any subject that looks interesting, publish the results of the inquiry and secure due credit and glory for the investigators before it is generally discovered that most of the work was unnecessary.

In one state an economic research council has been formed in an effort to prevent duplication, as well as to fill empty gaps. Through its committees the inquiring citizen can learn what organizations are working on particular subjects.

Able leadership can take a like step elsewhere. It would be worse than stupid to discourage fact finding and research. But one of the simplest maxims holds that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Nor is anything gained by hundreds of organizations making half-baked inquiries when a few competent students could make thorough investigations of the subjects.

Stop, Look and Listen

NO MORE dangerous or costly development has come upon us than that of the railroad crossing at grade. The word "development" is used advisedly, because the grade crossing was not so serious a menace in the days of horse-drawn vehicles. It is difficult, or in any case inconvenient and distasteful, for motorists to slow up frequently. The urge is to keep on going, and the price paid at railroad crossings is a heavy one in life itself.

Here is an ugly situation to be met, and with no inexpensive solution. England is fortunate in that her railroads were built after the highways and comparatively few crossings at grade were left when the rails were put down. In this country most of the highways were opened at grade over the railroads, not the railroads over the highways.

The railroads alone cannot separate these levels. One company's lines are crossed by twelve thousand roads and highways, and it would cost half a billion dollars to effect the separation. Clearly, the municipalities and states, especially the latter, must bear a large share of the cost. In one state alone bond issues of three hundred million dollars are contemplated for this purpose. Such colossal costs can come from only one source in the end—the people themselves. The railroads will pay a share out of what might be called their profits, but to push them too hard only means an appeal for higher freight and passenger rates, or at least valid arguments to maintain rates that in some instances might be lowered.

Yet the people want reduced taxes, as well as fewer grade crossings. The two desires are incompatible. Man's resources and ingenuity do not stretch so far as that. The more dangerous crossings are naturally separated first, but even at that it is estimated that it will be nearly a generation before the menace can be entirely removed.

Clearly, there is only one way out—carefulness on the part of the individual driver. It is vain and quite too late to lament the course which our transportation development has taken. Despite the scores of millions of dollars being poured into this work of grade elimination, it still remains substantially true that each motorist must separate most grades for himself by remaining off the railroad tracks when trains are approaching.

State Use

ONE of our puzzles is what to do with the men and women who become inmates of corrective and other state institutions. However widely experts may differ on details of treatment, there seems to be fairly unanimous agreement that an institutional inmate is better off working than idle. It matters little of what crime he has been convicted and it makes no difference how depraved or unfortunate a person he is, man is not a useful animal either to himself or to society when wholly free from occupation. This applies to the gilded-club idler and to the prison lifer alike.

But the attempt to manufacture goods in penal institutions, to be sold on the market in competition with free labor, has been anything but popular. Too often such manufacture has produced excessive profits for the labor contractor, or at least this has been the charge. Labor unions have protested against the practice, arguing that outside manufacturers, whether union or nonunion, cannot compete against prison labor. It has been stated that work shirts could be made within prison walls for a fifth or sixth of the outside cost. There are those who say that prison-made goods are insignificant in quantity, but others cite facts to refute this statement.

A less unpleasantly controversial plan is that of the state-use system, by which prison shops manufacture only such articles as are used by the state institutions themselves. The prison shops may make work shirts, socks and overalls to be used by the patients in state hospitals, who in return may grow potatoes for the prisoners. A number of states have adopted this policy and it appears destined to spread.

At first glance the demand would seem too small, and of course it is less than that provided by the open market. But in New York State Governor Smith estimates that a new hospital must be built every three years. These hospitals are best adapted, he says, to isolated places, where, naturally, farming can be carried on. Each such institution has thirty-five hundred inmates and fifteen hundred attendants, creating a sizable demand in itself for clothing and other articles.

Local business interests are not always in favor of state use. But the loss to a few local merchants is surely a lesser evil than the dumping of cheap prison-made goods on the open market. Besides, the business of supplying state institutions has too often been regarded in the past as a fat plum. In any case it is cruel to the individual and utterly unfair to the state at large to leave the vast institutional population idle.

There are enthusiasts who believe that a wide adoption of state use will result in lower taxes. We hesitate to share this fond hope. We sadly fear that money saved to the taxpayer in one direction will find a ready use elsewhere. But that is no criticism of state use. Well administered, it should result, perhaps has resulted, in economies which need no defense from anyone.

Bread and Cake

MR. AVERAGE CITIZEN, whose name is quite often also that of Property Owner and Taxpayer, may not altogether approve of prize fights, boxing matches and similar exhibitions. But his heart must experience a warm glow when he reads that the Government will receive nearly three-quarters of a million dollars in taxes from a recent bout. There is a certain grim but satisfactory fitness in the wide applicability of the Federal tax system. It applies to all income, dubious though its origin be.

The modern state has needs too insistent and numerous to depend upon revenues from vices or even from sports, wholesome as many of the latter are. True, it is a delicate matter to draw the line in objects of taxation. There are those who look upon tobacco as an indulgence, but in most countries it yields easily and conveniently an enormous revenue. But in the United States at least state lotteries are regarded askance, and the new English betting tax is not taken any too seriously. Extravagant tales are told of the revenue that would accrue if all bootleggers paid their taxes in full, and there is no doubt as to the tax productiveness of the old saloon system.

Yet really to base a tax system upon business activities which are in themselves either economically wasteful or illegal can never be sound. The bulk of taxes in any country of advanced standards must come from operations that are lawful and for the most part economically useful. If the backbone of a system of tax ratables should consist of vices or even of questionable indulgences, we should approach too close for comfort to blackmail or tribute. All the nations paid tribute to the Barbary pirates until the youthful American Navy blew them out of the water. There have been rulers of Latin-American states who took what they could get when they wanted or needed it.

To the cynical minded the line between taxation and tribute is very thin, but in a modern, enlightened state the ideal is clear enough. The mass of the revenue—the bread in the diet, as it were—should be produced in the course of man's daily legitimate and wholesome business. If too much is not demanded of government, if it in turn is well administered, the ever-expanding volume of trade will yield enough in taxes without resort to curious contortions of revenue collecting. Taxing luxuries is just as logical as taxing necessaries, perhaps more so. But it would be better to have fewer schools and highways than to single out every bad habit or lower appetite of man and rest the cost of government upon them. Certainly it is the height of bad practice to countenance bootlegging in one branch of the Revenue Service by levying taxes on the income derived from it, when in another branch it is recognized as a criminal activity. If the same enthusiasm were directed toward stamping out bootlegging as to collecting the bootlegger's taxes, we should have a little less income and a great deal more self-respect.

TREAT US LIKE MEN

By Christian Gauss

Dean of the College, Princeton University

NOT many months ago it was my unpleasant duty to summon an undergraduate for having taken more absences than the law allowed. In most colleges the law in this matter is rather lax, though undergraduates find it oppressive. Until they reach the danger line the college usually gives them rope. Then it brings them up with a fairly sharp turn—that is, it warns, then threatens.

So it was in this case. My young friend—Wilbert, we shall call him—a chronic sinner in this regard, was a sophomore. True humanity, Goethe said, redeems all human failings. Wilbert possessed many sophomoric traits, but like nearly all young men, he possessed an engaging personality which redeemed them. He was plainly bored as he sat in the chair before me—bored and a little nervous, for the tips of his fingers tapped the cover of the closed book on his knee.

I began by telling him that I was compelled to call him in because he had already taken the full number of cuts allowed for the whole term, and there was still, unfortunately, a considerable part of the term left. His timing had been defective. Up to this point he had been free and no one had inquired why he had absented himself. He had now lost this privilege. He must watch his step.

He could henceforth take none but necessary cuts. What were necessary cuts? Those, I explained, were cuts taken because of serious illness or in case of some urgent summons home. In this event, he would have to consult me first.

"You mean," he asked, "if I want to go home I have to come in and ask your permission?" I assured him that I meant exactly that. "Fiddle!" he jerked out to himself. Then he added, with a dash of harmless impertinence: "How does this college get that way?"

I am afraid that I threatened, but I don't remember. I do remember that, as he rose to go, he shot at me that Parthian arrow, the sting of which every college official of our time has felt: "Why don't you treat us like men?"

As he banged the door, I had the feeling that I would see that young man again.

If you meet Bill Smith, an undergraduate, on Tuesday and ask him how he is making it, he may tell you, "Fine!" If you meet him the following day, even when nothing of consequence has happened to him in the interval, he will tell you, "Not so good." Now this would not necessarily be a disadvantage in dealing with Mr. Smith except that sometimes he expects you to treat him one way when things are fine and in quite another way when things are not so good. How are you to know? The collective temper of a college, made up as it is of such young men, is more mercurial than the temper of an equal body of older and less responsive persons. In one year, in some particular college, it may be *de rigueur* to dress well. In another year it will be the fashion to don overalls. Similarly, a newly elected student council may rescind an action unanimously approved the previous year. The new editorial board of a college paper will approve a policy which its immediate predecessors deplored.

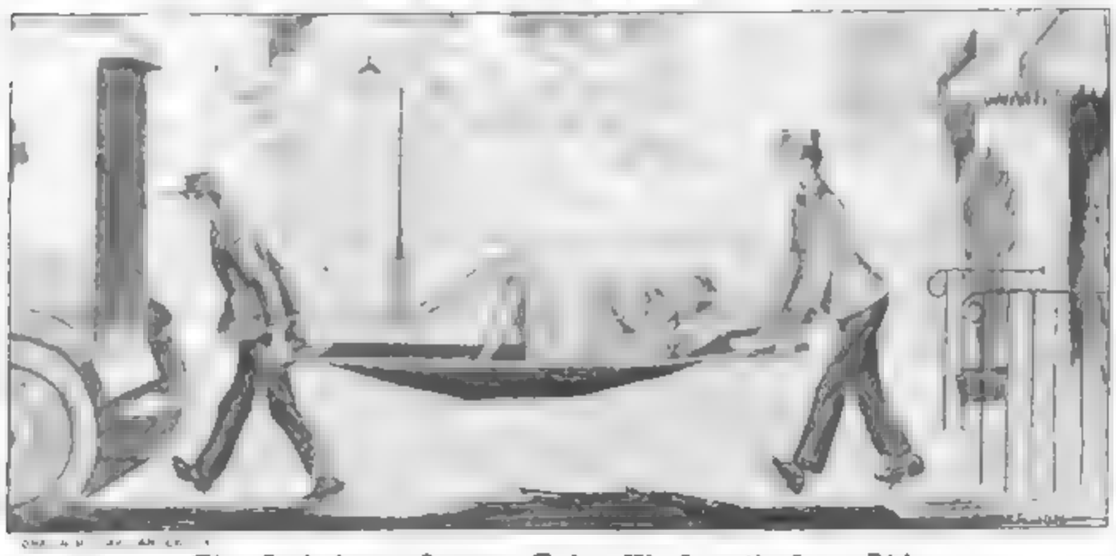
There is much about every college that is particular to it, local in the strictest sense. Such particular customs, whose origin is to be sought in local conditions, need not concern us. At certain times, however—and the present is such a time—there are heard upon the different campuses throughout the country the same protests. Common slogans spring up.

These are not local and call for more careful study; they are social phenomena of considerable importance. They are not merely collegiate; they do not spread from college to college. Instead, they spread from the country to all the colleges, and are frequently the reflections of some underlying social condition in the country at large.

(Continued on Page 134)

FAITHFUL FIDO

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



The Ambulance Surgeon Takes His Sweetie for a Ride

"Darling! Would You Mind Sitting on the Other Knee? This One's Asleep." "What Do You Think This Is? An Insomnia Treatment?"

The Horse-Car Talkers

"TILDEN ought to have won."

"Sure he ought to have. My money was on Tilden. I thought he'd beat that other fellow easy."

"It was close up to the last minute."

"It certainly was. The result was a great surprise to me."

"There must have been something crooked about it. I wouldn't be surprised if you told me the whole thing was framed."

"Tilden would have won by one point if there hadn't been so many Republicans on that electoral commission."

Two very disgruntled Democrats had been discussing the disputed election of Rutherford B. Hayes in the presidential campaign of 1876.

—*Norman Jaffray.*

Evening, by a Fullback

LIKE rushers, through the line and free,
The wheeling swallows dart and fly
Where, marked with lime-white clouds, I see
That splendid playing field, the sky.

Till, clear above the cedar tops,
Amid the cheers of whippoorwills,
The sun, a red-hot football, drops
Between the goal posts of the hills.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

Season's Greetings From Here and There

"GOOD afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. This is station XYZ-9 broadcasting a special Thanksgiving program for the benefit of those who are unable to observe the day in a fitting manner. Such bulletins as we have received to date will now be given and others will follow at regular intervals.

"The traffic jam on State Highway No. 99, which resulted when the city folks going to the country met the country folks coming to the city, had not been untangled at 1:35 this afternoon and officials expressed the belief that no relief was in sight before 6:30.

"At the beginning of the second

(Continued on Page 171)

Former Flapper (Now a Mother): "I've Tried Gin, Scotch, Brandy, Benedictine and Chartreuse on Him, Doctor, and Still He Won't Go to Sleep!"

This May be a Farmers Trust But Will They Trust This Farmer?

McNAB AND HIS NEIGHBORS

"Sandy McNab, Where Ever Did Ye Get That Wunnerfu' Bone?"

"Dinna Bother Me Wi' Questions, Jean. I Picked it Up on My Travels"

"Mrs. McNab, I Had a Very Nice Bone I Was Going to Bring Over to You, But Some Miscreant Has Taken It"

"'Tis a Pity Ye Couldna Hae Told Us That, Mrs. Beans, and Saved Me the Effort o' Bringin' it Hame"

Why this tomato soup is so good for growing children

THE LUSCIOUS, red-ripe tomato is one of Nature's richest storehouses of health. Its glowing color and tempting taste are Nature's invitation to all of us to eat the kind of food that yields wholesome invigoration.

Physicians and dietitians unite in praise of the healthfulness of the tomato and its desirability in the diet, even for the very young. The value of the tomato is recognized in the feeding of invalids and those in delicate health. Tomato juice is frequently prescribed for infants to promote their proper growth and development. Tomatoes are especially rich in those mysterious, energizing substances called vitamines, which in recent years have been proven so essential in the correct diet.

It is a wise mother, indeed, who provides her children liberally with a food so well-recognized for its remarkable benefits. And in Campbell's Tomato Soup, all the rich goodness and healthfulness of the tomato is available in delicious and convenient form.

Only the pure tomato juices and luscious tomato "meat" are used in this smooth puree, blended with golden country butter. All other portions of the tomato are discarded. So that in Campbell's Tomato Soup your children derive the full benefit of the nutritious and digestible portions of the tomato.

Here is a soup rich in health-giving properties. Here is a soup made of such splendid ingredients and in kitchens so famous for strict standards of quality and for spotless cleanliness that mothers everywhere place implicit confidence in them.

Extra nourishing prepared as a Cream of Tomato Soup. Heat the contents of can of Campbell's Tomato Soup to the boiling point in a saucepan after adding a pinch of baking soda. Then heat separately an equal quantity of milk or cream. Stir the hot soup into the hot milk or cream, but do not boil. Serve immediately.

All the Campbell's Soups are astonishingly easy to prepare You simply add an equal quantity of water and allow to simmer for a few minutes. A complete list of the 21 different kinds is on every Campbell's Soup label. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Plupy Shows a Smiling Face to the World But Has to "Swaller Hard"

By HENRY A. SHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

SUNDAY, August 15 186—it is almost time for school to begin again. it doesent seam possiable that the vacation has went so fast. i wonder why it is that time goes auful fast when a feller is having fun and goes so slow when he isent injoying life verry mutch. father says that school shood be a warning to me not to get arested and sent to gale or stait prizzen or the reform school whitch he says i have escaiped by a verry narow margin and Pewt and Beany two 2 or 3 times.

father says that he doesent know enny place where time wood go enny slower than in jale or stait prizzen or the reform school xcept in sum of the chirches in Exeter when a minister comes from the country and preeches 1 hour and 1 half whitch has sumtimes hapened when he went to chirch but never 2 times in the same year.

well ennyway the vacation is most over and i am not ded yet. most always at the beginning of the summer vacation it seams so long that i wunder if i will be alive when school begins again. well i have had a bully summer xcept for 1 thing whitch has been a grate greef to me. i have been in swimming 5 or 6 times evry day and I have swam from the eddy to the gravil whitch is 2 miles without tuching bottom onct on the way. none of the other fellers have did that xcept Gil Kelly and he is a groan man and done it when he was 20 years of old or moar.

i have fished all up and down the river in my boat and have let my boat 2 or 3 times a weak to peeple whitch come from the beach and sumtimes i wood get as mutch as 50 cents when i do all the rowing and 25 cents when i jest let them have the boat. 2 times fellers whitch had hired the boat for $.25 cents left the boat on the other side of the river and skiped off without paying me for it whitch was a pretty meen thing to do. but most evrybody paid me and gave me a good picknick dinner two.

then i have rode on hacks to the depot to see fites between the drivers of the Wessacumcon and the Fliing Trapeze for passengers to the beach and have saw sum good fites. i always bet on the Fliing trapeze becaus Ed Toles father owns that and Charles Tole owns the Wessecumcon. and i have maid a aquarian and have maid a collection of birds egs and have traped sum squirrils and have got bit 4 or 5 times and have tride to dig out sum woodchucks. but after a feller has dug 2 or 3 yards there is always a big rock in the way that wood taik the rest of the vacation to dig out and none of the fellers cood spare the time. and i have been to 2 or 3 chirch picknicks whitch always end in a bellyake all nite and sumtimes wirse. and i have been hornpout fishing nites with father whitch was the best fun of all. father is pretty good in taiking hornpouts off the hook but sumtimes maiks a mistake in the dark and gets his hands priked.

it aint the horns whitch prik becaus the horns are wriggly peaces of soft skin. but jest behind the head on eech side of a hornpout is 2 fins. the boan of eech fin is as sharp as a gneedle and so hard that you cant brake it with a hammer. i have tride to do it but coodent and when a feller grabs a hornpout he gets priked auful if he dont know how to do it. of coarse father knows how to taik a hornpout off the hook, but sumtimes he maiks a mistaik and i wish you cood hear the things he says about it. when father gets through dancing round and saying things he always says well boy i dident forget anything did i.

father is always prety cairful about what he says before me but when a feller gets priked by a hornpout he tells jest what he is thinking about. i neerly die laffing. then most always we have sum sanwiches and coffee or lemonaid and maik a little fire and heet it and eat and father tells the funniest stories and we slap muskeeters and have bully times

and sumtimes we sit and dont say ennything and listen and we can heer the treetodes whitch sound sort of summery and then we hear a nite hock singing throug his nose way up in the sky and a peewee sings a few peewees in his sleep or a nite herron goes over and says quok and waits awhile and says quok again, and then we hear a sheep bell over on the other side of the river or a big bullfrog hollers gerunk gerunk in a bass voice as loud as old Spectacle Lang or old Long Meeter Dows.

then evrything is quiet and all of a sudden a muskrat maiks a big splash and me and father pretty neerly gump out of our skins and i holler gosh and father hollers sumthing elce. or elce we get a yank on a line and then there is grate xcitement and if it is my line father hollers pull him in boy, yank him out, and if it is on fathers line i holler for him to do it and nex thing out comes a eel squerming and twisting round the line and up a fellers briches leg when he puts his foot on him and covers him with green slime, or elce a big hornpout comes down on the ground with a thump maiking a noise that sounds like wog wog wog.

did you know that the hornpout is the only fish that can say ennything. i dont know what wog wog wog means because i am not a hornpout, but that is what it says when it is yanked out of the water with a hook in its mouth. i know what i say when i get a hook in my finger or get priked by a hornpout and I know what father says, so i gess that is the hornpouts way of saying what we say. i told father that one nite and he laffed and sed that if he was limited to 3 wogs when he hit his thum with a hammer

(Continued on Page 166)

Then Evrything is Quiet and All of a Sudden a Muskrat Maiks a Big Splash and Me and Father Pretty Neerly Gump Out of Our Skins

A daring American flier dropped out of the night on Le Bourget—and won the adulation of the world.

An inspired American golfer conquered famed St. Andrews—and received the applause of kings.

A new American motor car swept into the spotlight less than four months ago—and encountered a public reception once undreamed-of. . . . A brilliant new car: vivid, poised, distinguished, staunch—the Oakland All-American Six. A car with all those qualities Americans admire . . . a car on which America has already bestowed success!

OAKLAND
ALL-AMERICAN SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGNS

The Compromisers, 1848 and 1852

By Meade Minnigerode

Lieutenant General Winfield Scott

FROM AN ORIGINAL PORTRAIT TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR JOHNSON, FRY & CO., PUBLISHERS, N. Y.

Lewis Cass

Millard Fillmore

IN 1845 Mr. Polk was President, and Mr. Polk was a good party man; the Democrats had Texas, they were given a subtreasury, they secured their Southern ad valorem Walker tariff of 1846, they got their Mexican War. As for Oregon, now that the presidential campaign of 1844 was over, they forgot "Fifty-four forty or fight!" and the Oregon plank in their platform, and were quite content to compromise on the line of forty-nine. To the Whigs these circumstances were very dreadful.

And the commotion over slavery could not be stilled; it was henceforth never to be stilled—pushed for a time into a soundproof chamber by the compromisers of the early 50's, but never stilled—until its final belligerent settlement in the 60's. And in 1846 and 1847, while legislation was under debate with reference to such territories as might be acquired from Mexico, the terms of a certain proviso, presented by Mr. Wilmot of Pennsylvania, but written by the Van Burenite Mr. Brinkerhoff of Ohio, had Congress and the entire nation by the ears. For the Wilmot Proviso demanded the prohibition of slavery in all territory to be acquired.

The proviso was defeated; but a doctrine had been formulated which was to enlist partisan public opinion to the exclusion of all other issues, and was to solidify the increasingly antagonistic sentiment of the North and South and cause the formation of a new party—sprung from the eventual determination of both existing political groups to ignore the vital actuality of the problem of slavery; a determination made evident already in the campaign of 1848 by the failure of both national conventions, Democratic and Whig, to express themselves on the proviso at a time when the American people were thinking of nothing else.

And more immediately, in 1847, the discussions—in Congress, in the press and in popular assemblies—concerning the proviso opened men's eyes to the imminent possibility of disunion, to the gulf which was deepening between the two sections of the country, and to the spirit of faction aroused by the recent Democratic measures, and in Democratic circles themselves, by the setting aside, in 1844, of Mr. Van Buren.

A Bumper Crop of Aspirants

HUNKERS and Barnburners, the Administration men and the Van Burenites—the Democrats—were at loggerheads, and the Whigs took heart.

The Democratic dispute was centered in New York. There the conflict over the Federal patronage between the old-time Democrats, the Hunkers—those who hunkered for office—and the disgruntled Van Burenites, led by Silas Wright, the Barnburners—because they professed themselves prepared to burn their barns in order to rid them of the opposition rats—was to result in the loss of the state and the country by the Democratic Party in the approaching presidential election.

Mr. Polk had tried to soothe the Van Buren group by offering the Secretaryship of the Treasury to Mr. Wright, and later to Mr. Butler, another Barnburner; and it did not appear at first that he subscribed to the general Democratic belief that his failure in New York State in 1844 to receive a presidential vote equal to Mr. Wright's for governor had been due to any deliberate Barnburner apathy toward his campaign.

Indeed, after the Democratic defeat in the state in 1846, which lost Mr. Wright his post, Mr. Polk was of the opinion that "it was attributable to the bad faith of that portion of the Democratic Party in New York opposed personally to Governor Wright, called Old Hunkers. . . . This faction shall hereafter receive no favors at my hands if I know it."

But the Barnburners were convinced that they were being neglected, that Mr. Polk had privately opposed Mr. Wright, and that the Hunkers were being purposely favored by the Administration; and it was true that after a second New York Democratic defeat in 1847 Mr. Polk had come to the conclusion that it was the Barnburners in their turn who were "wholly inexcusable and . . . responsible for the defeat of the party."

This dispute, caused primarily by the desire for office exhibited by both clans—it was Mr. Marcy, the eventual Hunker Secretary of War who had promulgated the famous phrase "To the victors belong the spoils"—and fostered by the resentment of Mr. Van Buren's followers, was destined to create a condition of hostility in the Democratic Party which survived Mr. Wright's death in 1847, spread beyond the borders of the state and made possible the breach through which the Whigs were to advance to victory.

But the Whigs themselves were far from being united, and presidential aspirants were springing up on all sides—Judge McLean, General Scott, Mr. Clayton, Mr. Corwin, and, of course, Daniel Webster and Henry Clay; although many Whigs were beginning to doubt the wisdom of again nominating a leader who had been so often defeated and whose candidacy would inevitably prove unwelcome in the abolitionist North.

But while the politicians were pondering these matters the people suddenly began to take the question of the presidential nomination into their own hands, and a furor of popular support, expressed in countless resolutions and mass meetings, swept the country for General Taylor, Old Rough-and-Ready, one of the heroes of the Mexican War. A Louisiana convention brought his name forward in February, 1848; the Alabama Legislature named him formally; in Baltimore, Philadelphia, everywhere, the cry of "Rough and Ready" arose from public assemblies with the demand that he be run independently of such action as the national Whig convention might take with regard to him—a non-partisan movement, apparently, which embraced many Democrats.

To the Whig managers this was extremely disconcerting. In the first place, was General Taylor a Whig at all? Was he not just as much of a Democrat? Was he anything except a soldier?—this worthy warrior who admitted that he had never voted. The general himself refused to say; he would accept any nomination, including the Democratic, provided it came to him without any pledges on his part.

If elected, "I would not," he announced, "be the mere President of a party. . . . I should feel bound to administer the Government untrammeled by party schemes." He had "no private purposes to accomplish, no party projects to build up, no enemies to punish—nothing to serve but my country." This was all very novel and disturbing.

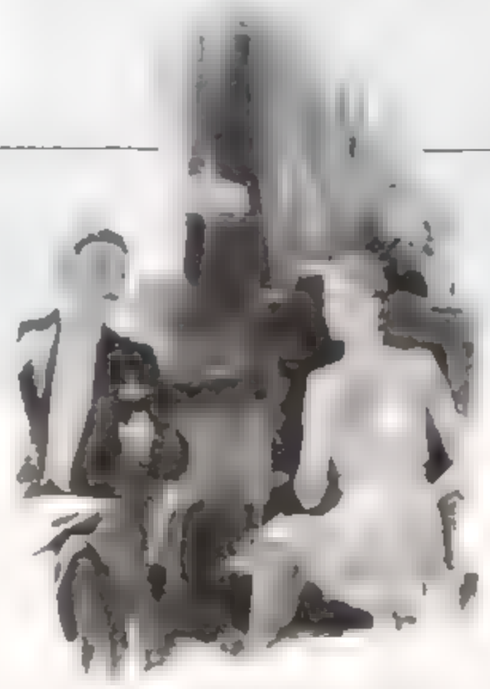
In the Race to Stay

THE most they ever got out of him was that "I have no hesitation in stating . . . that I am a Whig, though not an ultra one"; and "that if the Whig Party desire . . . to cast their votes for me, they must do it on their own responsibility and without any pledges from me." He would not refuse the Whig nomination "provided I am left free of all pledges and permitted to maintain the position of independence of all parties." He was not "a party candidate, and if elected, shall not be the President of a party, but the President of the whole people." Aside from that he had never stated that he was in favor of the tariff of 1846 or of the subtreasury, or that he would select his cabinet from both parties; and on all questions of policy "the will of the people, as expressed through their representatives in Congress, ought to be respected and carried out by the Executive."

And one thing more: "I do not design to withdraw my name if Mr. Clay be the nominee of the Whig National Convention . . . or to withdraw my name from the canvass whoever may be the nominee of the national convention either of the Whig or Democratic Party."

(Continued on Page 38)

LUXURIOUS INTERIORS
FOR HOME AND CAR



THE world changes, but never its opinion of velvet. The greatest cabinet makers the world has known chose it to cover their historic furniture. Today the smartest cars are upholstered with CA-VEL because progressive women know that it extends the charm of the home to the car, making it inevitably a home on wheels . . . . Such women prefer CA-VEL. They appreciate its glowing velvet-bloom, its downy comfort, its enduring beauty, its luminous, lustrous surface that never becomes ruffled, never soils their garments. They want its cool comfort in summer, its warm comfort in winter, its soft-as-swansdown softness through the years. They delight in its changing light-and-shade effects; in the sense of restful ease it affords . . . . Automobile manufacturers as well as fastidious women recognize the aesthetic and the practical qualities of this luxurious pile-fabric—more extensively used than any other for fine closed cars. You will do well to insist that your next closed-car interior be of CA-VEL . . . . Collins & Aikman Corporation. Established 1845, New York City.

CA-VEL

VELVETS OF ENDURING BEAUTY

(Continued from Page 36)

To many Whigs these observations were entirely unsatisfactory, but there it was—they wanted to win and the general would not withdraw, and the people were clamoring for him. The general did not seem to have any political principles, but on the other hand, would not a solid Whig candidate—a faithful opponent, consequently, of the Mexican War—simply invite disaster at the polls? Why not accept this compromise candidate, this popular military hero—steal him from the Democrats who could have had him had they so chosen, adopt the nonpartisan idealism which the "Thunderer of the Cordilleras" had selected for his guerdon? At all events, although no one would admit it, the general's nomination by the Whig convention soon became a foregone conclusion.

The convention took place at Philadelphia, on June 7, 1848—with Louisiana voting by proxy for Texas—and on the fourth ballot General Taylor was nominated over the heads of such adversaries as Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster. For the vice presidency they chose Millard Fillmore of New York. The general thought it a mark of confidence in his honesty and integrity with "but few parallels anywhere," and went on thankfully accepting nominations in various parts of the Union, Whig and Democratic alike, which were "generously offered me without pledges or conditions." Mr. Clay pretended not to be hurt and Mr. Webster flatly described the nomination as "not fit to be made."

And that was all. There was no committee on resolutions, no platform, no attempt at any enunciation of principles, since General Taylor could not be pinned down in advance. As for the Wilmot Proviso, a motion to approve it was promptly tabled by a large majority. No pledges, no promises, no issues, and above all, no mention of slavery—just a general in a cocked hat. It was all very, very simple, and very convenient.

The Age of Many Parties

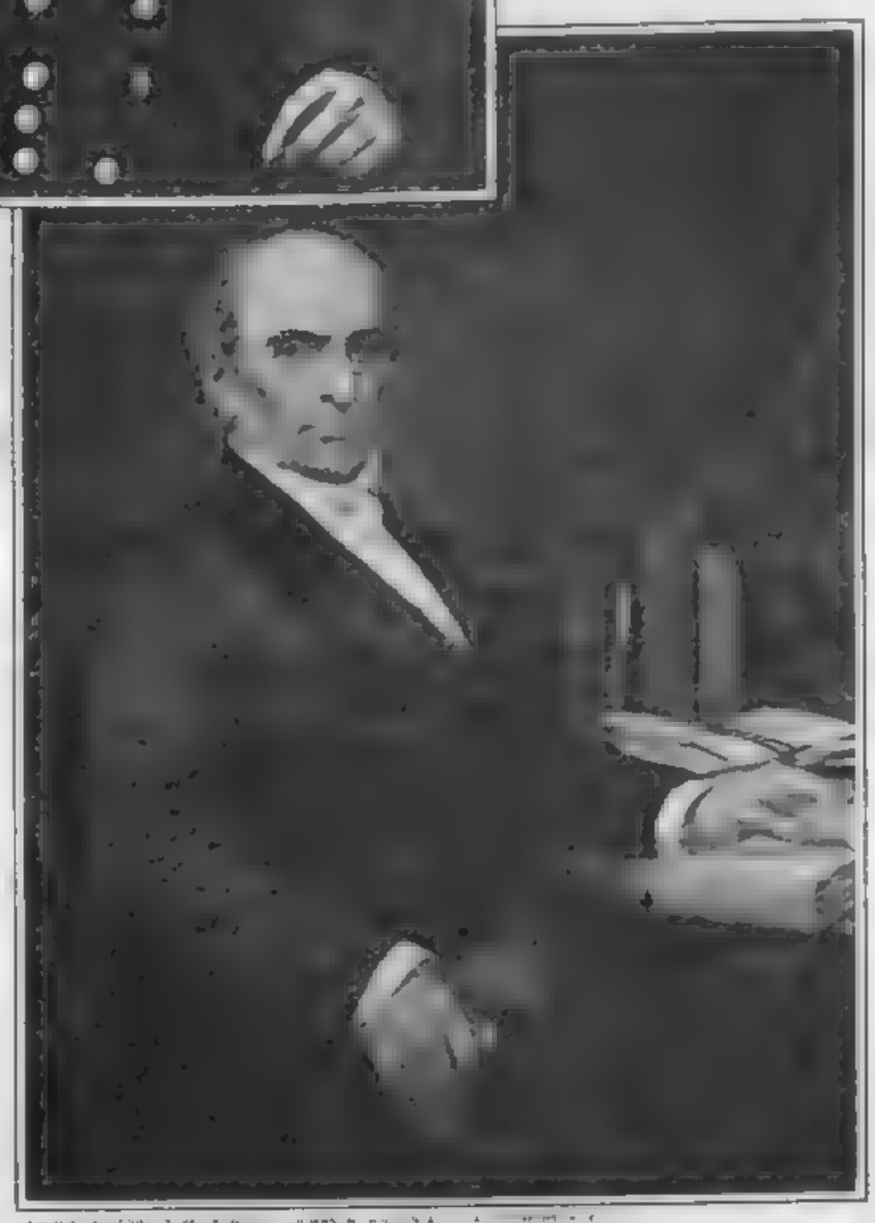
IT WAS a year of conventions. The Native Americans, at Philadelphia, had recommended General Taylor, with General Dearborn as Vice President; the Liberty Party were again in the field with John Hale and Leicester King; but only temporarily, for their nominees were to withdraw after the Barnburner convention. The radical wing of the Abolitionist Party, calling themselves the Liberty League, convened at Rochester in June and named Gerrit Smith and the Reverend Charles Foote, who were not heard from again—Gerrit Smith, who had recently announced that he was in favor of stopping the Mexican War, returning the territory seized and asking the forgiveness of God and of Mexico for the "wholesale murder" of Mexicans; and that he would abolish the Army, the Navy and the customs duties, give away the public land, allow no distinction between native and foreign citizens and forbid the holding of public office by any individual who was a slave owner or who sanctioned the sale of intoxicating beverages. In June, also, the labor organizations met in the Industrial Congress at Philadelphia, selected the same Gerrit Smith and William Waitt, and listened to a poem by Mr. Dugdale setting forth that:

Too long hath man his fellow creature spurned,
Too long the toiling millions deeply mourned;
Up the steep hill the ceaseless wheels have rolled,
Till all their tears and blood have turned to gold,
Filled the swol'n coffers of the grasping crew,
Till hope and love shrieked out their last adieu.

But the Democrats were not concerned with the farewell shrieks of hope and love. They met at Baltimore on May twenty-second; double, and in some cases triple, delegations from all the states except South Carolina, which was represented by a single gentleman who had been appointed by a local group consisting of less than a dozen citizens. But they allowed him to take his seat, and passed a ruling that in future each state should send only the number of delegates equal to its electoral vote. And they adopted the two-thirds rule again, appointed the first national committee in American political history—and sat back for two days to listen to the counter claims of the delegations from New York.

For there had been, inevitably, two conventions in the state and two groups of delegates chosen—thirty-six Hunkers and thirty-six Barnburners—and each delegation now demanded recognition from the national convention, to the exclusion of the other. And the Hunker convention had tabled the Wilmot Proviso, but the Barnburner convention had declared itself in favor of it. And the national convention finally agreed to seat both delegations, but with the understanding that they should, together, cast not more than the official thirty-six votes of the state.

It was a magnificent compromise: but the Hunkers, equally with the Barnburners, would have nothing to do with it, although they were prepared to support the convention's nominee, while the Barnburners withdrew definitely from the conclave.



Daniel Webster. Above - General Zachary Taylor

And on the fourth ballot Lewis Cass of Michigan, a good "Northern man with Southern principles," was nominated, outrunning Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Woodbury, Mr. Dallas, Mr. Calhoun and one or two others—but not Mr. Polk, for Mr. Polk was not mentioned—and the vice-presidential choice fell upon Mr. Butler of Kentucky. Mr. Cass was in Washington, and "in a fine humor" when Mr. Polk sent for him to congratulate him; a gentleman who, according to Mr. Channing, "had a great reputation in his day, although the reason for it is somewhat indistinct at the present time"—the reason being, perhaps, simply that he was a sturdy expansionist, a great believer in the Union, a worthy Northwesterner possessed of great personal popularity.

And then the platform, for the Democrats were not afraid to announce a platform up to a certain point. The platform of 1844 in general, with its 1840 denunciation of any interference with slavery, to which were added resolutions justifying the Mexican War as having been provoked "by years of insult and injury" on the part of Mexico, praising the courage of the officers and soldiers who had "crowned [the country] with imperishable glory," and offering "fraternal congratulations" to the National Convention of the newly established Republic of France.

The resolutions went on to state that "with the recent development of this grand political truth—of the sovereignty of the people and their capacity and power for self-government, which is prostrating thrones and erecting republics on the ruins of despotism in the Old World—we feel that a high and sacred duty is devolved . . . upon the Democratic Party . . . to sustain and advance among us constitutional liberty, equality and fraternity by continuing to resist all monopolies and exclusive legislation for the benefit of the few at the expense of the many, and by a vigilant and constant adherence to those principles and compromises of the Constitution which are broad enough and strong enough to embrace and uphold the Union as it was, the Union as it is and the Union as it shall be, in the full expansion of the energies and capacity of this great and progressive people."

A Disturbing Resolution

BUT when Mr. Yancey of Alabama offered a resolution expounding that "the doctrine of noninterference with the rights of property of any portion of the people of this confederacy, be it the states or territories thereof, by any other than the parties interested in them, is the true republican doctrine recognized by this body"—when Mr. Yancey offered this disturbing resolution, which ventured to concern itself with the immediate problems of the day, the convention refused to adopt it; and another resolution demanding that the delegates repudiate the Wilmot Proviso had to be withdrawn, after "a scene of considerable confusion." There must be no unnecessary agitation over the subject of slavery, nothing to annoy the Democrats of the North. The new French Republic and the ruins of despotism in the Old World were so much more important.

The recalcitrant Barnburners had not done with rebellion. In a convention held at Utica on June twenty-second—attended by delegates from New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Ohio and Wisconsin—they listened to a letter from Mr. Van Buren in which he told them that he was determined to retire from public life; that the extension of slavery was a moral curse; that they must stand firm and choose a candidate of their own; and that he was himself in favor of free territories. The convention naturally nominated him by acclamation, and gave him Henry Dodge, of Wisconsin, who declined the honor, as running mate.

The Hunker Democratic press exploded. Mr. Van Buren had split the party and given the electoral vote of New York to General Taylor—he had, indeed, done precisely that. Mr. Van Buren would now sink forever; Mr. Van Buren would never have dared if General Jackson had been alive, for "the roar of the lion of the Hermitage would have kept the fox in his hole"—but there is no way of knowing whether this was true or not. Quite probably not, one suspects.

But that was not all. If there were Democratic rebels, there were also Whig deserters. The tabling of the Wilmot Proviso resolution by the Whigs at Philadelphia had left fifteen irreconcilables to inaugurate a movement for a national convention of all those dissatisfied with the nominations of both parties; and on August 9, 1848, at Buffalo, they met—some four hundred delegates from seventeen states, together with thousands of persons come from all over the Northern Union, assembled in a tent capable of holding ten thousand people, erected in the city park, since there was no hall in Buffalo large enough to accommodate them all. Northern Whigs and Democrats, political opponents on many questions of national policy, but drawn together by their common approval of the Wilmot Proviso, exemplifying the breaking up of old party lines upon the sole paramount issue of slavery.

A "union of freemen, for the sake of freedom, forgetting all past political differences, in common resolve to maintain the rights of free labor against the aggressions of the slave power, and to secure free soil for a free people"; recognizing the dissolution of the "national party organizations heretofore existing" and the consequent "necessity of the union of the people under the banner of free democracy"; planting themselves "upon the national platform

Continued on Page 178

PAIGE

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Within sixty days after acquiring control of Paige, we announced substantial improvements on all Paige sixes and eights, and lower prices on ten of the twenty models.

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The recently acquired body plant at Wayne has been equipped with machinery and tools of the latest type. Construction has been completed on two additional factory units at Detroit, contributing manufacturing facilities of a still higher order.

Thus stone by stone we are laying the foundation of a greater Paige organization, holding fast to the belief that this foundation must rest upon the confidence of the public in our integrity and ability as manufacturers.

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Joseph B. Graham
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PAIGE

ON CIRCLE

By WILL JAMES
ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

One Rider Finds One Bunch, Turns It Over a Ridge for Another Rider to Keep Moving, and Then Rides After Another Bunch

SPEAKING of being on circle reminds me of one particular outfit up here in Montana. The foreman of that outfit had the greatest way of leading out on that ride which we call circle than most any cow boss I ever seen, and that's where the reminding comes in at.

But before I go on to tell how that foreman used to lead out, I'd like to say that riding on circle don't mean that it's done in a circle. An outline of such a ride would most always take the shape of a jagged-edge triangle, one point of the triangle at the camp, for that's where the ride starts from and winds up at.

Now getting back to the cow foreman and his style, and to begin with, that feller was a mighty fast man at catching his horse and have him saddled up, and being it's against a cowboy's religion to be a drag at anything, we sure all tried to keep up with him; but he had the best of us; his horses was most all what we called gentle, and he had a considerable easier time saddling up than most any of us did.

On circle is when we'd ride stout broncs or horses that was too ornery to take interest in working a herd; they would be the kind that was only good to chase a critter with, and it sure took a cowboy to make 'em do that.

With them kind of ponies to rope and drag out and saddle, it was no wonder that the foreman was near always the first man to have his horse saddled and ready to go, but that didn't keep none of us from trying to be close second. It sure was always a contest and where the steady loser would be considered a poor hand and a drag.

The first saddling of the day would be done by the light of the stars—that is, if it wasn't cloudy—and only a faint streak to the east showed that a new day was coming, sure enough. It was at the time of the day—or maybe I should say night—when the air is crimpy and ponies are full of snorts and aching for something to happen so they can warm up.

A-setting on his horse, the foreman would wait till all the boys had saddled and was mounted. He'd always act kinda restless, but soon enough the last man would be earing down his horse and easing hisself up on him; then the foreman, with a grin on his face, would take off his hat and even though there would be no sun as yet to shade his eyes from, he'd hold it in front of him, over his eyes and the direction we'd be riding circle that day. About that time he'd lean ahead close to his horse's ears and start that pony of his from a standstill to a high lope.

It was about then that things would happen around the round-up camp. The riders, none of 'em wanting to be drags, would start their ponies to follow up the foreman's lead, and them ponies' natural instincts would never let that chance to bust loose go by 'em. There'd be bellers from half of 'em and an awful strain on the cinches and latigos as they'd swell up into doing what was to their heart's content. Some would buck in a circle, others would line out in long hard-hitting jumps any old direction, and a few would stampede and leave the flats.

They all graded from hard buckers to stampeders and then crowhoppers. Some would just cut up a little, and the older ponies, like the older cowboys that was on 'em, would have a hankering to tear around some, but they wouldn't, much, and I always figgered they must of suffered some, because the spirit was still there. The older rider on top of 'em was the party that was responsible for the behaving. They wasn't caring to be shook up no more, and so, instead of busting out in a high lope from the jump, they'd ease their ponies into that gait gradual-like. That was all right for the older man, but when a young feller was seen pulling that kind of a stunt it didn't go so well.

If the foreman had wanted to, he could of lined out on circle without hardly any commotion—only maybe three or four of the ponies would of acted up any to speak of, but as that perticular feller would say: "If a horse is going to fight, I'd rather see him do it close to camp and not when a rider is out all by hisself." I didn't worry much about what he meant then, but now it comes to me that there was a lot of sound judgment in that. The foreman believed that when there's an ornery streak in a horse it should come out first thing, then better work could be expected. He was sure right and it worked well, because very few of the ponies would ever unlimber to buck again after the wild start from camp, for if anything was on their chest and aching to come out it'd sure come out then.

The foreman would keep on a high lope through the whole commotion. Once in a while he'd look back to see how everybody was a-setting, but that was very seldom. Pretty soon, and half a mile or so from camp, the riders, after getting their horses to behaving, would begin to catch up with him and keep in gait. The ponies'd had their fun, and breathing good, blood circulating in fine shape, horses and men lined out for the circle.

There is not many cow foremen that I know of who lead out on circle the way this one I just told about. I've rode with others who start from camp on a fast walk and dogtrot. I've rode for outfits that seldom broke into a lope till it come time to head off something. Every scope of country has a different way of working, but when it comes to riding circle it's all done pretty well the same, whether the start is slow or fast.

The ride which we call a circle starts from wherever the round-up wagon is camped, or from permanent cow camps the outfit has scattered over the range. The riders, counting from four to forty of 'em—depends on the size of the outfit—ride out together to a point away in the distance where they're to scatter from. In the countries to the north where water is a plenty, cattle are scattered everywheres, and there a knoll ten or twelve miles from camp is always picked to ride up on before the foreman does the scattering of his riders. He'll send his men by twos both ways till certain landmarks are reached where from there they're to head back for camp bringing in all the stock they find on the way.

It's up to the foreman to see that every man is paired off right, like, for instance, if a man is riding a special ornery horse he'll send another man with him on a good horse to do what the first man might not be able to on account of that horse. Another thing is the considering of strange riders who don't know that perticular country. With each one of them he's got to send one who does. Then there's the men who are riding young unbroke horses; he'll pair them off with others who are riding well-broke old ponies, and so on, till the last man high-tails it for his territory.

In the circle ride there's what we call the outside circle, which is the biggest ride and picked for the strongest and orneriest horses; then on down the line to the inside circle, which is the shortest ride and picked for the young horses. The circles between are all divided up according to the rider and what he might be riding. As for the foreman, he might be anywheres at any time.

Scattered the way they are, the riders form a long line combing the country of all stock toward camp. Long streaks of dust begin to appear as cattle are stirred from shade and stream. One rider finds one bunch, turns it over a ridge for another rider to keep moving, and then rides after another bunch. It all goes on that way till finally many little bunches form a few big ones. The line of riders gradually narrows and runs to a point, and when camp is reached all the cattle found in that circle are run into one big herd, ready to work soon as fresh horses are caught.

In some countries two fast circles are made a day and fresh horses are caught for each ride. In other countries only one circle is made. It is slower and one horse has to do a man the whole day. I always liked the two-circle country best, because I always liked fresh horses.

It Was as the Foreman Would Hold His Hat Over His Eyes and Start His Horse From a Standstill to a High Lope, That Things Would Begin to Happen Around the Round-Up Camp

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Sunbrite is more than just a cleanser that polishes the surface. It is a "double action" cleanser that sweetens and purifies while it scours. It saves time and effort.

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QUICK NAPTHA WHITE SOAP CHIPS SAVES COLLARS AND CUFFS

BOTTOMLESS POND

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. McCARTHY

"Will You Come With Me?" He Whispered Harshly. "Peaceably, You Mean?"

THE Holland house had a reputation to sustain. His father, Gil Holland remembered, had delighted to keep open house, and his father's father before him. The doors of the Holland house were never locked, and the windows, for the most part, wouldn't lock. Open house—a fine, hearty, bed-spanking, mop-agitating phrase, which had meant for his mother, incidentally, a pretty active kitchen. There was the famous story of Jim Holland's asking Jeremiah Rain up to dinner, and Jeremiah demurring because of the large company he could see already assembled there.

"I don't know one-half those people in there, Jim," Jeremiah had objected. And Jim Holland had confided, "I don't know half of them myself."

No one ever went away hungry, that had been Jim Holland's boast. Eat hearty, and give the house a good name. But Margaret Rain, Jeremiah's daughter, when she came to marry Gil, could think of nothing half so silly as wearing out your life in the service of such inconsequential strangers. Relatives she equally discouraged. A new day had dawned, she told Gil charmingly, when he tried to bring some good-for-nothing runners home to supper with him. People didn't plump down on one another now without compunction as formerly.

The old Holland house in its day had been a treadmill for wearing out women's lives, and the treads were actually visible still. When Margaret came into the Holland kitchen for the first time as a married woman, she saw under the sink, and again in front of the stove, a brass footstep—that is, a shoe-shaped patch of newer oilcloth, and the worn edges of the old tacked down to that with brass-headed tacks. These footsteps seemed avaricious of the soles of her feet.

"It's a terrible old ark of a house. I wouldn't want to be saddled with it—not for always," she confessed to Gil, "or not without perfectly enormous changes. There is so much hard work, just bone labor, connected with the running of an old house. It sprawls everywhere. Gil, you have a lazy woman for a wife. Do you mind?"

Her moonflower face was reflected to him from the surface of the little pond just across the road from the Holland house. They were lying on its ledge, crystal gazing.

"What do you see in these depths, crystal gazer, if not hard work?" Gil grinned. He was scrawling on a yellow pad his weekly editorial. He had inherited the Inlet Herald from Jim Holland, as well as the Holland house.

"Oh, a scene not so far different from this, as anyone might think," Margaret murmured, going into her trance. "It's lovely here for six months of the year at least. I see a house, though, with a white kitchen and light green blinds and a sunken garden; and—yes, decidedly—a closetful of dresses; blue, mostly, with heaps of lovely artificial flowers. And then no need of getting up till eleven in the morning. I shall be just a fat lazy thing, if I am humored, Gil."

He humored her to the extent of putting up the runners at the Crosby House at their own expense instead of bringing them home to clutter up the premises. Play cold iron; you can't force it, old Andy Cutler, the blacksmith, had assured him. But then Andy and even his trade were hold-overs from another age.

It must have been sometime early in May that she broke to him the fatal news of her inheritance. They were sitting on their favorite rock on the shore of their pond, which was called Bottomless, because it was fathomless. The staggering walls of Jeremiah Rain's old ice house were just visible through the dusk; but they could still see the roof of Amy Howe's hotel over the branches of an intervening apple orchard, a part of the Howe estate. The hotel, Gil thought, was like the white beehives under the apple trees, which were silent all winter, with a brick or half brick on their lids, and then humming like mad with the first springing of the honey flowers.

"What are you thinking?" Mr. Holland asked his pretty wife. She seemed abstracted.

"I'm wondering "

"Wondering?"

"—— wondering if it's true that you can thicken eyebrows by taking honey and ashes of the bees that have made it and mixing them together. I wanted to try it once, but Jeremiah Rain wouldn't consent to bee burnings for the sake of women's eyebrows—least of all women of his household."

"It sounds like nonsense," Gil Holland said.

"Men are disillusioning. Next, you'll be contending that this pond isn't bottomless."

But that was a horse of another color. No one—certainly no one a native of these parts—could be so foolish as to contend that. The pond had, verifiably, no bottom. That was what gave it its powers as a crystal for crystal gazers. Andy Cutler had once put down a thousand feet of cod line with a nine-pound lead—the same he had used when two-hooking off the Banks—and he had found no bottom.

When Margaret asked Gil—that was before they were married if he really thought it went through to the other side of the world, he had answered dangerously, "Into hell and out again—yes," meaning to say that he would do as much for her.

The legend was invincible, persisting even after a man who had drowned himself there, not knowing, possibly, that the pond was bottomless, had been afterward fished out with grate bars in either coat pocket. The pond was bottomless because boys wouldn't swim in it. They abandoned it to the frogs, the frogs shared it with the gulls, the gulls disputed it with perch and pickerel. The gulls laid their eggs on the floating island in the middle of the pond—for, since the pond had no bottom, what could the poor island do but float?

Now, sinking back to her elbows, she whispered excitedly, "The pond is a good prophet. Everything I've seen in it I can have. I can burn bees now if I want to, because—well, because I have bees to burn. Gil, that isn't a joke. I've been all afternoon not knowing how to tell you. They're mine."

"They're yours? What's yours?"

"The bees; the hotel, the whole Amy Howe property. The will was read this afternoon in Bullard's office, and she's left every solitary thing to me."

Gil Holland sat up straight. He had always mistrusted the lucky shape of her eyes. He had never been able to collect the full substance of her in his arms, it seemed to him; and now she was more phantomlike than ever. Amy Howe had been fond of Margaret, he knew. The old lady swore by the girl's dramatic talent after her performance with the Country Players. And Gil felt himself haunted now by a kind of wraith of the entire formidable lady, as he had seen her last, in knickers, her gray hair hanging in two braids, a strawberry box in her hands, full of woodland gleanings. Her smoky-blue eyes were spearheads thrust into his presumptuous flesh.

He could hear her saying grimly that the girl was all artist, artist to her finger tips. There wasn't a drop of wife in Margaret Rain's composition, if Amy Howe could be believed.

"Gil, what am I to do about it?" Margaret whispered.

"Take the goods the gods provide thee," he answered lightly; but his heart was a chasm.

Mr. Harry Clifford, slack-twisted inside a turtle-necked red sweater, put his head inside the Holland kitchen.

"Coming?" (Continued on Page 44

60 H. P. L-HEAD SIX-CYLINDER ENGINE — THRILLING, SMOOTHER PERFORMANCE — TWO-WAY COOLING

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OLDSMOBILE SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 42)

Anne Macaulay, substituted in the kitchen lately in place of young Mrs. Holland, got up off her prayer board; Gil had made that for her out of a board with three cleats and a piece of canvas nailed across them. The user's knees sank with the canvas into the spaces between the cleats.

Anne Macaulay, a lean stick of a woman with a big nose, skinny arms, a homely coil of hair, cried back, "I am, yes, if no more splits off than what's cracked already."

Her poor knees, swollen up, she protested, to the bigness of a truck horse's knees, crackled like gunfire, prayer board or no prayer board. Walking along at Clifford's side to show him where to plant the new post for her clothesline, she said she didn't blame Mrs. Holland a particle for just refusing point-blank to make a cripple of herself.

"It gets so after a while you can't do nothing, nor nothing else, and you don't get any thanks for it either, that's what you don't get."

She stared at the space to the left of the hen yard where the Holland vegetable garden had habitually bloomed. It was now a great clayey plot, the beginnings of a tennis court.

"Ain't that something?" Anne Macaulay whispered.

"It's a crime," Mr. Clifford stated. "And she wasn't satisfied either to throw Liverpool salt in with the clay. She had to go and empt', or have empt'ed, four pickle barrels full of pickle drippings there. Didn't sit any too well with Jeremiah Rain. Heard him taking Gil to task. Said if he plowed a few herring heads under in place of them pickle drippings, why, maybe he could face his Maker with a better grace."

"What'd Mr. H. say to that?"

"Laughed. Said probably the herring heads would be more to the dog's taste than pickle drippings, but you could see he didn't take no stock in the sacrilegious part of it. There ain't farmer enough in his blood for him to get haired up over just discouragement to vegetation."

"He's too clumsy with his hands to farm it," Anne averred. "It's just as well he's an editor. Why, he come out here just to dig this post hole, and in no time at all he snapped the spading fork off short. It's all main strength and awkwardness with him. Butter-fingers, she calls him," Anne added dreamily, pinching her shoulders back. "Still and all, I don't care what people say, she warships him. The girl warships him."

"She takes a queer way of showing it then," Harry said. "She sees too much of that little squirt of a song writer at the hotel."

"Mr. Morrell? The one she had to kiss in the play last year?"

"It warn't so much hardship to her as all that comes to," Mr. Clifford said, his foot and the fork sinking together. "Mr. H. humors her too far. Yes, he does; he indulges her. Wherein, if she was put through a siege of bending over tubs and scouring floors in place of you, it might bring her out of it."

"She can't be."

"Can't? What's the reason she can't?"

"It's her heart, I understand. She's had one examination already. Some things she can do and some things she can't do, like, for example, things that irritate her. Here comes his nibs now."

In front of the bank, downtown, Mr. Leo Hanrahan, who had the Country Players in charge this year, buttonholed the husband of Margaret Rain. The bank had just refused to loan Gil Holland money.

"You'll loan me your wife's services for Fen Waters this year, I hope, Mr. Holland."

"The lady doesn't usually meet with opposition in this quarter," Gil Holland said.

He heard a kind of rumble of rage from Jeremiah Rain, whose corncob loomed in an upper window of the fire house adjacent. Mr. Rain was sitting killing time in that bare room where the checker players congregated and where the Red Men met.

Retreating from Hanrahan's distasteful expression of thanks, Gil went up to a no less distasteful consultation in the fire house. Jeremiah Rain had on his red muster shirt, which he wore to indicate to people that fire had the red-wolf shape. He was fire-insurance agent as well as fire chief and the two capacities interlocked reasonably well; though his detractors said that those who didn't insure with Jeremiah Rain might just as well kiss their property good-by in case of a blaze.

"Sit down," Rain said. "I want to talk to you. And you don't need to think you got to hurry home to dinner. She's telephoned me here from the golf links, to get word to you she's going eighteen more holes and won't be back till night."

"Thanks," Mr. Holland said briefly.

"That what you say to him?" hissed Mr. Rain.

He referred to Cy Morrell, the song writer and her golfing instructor. Gil knew what was sticking in his father-in-law's crop. It was a traditional principle of conduct at the Inlet that the natives should stay on their own side of the fence. Not that there were any physical fences any longer. They were long since down; but the lines of cleavage, socially, remained.

Mrs. Abbie Rain asserted that people coming from away acted just as if they had come here to a desert island, where they could wear anything or nothing in the way of clothes, and where the sensibilities of the natives were nothing, not worth considering.

Actually the natives and the outlanders differed most noticeably in their separate ways of killing time. All these condescending people from the outer world required a lot of queer paraphernalia, to say nothing of the elbowroom provided by two hundred acres or so of pasture land which had once borne hay with a market value of twenty dollars to the ton, and now afforded sustenance for six sheep and a black-and-white heifer. It was a dollar gone every time you lost a ball out there. But say you didn't lose it; say you rapped it out all over God's half acre, what had you done to crow about? Nothing to set the world on fire, in Rain's opinion.

He himself killed time sedately and inexpensively, sitting tiptilted on the hind legs of that yellow chair in the room over the fire house. His exercise cost him just what

(Continued on Page 156)

Gil Could Hear a Voice Declaiming to a Parcel of Vague Figures at a Little Remove: "It Must be in the Blood—Fire Fighting"

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Three words ✣ ✣ MADAME ✣ ✣

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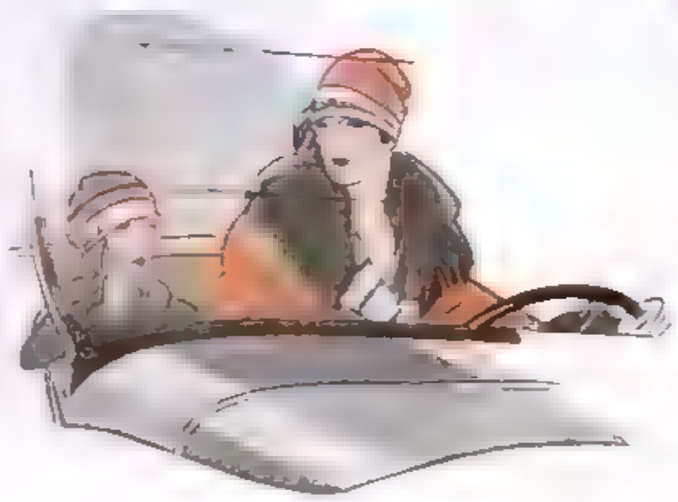


YOU know the joys of driving . . . when your car is running perfectly. And you know the nagging irritations of driving when your car is misbehaving.

Probably you also know very well that correct oiling and greasing will *prevent* most car ailments. "Of course I do!" you say. "But the trouble is that lubrication is such a messy, complicated job!"

Nor is the problem solved simply by driving the car to the first garage or filling station. How is one to know which parts need lubrication? How can one be sure that the service man does not slight some vital spot? Above all, how can one be certain that truly good lubricants are used—lubricants capable of preventing the annoyance, irritation and unwelcome expense of repairs?

Thousands of women who drive their own cars and hundreds of thousands of women who drive family cars are asking those questions.

They will welcome this announcement of a new kind of service that solves their problem.

Remember these 3 words

IT is all as simple as this. Drive your car into a dealer's where the orange and black Veedol sign shown below is displayed. Tell him these three words, "Veedol Complete Lubrication."

An expert will inspect every friction spot on your entire car and oil or grease each one as required. He will do a thorough, careful job. But most important of all, he will use nothing but Veedol lubricants of the highest quality. And those Veedol lubricants all give the "film of protection" which masters deadly heat and friction. They are the best guardians your car can have against undue wear and repairs.

Many women find this convenient

Many women now make this a habit. Regularly on a certain day each month they take their cars to the Veedol dealer for this lubrication service. He inspects the entire car and freshly lubricates each place that needs it. Month by month he takes complete charge of the correct lubrication of the car. And always the result is a smoother running, more economical car.

VEEDOL Complete Lubrication takes only "30 minutes every 30 days." Why not make it a habit? It is so simple, so safe, so sure. Remember to look for the orange and black Veedol sign. And remember those three words, "Veedol Complete Lubrication."

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, Eleven Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.

Copyright 1927 by Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation

What I mean by *a smoke!*

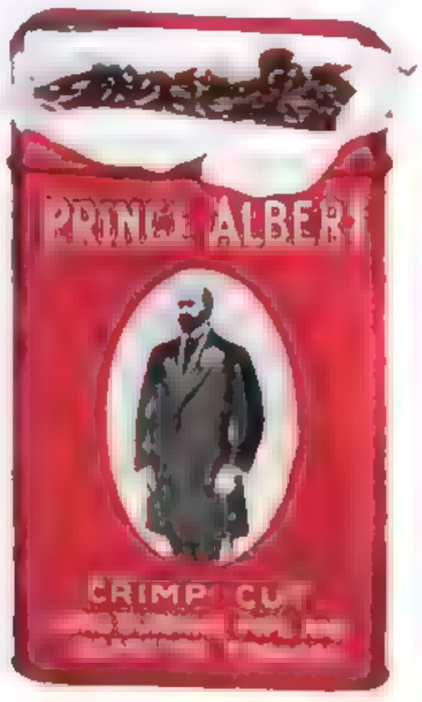
I'LL always remember the day I met P. A. One of the fellows was bragging about *his* brand of pipe-tobacco. Called it a "world-beater" and other modest names. "Let me try a load," I said. "It can't be *that* good."

He handed me his tin of Prince Albert. I opened it, and got a whiff of the most wonderful fragrance I have ever known. A little less skeptical, I filled my pipe and lighted it. That first pull convinced me. I had to admit the boy knew his tobaccos. What a really marvelous smoke!

Cool as a porter brushing off the town tightwad. Sweet as an unexpected tip. Mild as cup-custard, yet with a full-bodied taste that satisfied as nothing else ever did. I finished that first pipe-load and asked for another. I found P. A. didn't bite the tongue or parch the throat.

I don't have to tell you that Prince Albert and I are buddies. We start the day together and go merrily along till bedtime. Satisfaction in every puff of this long-burning tobacco. It's like that every day. P. A. is what I mean by *a smoke!* Better get yourself a tin.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

© 1927, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

PROPHETS OF PROFITS

By Olive Chapin Lawson

Tea Time in the Coconut Grove at the Royal Poinciana Hotel, Palm Beach

"I LOOK upon the customers in my store as I would if they were the guests in my home," said the head of one of New York's large department stores to me recently. "Everything that is beautiful, comfortable, choice and desirable must be assembled for their pleasure and the store must be organized so as to give them the maximum of satisfaction. They are 'paying' guests, to be sure, but that does not make them any the less 'company' and I know that if I am to attract more visitors than my neighbor I've got to offer them something outstanding by way of hospitality, for the visitors are getting 'choosier' every day. They discriminate with increasing cleverness between the various houses. Knowing what my guests are going to fancy before they themselves have become aware of their desires has become vital to me."

The wise department-store executive is willing, even eager, to pay substantial sums of money to anyone who can, with a fair degree of certainty, prophesy what will tempt the stranger within his gates a week, a month or better still a year from now.

It became plain that woman's taste, woman's judgment was sorely needed in the administrative work of the large department stores. Good storekeeping is largely a matter of good housekeeping, and women excel men at that even in these benighted days of two-room apartments and family hotels. The style adviser has become the store hostess. As the chatelaine of a large establishment, she sees that her house is more inviting than other people's houses, that it is furnished with unimpeachable taste, that the store family puts its best foot forward. She makes use of everything that will make her house more interesting and attractive to its guests.

Trends, Not Trifles

THERE are no fairly good style prophets. A fairly good one is no good at all. Either one has the gift and the mental qualities to back it up, or one hasn't. Like the little girl in our nursery rime: "When she is good, she is very, very good; but when she is bad, she is horrid."

Faulty forecasting causes huge sums of money to be wasted on wildcat vogues, and withholds equally large sums from investment in true style movements. Woe betide the style prophet who prophesies falsely. She cannot hide her mistakes under a bushel. Her errors of judgment stand out in the embarrassingly powerful spotlight of highly organized publicity. By capitalizing pseudo ideas that are in bad taste or that are far behind the march of fashion, she may easily succeed in bringing ridicule on her house, and may even destroy what style prestige her firm already possesses.

The worthwhile prophet of profits has got to be right, not nine times out of ten but ninety-nine times out of a hundred. She must shoot par every time on the fashion course. A parlous calling, one might reasonably say. The false prophet is always a nuisance and she is often a downright menace.

There is no hocus-pocus about foreseeing vogues. Good taste is essential. That implies a sympathy for color and line, a feeling for decoration, a fine appreciation of fabrics, but most important of all, one must know what will sell, not to a limited few, but what can be sold to thousands. Only experience in the actual work of the big department store or the manufacturing plant can teach that. It is not a talent one is born with. "Trends, not trifles" should be writ large in the bright lexicon of every would-be stylist.

There is no profit for either the manufacturer or the department store in pretty ideas per se. Fly-by-night vogues that are here today and gone tomorrow are not wanted. They waste money and time and take valuable display and advertising space away from the valid style trends that can be expanded into true vogues. Embryonic stylists are prone to clutter up their reports with descriptions of some seductive frock seen at a smart night club, some delectable hat worn in the Japanese Garden of the Ritz, a headband worn at a smart charity *fête* by a visiting princess, a marvelous shawl wound about the plutocratic shoulders of an oil king's wife, without first asking themselves, "Can this thing be purchased or copied to sell in quantities?"

Where do these prophets of what will eventually mean profits to a vast industry get their dope? Whom do they watch? Where do they go for information? How do they know that what this person wears will influence thousands of women and that what that woman wears, which to the uninitiated eye looks just as good, will be of no moment sartorially?

The style itinerary has been definitely charted. The style adviser, or one of her assistants, must cover every fashionable locale where the rich and the idle spend their money and their time. In these festive haunts there will be only a handful who are really important as fashion mentors. Only a scant few will have the certain subtle something that can give the needed impetus to a vogue to start it on its way as an important fashion. Those few must be instantly recognized and taken note of by the style adviser.

Because her searchings for the nucleus of a mode takes the fashion adviser into the luxurious resorts of the world, her life appears to be one of ease and idleness. What fun to spend what pass for one's business hours at a Piping Rock horse show! What more agreeable than to draw a comfortable salary for doing nothing more arduous than lunching at the Ritz or dining at the Colony, for wintering at Palm Beach or week-ending at Southampton; tripping to Paris at least twice a year, with Deauville, Biarritz, the Riviera, the Lido and St. Moritz sandwiched in! But all is not pastime that is Paris. Quite the contrary. Paris means hard work and long hours for the style adviser. So does Palm Beach, and so do all the pleasure resorts of the world. A wealth of sound merchandising ideas must be produced that will tide stores over the lean months between seasons. Material for exploitation must be produced with unfailing regularity. The loveliest spot in the world is always the scene of the style adviser's greatest drudgery.

Eager for a Life of Pleasure

LED by the lure of what looks like the most fascinating of ways to make money, innumerable young women seek out the established stylist in quest of advice. They are eager to learn the ropes, to secure, perhaps, the post of assistant, at a passable salary for a few months, until such time as having mastered what they imagine to be the simplest and least arduous of professions, they can establish themselves in positions that carry high salaries and few responsibilities. They are usually convinced that one's discouragingly honest picture of the real business life of the average style adviser is intended to scare away possible competitors for the position.

One young woman offered to work for me for nothing. I asked her what she could do, what qualifications or training she had had. She assured me that her social position was of the best and that she could wear with credit the clothes the store would furnish. It was evident that she conceived the style adviser to be a sort of glorified manikin traveling about at smart resorts, carrying all the store's publicity concentrated in her charming person. She expressed herself as being unselfishly willing to take off my shoulders the burden of going to Pierre's or the Madison for lunch, that she wouldn't object to trips to Europe at any time and would not in the least mind having to stop out at Southampton all summer, as a lot of her friends were out there anyway and she wouldn't be a bit bored.

When I made it plain to her that what I could really use was someone who would check up advertising matter, write detailed reports from my rough notes, be constantly

(Continued on Page 146)

"OMAR"
Gold Seal
Rug 396

"SAN TOY"
Gold Seal
Rug 387

Above is shown
"BLOSSOM"
Gold Seal Art-Rug
326

MRS. PALMER'S daughter wanted a room of her own . . . .

As soon as a girl reaches the dignity of the 'teens, she wants a room of her own. And here's the way Mrs. Palmer furnished her daughter's room economically . . . and made it attractive, too!

There was just enough money in the family budget to provide a few extras. A new bed and a chest of drawers took up most of the sum. Then, the dressing table, desk and bookcase from the nursery were painted a soft green to match the new furniture.

Something had to be done about a floor-covering! Of course, it must be inexpensive, durable and attractive. "Congoleum" naturally came first to Mrs. Palmer's mind. From the dozens of patterns in COLOR MAGIC IN THE HOME (see coupon below) she selected this design with its two-toned background set off with motifs in deep red and dull blue.

Everyday problems like this are interestingly discussed in
"COLOR MAGIC IN THE HOME"

The charming design above is the BRITTANY *—Gold Seal Rug 306*

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC. Philadelphia New York San Francisco Chicago Boston Kansas City Atlanta Pittsburgh Minneapolis New Orleans Dallas Rio de Janeiro *In Canada*—Congoleum Canada Ltd., Montreal.

The proud possessor of this attractive room says she is going to take care of her room herself! And she can! For a few strokes with a damp mop over the surface of a Congoleum Rug will make the floor spotless.

All through the house you can have colorful beauty and sanitary cleanliness with these labor-saving rugs—there are rich effects, subdued patterns, florals and geometrics at a cost which is remarkably reasonable.

And how these rugs do wear! By an exclusive process, unequalled durability is built right into them.

Caution—To protect yourself against substitutes, insist that the *Gold Seal* appear on the rugs you buy. It is a quality mark which millions of women look for when buying floor-coverings.

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
ART-RUGS

Name

Address

AMERICANA

DEPLORABLE instance of our utter lack of reticence as a people, revealed in a State College, Pennsylvania, dispatch to the Philadelphia Public Ledger:

Dr. Eric K. Rideal, of Cambridge University, Dr. J. C. Drummond, of the University of London, Professor Hans Tropsch, famous German scientist, and other European visitors attending the American Chemical Society's institute, which concluded its month's session here today, expressed amazement at the frankness and detailed character of the trade disclosures of American manufacturing chemists made before the institute. Such openness would be incredible in any European country today, they said.

"The American chemical industry has reached a point in its growth," Dean Gerald L. Wendt, of Penn State, commented, "where its members can discuss their mutual problems freely, relying upon the technical ability of their staffs rather than on secret formulas."

Subtle influence of cash money upon a school of thought, revealed by Mr. Harry Hansen, book editor of the New York World, on his return from Paris:

Another writer told me that, far from hating America, most young American writers who live abroad often feel impelled to defend it. "When you are in a foreign country you become conscious of points of difference," he said, "and although you never have been intensely patriotic, you are apt to find yourself taking up the cudgels in defense of institutions that you once ignored. You become a defender rather than a critic."

I suggested that, sad to relate, all that reached us back home was the criticism. . . .

"You can always sell knocks," he explained, "but nobody wants to buy a boost."

Harvey Wiley Corbett, fellow of the American Institute of Architects, smashes a few icons, including the fourteen-dollar-a-day-bricklayer gag:

America has better craftsmen than any country in the world, and the building mechanics of Greater New York cannot be surpassed in the excellence of their handiwork. Our labor costs are so high in proportion to the total cost of building that the builder makes very sure that his men always are employed. The men thus become accustomed to continuous work and to rapid work, which necessarily becomes a habit of mind. This results not in sloppy but in better craftsmanship. The layman may think the building mechanics' wages are out of proportion, but the craftsman today is worthy of his hire, and we are glad to pay him what he is worth. The New York Building Congress has done a fine thing in its award of certificates and gold buttons to superior workmen. There is a different class of men today in the building trades, and their skilled eyes and trained minds and hands are needed in building this towering city.

Parable of a citizen who rose from one suspender, found in a Menominee, Michigan, dispatch to the alert Milwaukee Journal:

Marshall B. Lloyd, known as the baby-carriage king, who died August tenth, endowed a diagnostic clinic with the bulk of his $2,000,000 estate. All except $150,000 bequeathed the widow is to be held in a trust fund to be devoted to charity. Lloyd, who had been farm hand, wood cutter, village-store clerk, fish peddler, soap canvasser, jewelry pitchman, musher with Canadian mails, waiter, real-estate dealer and inventor, remembered in prosperity that he had been poor. His wife had suffered sixteen years from a malady before being cured; and his father had died in middle life from a condition that baffled a general practitioner. Local doctors told Lloyd that they had neither the time nor the laboratory equipment to keep abreast of diagnostic practice, and Lloyd knew that relatively few citizens could afford visits to specialists in distant cities. His will is the culmination of twenty-one years of militant civic service. In 1924 Menominee's only department store burned and the owners refused to rebuild. Mr. Lloyd led the campaign which built a new store building probably unrivaled in a town of comparable size, and threw in a handsome theater for good measure. When no lessee could be found for so pretentious a store, he added it to his many interests.

Local-boy-makes-good item celebrated by the sprightly Betty Bienville, social editor of the Mobile Register:

I will, in spite of what pops up, return to talk of our graduates and the honors that are coming to them, and I saw in a recent Birmingham paper the picture of a Mobile boy, the seventh son of Mrs. J. O. Railford. Julian Railford, 18, has distinguished himself as a writer by having two poems published in the American Mercury Magazine. He has been writing only a year, attaining in that short space of time a place in Mencken's selection of Alabama poets. . . . But now I am going to tell you a little back history of this bright boy, who when a little fellow worked in the Register, stacking for the paper. He then was a junior leader of the B. Y. P. U., and now is chorister in Birmingham. Are we proud of him? I should say we are.

Returning observer reassures Great Britain, in the Manchester Guardian, as to the state of American manhood:

Sir John Adams, the veteran expert in the training of teachers, has returned from a lecturing tour in America, and he has some interesting points to make in a comparison of English and American ways in education. In the States there are, it appears, eight women teachers to one man; in this country the proportion is three and a half to one. Sir John was inclined to think that the dangers of making boys effeminate by this means are exaggerated. As he remarked, we all saw a good deal of the American soldiers during the war, and whatever we might think about them, no one would accuse them of effeminacy.

Ungentlemanly lapse of the editor of the otherwise immaculate Ohio State Journal:

They don't change so much after all; and after listening with as much patience as we could muster for an hour or so yesterday to a denunciation of the wild free ways of the girls of this day and age, we deliberately singled out one especially severe member of the group, one whom we had known ever since we were boy and girl together, and exploded this bombshell at her with surprisingly staggering effect: "Well, whose lap were you sitting on thirty years ago tonight?"

Portrait of a chamber-of-commerce secretary, from the Dallas News:

Homer D. Wade, manager of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce, has refused an increase of $2000 a year in salary. Wade told the board of directors that his present salary was sufficient and that until better prices are received by the farmers and the section is further developed he would rather not accept more money.

The silver-lining editor of the Detroit News discovers an ointment in the fly:

Eight million of our pianos are out of tune and are ruining our musical taste. Our medical education is all wrong and so is all the rest of our education. Exposure of the human form, due to slavish subservience to style, is undermining our health. In art we are several thousand years behind the Hottentots. We are speed-mad and devote far too much time to pleasure. A New York gentleman complains that when our athletes enter an international competition their sole aim is to win. . . . Nevertheless, it was so stimulating, in fact, that the fall crop of evil prophecies was enormous.

Pennsylvania Dutchland, a last stronghold, embraces boosterism; details from the Allentown Call:

A thirteen-acre commercial park on the mountain side on the outskirts of Emaus—population 4000—has been bought by the Exchange Club of Emaus, organized last year, for $4500 and donated to the town. Now the citizens have raised $10,000 by subscription to remodel, landscape and equip the park as a playground, picnic ground, public auto camp and athletic field. A stadium, swimming and wading pools and skating pond are planned. The athletic field will include a football field, baseball diamond, running track, hockey field, tennis and quoits courts, with locker rooms and shower baths underneath the stadium. A playground association to include virtually the entire citizenship, with an annual membership fee of two dollars, is part of the plan. The development of the public recreation movement in these Pennsylvania German counties would surprise outsiders.

Meddlesome Matties of a New Jersey small town harass an unfortunate resident, souched for by the Stewartsville, New Jersey, correspondent of the Easton, Pennsylvania, Express:

The home of George Richline was destroyed completely by fire on April eleventh, a child losing its life. This week the Richlines moved into a new cement-block house built for them by public subscription in Stewartsville, Phillipsburg and vicinity. The total contributed in cash was $1409, but with donated building supplies, labor and supervision, a house resulted that normally would have cost $4000 or more to build, and $156.70 remained to create a household-expense fund for the family.

Crime wave in the Rose City; police have clew; Portland Oregonian broadcasting:

A "gang" of "bad" boys have come to the attention of the police.

Tanard Woolsey, 63 years old, homeless, penniless and suffering from tuberculosis, started from Tacoma for California, hoping the southern clime would check the progress of the wasting disease. Arriving in Portland, he became too ill to travel farther. This gang of boys found him. They led him to a shack near Bush and Twenty-third Streets. They brought him food smuggled from their mothers' pantries, and other necessities swiped from home. A report was made that a man was living in the supposedly unoccupied shack. The police investigated and are proud of the boys they found.

Sentimentalism gone mad in the Pretzel Capital, as disclosed by the Philadelphia Bulletin:

Three years ago a boy in Reading wrote to the Reading Times asking if the Leviathan were a real ship, or a cardboard affair in a tub of water, like so many of these movie tricks. The letter led to a realization that thousands of children in that city had never seen a boat bigger than the Schuylkill scows. Not many weeks later the newspaper took the children of Reading on a boat trip down the Delaware. The following year a larger free excursion was made to the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, and this year four special trains carried 4000 Reading youngsters to Jersey City, where they were divided among three steamships and taken for a cruise around Manhattan Island, to the Statue of Liberty and to Coney Island. Food and refreshments, including 22,000 of the pretzels that have made Reading famous, were given by merchants. Orphans from the Topton, Bethany and St. Catherine's homes, crippled children from the Elks clinic and a group of 150 organized by the Birdsboro Lions Club, were included in the party.

What a few years' exposure to the moral, physical and intellectual rigors of the Bible Belt will do for a young girl, as condensed from The Kansas City Star:

"A thesis written by Miss Chloe Owings upon completing her studies at the Sorbonne has been awarded the *Prix Carlier* by the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences as 'the book which, in the three years preceding, has contributed most to the moral and physical advancement of the masses of Paris.' Miss Owings received the degree of *docteur d'université* from the faculty of letters of the University of Paris, with *mention très honorable*, a distinction rarely won by a foreign student.

"'Though prairie schooners long had been out of date in 1900, it was in such a wagon that Chloe Owings, her father and stepmother made their way from Illinois in that year to a quarter section of land in Rooks County in the high prairie of Western Kansas. They lived for four years in an abandoned little rock house for which they paid four dollars a month rent. The young girl slept in the attic. Her stepmother was an invalid, and all household duties were performed by the daughter. The farm was unfenced, and she herded the cattle, broke ponies and clung to a blizzard rope in winter storms. Her books consisted of Talmage's Sermons, Kings of the Platform and Pulpit, Mother, Home and Heaven, Pilgrim's Progress and Lucile. She recalls that the nearest neighbor lived a mile and a half distant, that she went to two parties in four years, that she taught Sunday school, waited on tables at church socials, worked in the hayfields for $2.50 a day, drove the wheat binder and header and made furniture of boxes. Her stepmother dying, her father moved to the near-by village of Marvin and bought a restaurant. Chloe did all the cooking and waiting, made and sold bread and did the laundry, and still found time to take part in school entertainments.

"'I do not smile at it in looking back,' she is quoted. 'I was living a perfectly good American, small-town life, and so contented that I cannot explain why I left it and went back to Galesburg, Illinois. I suppose it was because I wanted to go to college. I landed there with $1.60 and found work in a mitten factory, and enrolled in Knox College.'"

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Letter

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN and ANNA Q. NILSSON

in

"The Thirteenth Juror"

Sometimes I am impelled to do things which may seem like prejudice in favor of a relative, as in the case of Edward Laemmle, my nephew, who has produced Henry Irving Dodge's great drama, ***"The Thirteenth Juror"*** and who has performed a highly creditable piece of work.

Yet, merely because he is a family connection I don't believe it would be fair for me to lean backwards or withhold from him the credit that is due. This is really a splendid picture and I can't see wherein he has failed to bring out all the dramatic features of this very dramatic play.

The cast is exceptional. FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN, ANNA Q. NILSSON and WALTER PIDGEON enact the three leading rôles and in their work we have to much extent "the master touch" to which I referred just recently in speaking of CONRAD VEIDT.

The play is clean and powerful. To be sure it represents the eternal triangle and the machanations of politicians which result in an unexpected killing, but it is devoid of the sordid sex problem which, in my estimation, has become tiresome. Moreover, it reveals the weakness of circumstantial evidence. It is absorbing in every detail and I want you to see it. Your written opinion of it will be valuable to me.

Also I want you to be on the lookout for the gala opening of ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin."*** I haven't words enough to express my admuration for this beautiful spectacle, which is wholly American.

Do you ever ask the Manager of your favorite theatre to show UNIVERSAL PICTURES? I think you ought to. You will be the gainer

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

This Savings-Bank Business

By JOHN J. PULLEYN

As Told to R. Dana Skinner

THE other day I happened to stop in front of a savings-bank window—one where there is a display of so-called thrift advertising. I overheard the man next to me say to his friend:

"Well, in the good old days these banks may have been all right, but, believe me, I put my money now where I can get 6 per cent on it. The savings bank is too old-fashioned for me."

Of course the amusing part to me was my knowledge that deposits in savings banks and thrift departments have at least trebled in the past ten years—showing that such well-meant kicks as I overheard do not register the sober common sense of the people. None the less, remarks like this are quite common, and many people really think they are making a great discovery when they find that mortgage bonds, for example, can be bought in small installments, or that some other form of investment yields 1 or 2 per cent more than money deposited in a savings bank. Nor are these always the kind of people who have the get-rich-quick mania. Many of them are very substantial citizens, people who have learned how to make a profit on their lives by spending less than they get, and who simply have the feeling that their surplus earnings should bring them the largest interest return consistent with safety. They see that $1000 in a savings bank will earn about forty dollars a year and that the same $1000 invested in a mortgage bond will bring them sixty dollars. At first glance this looks to them like a conclusive argument in favor of the bond. Before long they begin to say: "What will happen to the savings banks when others make the same discovery I have made? Isn't it only the force of old habit that keeps the savings banks going? Aren't they slowly dying out?"

Those of us who have been in savings banks for a quarter of a century or more, who have talked with thousands of depositors in every walk of life, and who have watched the growth of new forms of savings, especially since the war, realize that these questions are not foolish. They are worth answering—and just as clearly as any other straightforward business question. If the answer or, rather, the answers seem very simple and obvious to us, it is only because we are so close to the money problems of hundreds of thousands of people that we know the totally different purpose of savings deposits from every other form of investment. After all, we don't have to deal in theories. We are constantly talking over money problems with depositors who want help and friendly advice. They ask us the same questions you often ask yourself. They often tell us their whole family story—how much the father or the brother or sister is earning, whether the son wants to go to college or into business, whether doctors' bills have been heavy or insurance premiums hard to meet.

A Profit on Your Life

In the course of all these talks we discover the hundred and one real objects of savings, and just why one man ought to invest in good bonds while another ought to keep on using a savings bank and still another ought to use part of his money to go into business for himself. We are the very last persons to say that the savings bank or thrift department meets every need. We know it does not. But we also know—and this is what escapes those people who glibly predict the death of savings banks—that for certain great purposes in life no form of saving yet invented can take the place of the savings bank. It has a use as distinct as the foundation of a building.

I am going to try, as simply as possible, to explain just what this use is, and how it accounts for the continued amazing growth of savings banks in spite of new forms of saving which, to many people, seem to be competing forces. This is a particularly pleasant thing to do for several reasons. In the first place, it's no help to the prosperity of the country to have people imagining a state of competition where none exists. Saving, or, as I prefer to call it, making a profit on your life, is too vastly important to all of us to be the victim of competition. Each form of saving should fit into every other form, like the parts of a great building. If a clearing of the air will result in coöperation taking the place of apparent competition, then everyone will be better off.

Then, too, we all want to build our fortunes, small or large, in the most sensible way, using all the machinery at hand in the most efficient way. If possible I would like to help everyone choose the right machine to use at every stage. There is a time for the savings bank, a time for life insurance, a time for investment in bonds, a time for wise spending to promote success, and a time for using the commercial bank—and there is a separate purpose at each time. We don't want to be like the man who puts his last penny into buying a house, only to find that he has nothing left to pay a sudden hospital bill. Building a fortune needs just as careful planning as building a house. We can't start with the roof, and we can't use hoisting machinery to dig a foundation. So a few simple remarks about the why and wherefore of savings banks may help some people to choose the right machine for the right part of their fortune building.

The Forms of Insurance

I have hinted that the greatest difference between various forms of savings lies in the purpose you have in mind. It is astonishing how often we forget to give ourselves a purpose. We drift and then wonder why we wake up at the wrong place. The real difference, for example, between a miser and a man who merely watches his money carefully is that the miser has no useful object in view and the other man has. The miser drowns his soul in the aimless flood of his own gold. The common-sense saver directs his money into channels where it works for his happiness, his safety and for the protection of the lives of others. Every time a man saves intelligently he is really creating insurance in one form or another. This simple fact is actually the crux of the whole matter.

Consider this carefully, because once we all understand it, the whole question of which savings machine we should use becomes clear and unmistakable. Insurance, broadly, is using money now to provide some future benefit or protection. The most familiar forms, of course, are fire, life and accident or health insurance. They are familiar as insurance chiefly because the word "insurance" itself is always used when speaking of them. But actually, any surplus funds we set aside today create an insurance against need at a future day—and this is true whether we set aside coins or bills, or convert them into a house and land, or lend them out at interest on good security.

I might say, then, that the particular use you make of your life profits or savings depends entirely on the form of insurance you wish to buy with them.

As I see it, there are four great forms of insurance of real concern to the average man or woman. They are: Life insurance, which assures a certain benefit to others after your death; health-and-accident insurance, which assures you of a certain income during actual illness or disability; income insurance, which is the steady interest you will receive on money safely invested; and living insurance, which is the money set aside at interest in a savings bank, and instantly available, the moment you need it, for emergencies not covered by the other forms of insurance.

Let me give a few illustrations. Here is a young man of about thirty, working on a fair salary, married and with two children. He has recently taken out a life-insurance policy for $10,000. He also has a health-and-accident policy which will give him fifty dollars a week in case he falls ill or meets with an accident. He also has $1000 invested in a good first-mortgage bond from which he receives a steady income of sixty dollars a year. Many people would consider this young man very well placed. He has done well with his life so far. But you will notice that he has no savings account—no living insurance. Just how can this lack affect his fortunes?

Well—to take a common instance—suppose his wife falls seriously ill. Up to now she has done all her own work, taken care of the apartment or house, taken care of the children, too, and in a hundred small ways permitted her husband to work with a free mind and no cares. But from the day she falls ill what a change takes place! Doctor's and druggist's bills, of course; but, much more important, the need of paying someone else to do her accustomed work while her husband is at his office. Perhaps fifteen or twenty dollars a week goes to a helper who comes in by the day, or, if a trained nurse is needed, then still more expense is piled on. And where is our young man to find this emergency money?

He can borrow money, of course, using his life-insurance policy or his $1000 bond as security. But he must pay the going rate of interest, and when it comes time to repay the loan he may not have had time to accumulate the needed amount. That means extending the loan, if the bank permits, or putting an unfortunate claim on his life insurance, besides continuing to pay interest to an outside party.

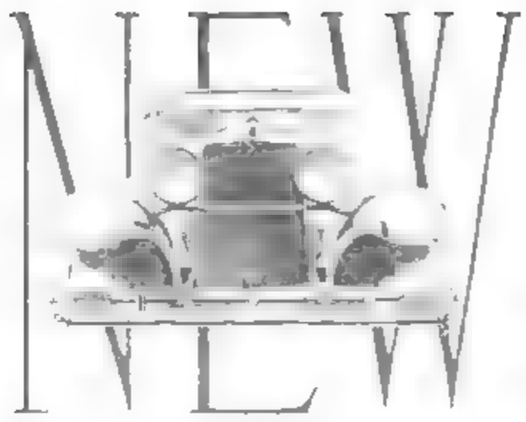
Fortified Self-Respect

Another alternative is to sell the bond. But that means sacrificing the entire bond when the amount actually needed may be much smaller. Moreover, the market value of even the best bonds constantly varies, and he may find that he has to sell it for twenty or thirty dollars less than he paid for it.

I am sure that everyone's experience will bear me out in saying that nothing is quite so costly as trying to raise money in emergencies. The only safe, the only business-like method is to have the reserve money on hand, earning a good rate of interest, but instantly available. Deposited in a savings bank as living insurance, you are always certain of getting back dollar for dollar exactly what you put in, plus the interest, and plus the comforting assurance that you need only withdraw the exact amount you need. If a member of your family falls ill there is no substitute for ever-ready living insurance.

Or let us take another common example of a living-insurance emergency. Suppose this young man we are talking about becomes tired from overwork—not actually ill, you understand, but with a threatened illness ahead. His doctor tells him he must take a two months' rest or risk a long and serious breakdown. In such a case his health-insurance policy is of no help to him. He must either go on working until the actual break comes or borrow the money to take the long vacation his doctor advises. Once more, what he needs is ready cash. Another case where there is no substitute for living insurance.

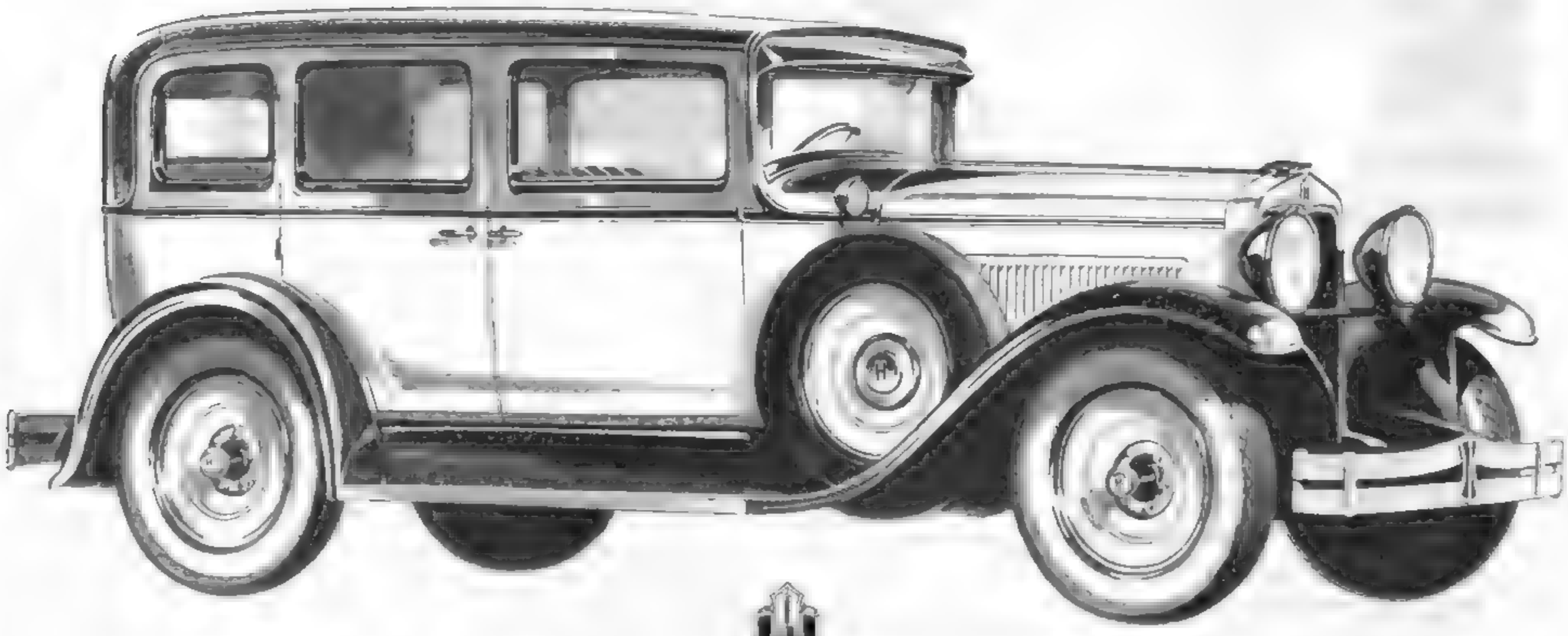
(Continued on Page 52



all the way through—ultra-modern in design—the Hupmobile *1928* Six becomes all the more desirable when you consider its price

On the street you would rate it at least a thousand dollars above its actual price. But the fact is that the new line of standard types averages *lower* than any Hupmobile Six of the past. That means the prime value of all the wonderful values Hupmobile has produced in the last 19 years; and the buying public, quick to grasp the fact, is sending in such a flood of orders as never before greeted a new Hupmobile.

24 Standard and Custom-equipped body styles, ranging in price from $1335 to $1555, f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.



HUPMOBILE

1928 SIX

WE BELIEVE THE HUPMOBILE TO BE THE BEST CAR OF ITS CLASS IN THE WORLD

Its salty tang safeguards the lovely *MOUTH of YOUTH*

1 The numbers show where the Mouth Glands are. One pair is back near the throat. They must supply the fluids that protect against decay. But soft food, too little exercise, make them lazy. Pebeco keeps the Mouth Glands working efficiently day and night so that the teeth stay sound and young.

2 A second pair lies in the cheeks.

3 Two more are under the tongue.

NOTICE the clean, slightly salty taste of Pebeco. That taste means more than flavoring. It means protection for your teeth. The important salt in Pebeco summons the Mouth Glands to their work. Their healthful fluids invigorate the whole mouth and neutralize the acids which cause decay and softening of the gums.

Protect your teeth this way

The Mouth Glands need the bracing action of Pebeco to keep them in condition. Brush your teeth with Pebeco after meals and before retiring. See how fresh and young your mouth feels now.

Made by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole Distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Distributed in Canada by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.

© 1927, Lehn & Fink, Inc.

FREE OFFER:

Send coupon today for generous tube

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. L-82
Bloomfield, N. J.

Send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.

PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

This coupon not good after November, 1928

(Continued from Page 50)

Cases of this sort multiply rapidly once you begin to think of them. Take the unexpected loss of a job as another familiar instance. Not every man loses a job through his own fault. Sometimes general business is slack and employers must cut down their running expenses, even to the extent of giving up a valuable man. Or the particular company employing a man may not be successful. But whatever the cause, the loss of a job is always a serious matter unless one is well fortified by ready cash as living insurance.

I say "fortified" advisedly, because living insurance does two great things for the man out of a job. It enables him to keep up his home, of course, but it does something of almost greater importance to his future. It fortifies his self-confidence, his sense of accomplishment, and enables him to seek new employment with his head up. That by itself makes finding a new job easier.

Some of the best men are at their worst when applying for jobs. It is never easy or agreeable to sell oneself, and being in financial straits only makes the task three times more difficult. Then, too, the man who must have a job tomorrow in order to pay the rent is in no position to bargain for a good salary or to pick and choose the job most to his liking. Young men often get on a wrong track that handicaps them for years simply because necessity once compelled them to take the first job offered—one in which they could never hope to expend their best energies.

Here, then, we have a few of the obvious ways in which living insurance is just as great a necessity to a man as life insurance, or income insurance from well-chosen bonds, or even health insurance. Once you understand that every form of saving is also a form of insurance, you begin to see why the savings bank is not competing with the other methods of saving. Instead, it is simply the machine for doing one of several essential things in a well-rounded plan of fortune building. But do not think that we have finished with living insurance when we have taken into account simply family illness, the need of a long vacation or the loss of a job. Life insurance in this country has increased about three times in the past ten years—from $18,000,000,000 to more than $64,000,000,000, but savings deposits in savings banks and savings departments have increased just as rapidly—now amounting to well over $23,000,000,000. If emergencies were the only reason for living insurance, the growth would never have been so rapid, nor have kept pace so closely with the amazing growth of life insurance. So I am going to give some examples in other fields of how living insurance is indispensable and yet distinct from all other forms of saving.

Making Money Plenty

Take the matter of planned buying as a way to increase the yearly profits of the average family. Here is something which every well-managed family does in a small way, and yet not half enough to reap the possible great rewards. It is a long and slow educational process to make the average family regard itself as a small business—to make it realize that even some of the greatest corporations in the country are more than pleased if they can show a 10 per cent profit in a year, and that the family can show the same proportion of profit if it will only use the same common-sense methods. Time and again, in talking to depositors, I have tried to make them see that the ugly word "thrift" does not mean scrimping, deprivation or the anguished watching of every last penny. That may have been true once, but it is not true today, when wages are higher, when careful buying is made easier, and when life generally is better organized to help the individual to get the most out of it. If you follow the simple methods of planned buying you will be amazed to see how easy it is to buy everything you are accustomed to buy and yet to show a substantial profit at the end of the year.

Let me explain this method more carefully. You know, of course, that many big corporations owe most of their profits to planned buying by seasons. They buy coal, for example, in the spring and summer, when it is cheapest. Or the moment they find that some commodity they use in manufacture is cheap—iron, for instance, or copper or cotton or certain chemicals they lay in a greater supply than they need for immediate purposes, and thus have an advantage over their competitors who wait, for one reason or another, to buy until the market price is higher. Of course this kind of seasonal or forward buying demands plenty of ready cash. But successful corporations always put aside ample reserves to take advantage of just such opportunities. In fact, their wisdom and foresight in just such matters is one of the greatest single reasons why they are successful.

Now a family has countless opportunities to do exactly the same thing. It can add tens or even hundreds of dollars to its yearly profits just by taking advantage of seasonal sales or the special sales constantly conducted by department stores, chain stores, big clothing merchants or by local neighborhood stores. Profits earned this way involve no discomfort or scrimping. They are simply the fruit of common sense and applied brains. The only trouble is that some people are too lazy to apply their brains.

When Opportunity Knocks

Think for a moment of the sales you see advertised in the papers of all sorts of necessities—linens, furs, clothing of all kinds, furniture and household effects, canned goods, soaps, toilet articles, not to mention luxuries and semiluxuries, such as radios, pianos, slightly used automobiles, and the like. Just suppose, for example, that a small family of moderate income makes certain definite purchases during the year. Let us take a look at some figures to see what might easily happen. For convenience, let us list a few of the articles and the saving made on each:

Set of table linen	Saving	$15.00
Fur coat	"	35.00
Two men's suits	"	40.00
Three woman's afternoon dresses	"	45.00
Evening wrap	"	20.00
Four pairs of shoes	"	10.00
Two large chairs	"	30.00
New ice box	"	25.00
Kitchen utensils	"	10.00
Canned goods—throughout year	"	15.00
Toilet supplies	"	10.00
Radio set	"	40.00
Automobile	"	250.00
Piano	"	150.00
		$695.00

The total, as you see, amounts to 10 per cent on an income of $6950, and the list by no means covers all the items frequently bought by a family. We have not mentioned coal, for instance, or children's clothing. Notice that there is no attempt to reduce the amount of things bought. The profit—and a healthy one it is!—comes purely from using enough brains to buy at the time when each dollar does the most work.

But planned buying and the large profits resulting from it demand one thing—an ample supply of ready cash. What is true of a big and successful business is exactly as true of a family. The big buying opportunities come only to those who can pay spot cash. Bargain sales seldom have any easy-payment plans tied to them. Merchants conduct sales on purpose to turn their own stocks into cash. They are not interested in financing bargain hunters. So the family that wants to increase its annual profits by several hundred dollars through planned buying must prepare well in advance, must accumulate its funds while prices are high and have cash on hand when prices are low. Thus living insurance takes on a new meaning. It is not merely

(Continued on Page 54)

"... for the efficient and masterly manner in which they handled the baggage situation"

June 20, 1927.

GENERAL W. W. ATTERBURY, *President*
Pennsylvania Railroad,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir:

I take this opportunity to compliment you and the Pennsylvania Railroad for the efficient and masterly manner in which they handled the baggage situation during the Shrine Session in Atlantic City last week.

... from your depot there were over 200 truck loads of baggage amounting to thousands of pieces; every piece was delivered to the hotel one hour after arrival of trains and, so far as I have heard, not one piece of baggage was lost or broken.

Too much credit cannot be given to the ...Pennsylvania Railroad employees...

C. F. COULTER
Chairman Baggage Committee

He'll find a friend in the baggage car of every Pennsylvania train

Paul Hesse

With the Baggage-master:

he takes all comers . . . and moves mountains every day

"The animals went in two by two
The elephant and the kangaroo."

NOT that the baggage car of a Pennsylvania train is a Noah's Ark on wheels, nor are Pennsylvania baggage-masters selected because of their affection for animals.

But the natural liking which most of them have for dogs is typical of the friendly spirit of Railroad Men.

Marco Polo crossed the mountains of Tibet laden with the wonders of the Orient. Thirty camels, a hundred elephants, slung with casks of precious stones, bales of shimmering silks, chests of gold medallions, ivory, jade . . . these he brought back to blind the City Council of Venice.

And his baggage told a stranger tale than any he could frame with words.

◆ ◆

More than 7,000,000 pieces of baggage are handled each year in the baggage cars of Pennsylvania trains. And the tales they tell of miraculous travel dwarf the wonders of Marco Polo's caravan.

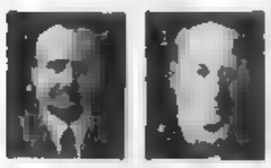
A battered suitcase, cherished because it has seen the sirocco come blazing up across the Sahara. A shining wardrobe trunk, fresh from the continental spas. Golf bags and bicycles, perambulators and theater props, parrots and dogs, they form an epic of modern travel.

A half million passengers each day, twenty thousand pieces of luggage . . . the smooth, efficient, careful handling of this vast modern "caravan" is a daily miracle of modern transportation.

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

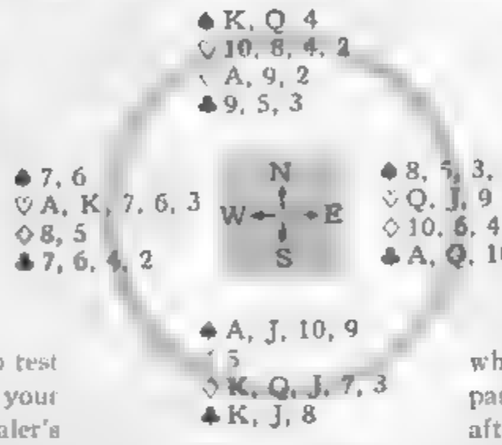
BRIDGE by RADIO



Milton C. Work, New York, West

Frank H. Ba[illegible]man, Philadelphia, East

F. V. Shepard, New York, North



HERE'S a hand to test the sharpness of your bidding. What is dealer's best opening bid? With only two face cards what can West, Mr. Work, do? Do you know what it signifies when partner changes his suit after you have helped his first bid? Try this hand first your way, then with the experts by radio.

Tuesday, November 15, 10 P. M., Eastern Time

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WCSH, WDAF, WEEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WGY, WHAS, WHO, WJAR, WMC, WOC, WOW, WRC, WSB, WSM, WTAG, WTAM, WTIC, WTMC, WWJ

Tuesday, November 15, 8:30 P. M., Pacific Time

KFI, KFOA, KGW, KHQ, KOMO, KPO, KGO.

See newspapers for broadcasting time of following:

KFAD	Electrical Equipment Co.	Phoenix	
KFUM	Corley Mt. Highway	Colorado Springs	
KFYR	Hoskins-Meyer	Bismarck	
KGBX	Foster Hall Tire Co.	St. Joseph, Mo.	
KOA	General Electric Co.	Denver	
KOB	Coll. Agr. & Mech. Arts	Albuquerque	
KPRC	Post Dispatch	Houston	
KSL	Radio Service Corp.	Salt Lake City	
KTHS	Arlington Hotel	Hot Springs Nat'l Pk.	
KVOO	Southwestern Sales Corp.	Tulsa, Okla.	
WCOA	City of Pensacola	Pensacola, Fla.	
WDAY	Radio Equipment Corp.	Fargo	
WDBO	Orlando Broadcasting Co.	Orlando, Fla.	
WFAA	Baker Hotel, News, Sears-Roebuck	Dallas	
WJBO	Times-Picayune	New Orleans	
WKY	Radiophone Co.	Oklahoma City	
WNOX	[illegible]	Knoxville	
WOKO	[illegible]	Rochester, N. Y.	
WOW	[illegible]	Omaha, Neb.	
WRVA	Larus & Bro. Co.	Richmond, Va.	
CFAC	Herald	Calgary, Can.	
CFLC	Radio Ass'n	Prescott, Can.	
CFQC	Electric Shop	Saskatoon, Can.	
CHNS	Northern Elec. Co.	Halifax, Can.	
CHXC	J. R. Booth, Jr.	Ottawa, Can.	
CJCA	Journal	Edmonton, Can.	
CJGC	Free Press	London, Can.	
CJRM	Jas. Richardson & Sons.	Moose Jaw, Can.	
CKAC	La Presse	Montreal, Can.	
CKCD	Daily Province	Vancouver, Can.	
CKNC	[illegible]	Toronto, Can.	
CKY	Manitoba Tel. System	Winnipeg, Can.	

Auction Bridge Magazine, 30 Ferry St., New York
The U. S. Playing Card Co., Cincinnati, U. S. A., Windsor, Can.

Ivory or Air Cushion Finish Easy to Deal

Lasting Quality Good for game after game

Big Indexes Easy on the Eyes

New Back Designs Colorful and Artistic

BICYCLE *and* CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS

(Continued from Page 52)

insurance against emergencies; it is an insurance of your standard of living and your ability to make a living profit. It means that you can buy all you are accustomed to buy and still increase your family's net profits. The savings bank or department is the one piece of financial machinery exactly suited to planned buying—a place where your dollars are instantly available and yet earning a high rate of interest; not the permanent investment rate that you get with income insurance, but the highest rate for ready cash.

The more you look into it the more you discover new and obvious forms of living insurance that compete in no way with the other great forms of saving money. But why multiply examples? We started out by saying that some thoughtless people predict the end of the savings-bank idea simply because the interest rate is not so high as that obtained from permanent investments. You might just as well predict the end of commercial banks because, except in their savings departments, they pay only half as much interest as savings banks. No. The commercial bank gives you a service in place of high interest—the privilege of a checking account. The savings bank gives you a means of getting more substantial interest on money that you may have to withdraw suddenly, and the assurance that every dollar you have put aside is instantly at your command. The various mortgage-investment plans offer you a slightly higher rate still, but are expressly intended for permanent savings which you never expect to touch. They offer you the means of buying a steady income, but give you no guaranty that you can realize on every dollar invested if you want your money back before the maturity or payment date of the bonds.

Everything in its Place

Stocks and bonds of railroad and industrial companies that you buy through regular brokers or investment houses may at times give you a higher return than even mortgages. But if you want to sell them in a hurry you can get only the prevailing market price, which may be so much less than you paid for them as to eat up all the added interest you have received. To illustrate, you may buy a 6 per cent bond for $1000 and hold it two years—receiving $120 in interest. You then may have to sell it when the market price is $950, causing a loss of $50. If you subtract this loss from the interest received, you find the bond has actually brought you only $70 in two years, or at the rate of 3½ per cent a year—less than the average savings-bank rate on ready cash. Of course, if you held the bond till maturity—perhaps twenty years—you would get your full 6 per cent every year and the whole $1000 back besides. I am only pointing out that for a certain great purpose, which I have called living insurance, there is no substitute for the machinery of the savings bank, and that as long as you know the purpose for which you are saving money, there can never be any real competition between one form of saving and another. Each has its place in the great scheme of building a lasting fortune.

Living-Insurance Dividends

I am often amazed that these simple points are not brought out more clearly by the investment editors of newspapers or by those advocating thrift in general. Perhaps it is because we live in a careless age when people forget the importance of clear purpose to their happiness and prosperity. But of one thing we can be certain—the millions of people who do use savings banks and thrift departments know exactly what the living-insurance idea means to their lives. It is not mere force of old habit that has made them treble the savings deposits of this country in ten years. They have learned the value of definite purpose in building their fortunes. They know, too, the uncounted dividends they have received in the chance to make larger yearly profits, in the freedom from worry they have purchased, and in the confidence with which they can hold their heads high toward an unknowable future.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Few men are as well equipped to discuss the fortunes of savings banks under present changing conditions as Mr. Pulleyn. As president of a great savings bank and as director of one of the largest commercial banks and also one of the largest life-insurance companies, he knows intimately just what people are doing with their earnings since the war. In this article he answers conclusively a question being asked by thousands of people who do not understand the real relation of savings banks and thrift departments to other and newer forms of saving.

PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from Page 13)

"Free," Hand said with great emphasis.

Allan McLane said, "By God, but we will!" Benezet reiterated the word "free."

"For example," Greene went on, "Von Steuben is a better officer than General Washington. Baron von Steuben, outside of Washington, has done more for the army than any other single man." There was an instinctive turning of heads toward Lafayette.

"Do you think so?" Lafayette responded. "Do you, indeed? I am surprised. That is a tremendous compliment. Now I am told that America could not exist without France."

That, Greene acknowledged, was true. "I was speaking of men and not of the generosity of nations." However, he showed no sign of receding from his position. "Von Steuben is taking a rabble and making it into an army, a weapon. He has dropped his rank, his memories of the court and church dignity, to drill our men with a musket. He is simply a great soldier. General Washington is more. The French, I am certain, are more."

"That is handsome enough," Lafayette acknowledged. "If I don't rise, it is my leg." The candlelight, by which Mary Greene was sewing, slid over his narrow, impetuous face and unpowdered red hair. He was, Nathanael Greene reflected, hardly more than a boy. His usefulness, too, was great; but never as a soldier. Lafayette was a—a pledge of French interest and credit and ships. Without that, as Lafayette had intimated, there couldn't be an American freedom. Help must come from abroad.

Captain McLane rose. "I must get back to my post," he explained. "It will be easy when Sullivan's bridge is finished. Now I have to go a mile above Old Swede's Ford and find John Rambo and his canoe. General Greene, I'll be in your debt for taking my report to the commander in chief. General Armstrong sends his regards, and you can be sure Barren Hill is as correctly named as we can make it." General Lafayette and his aide withdrew immediately afterward.

"You should not have said that about Baron von Steuben," Mary Greene told her husband. "You know there is no admiration between them. I suppose the Quaker in you must come out."

Hand said, "Captain McLane ought to be promoted. He is valuable."

Greene, who was a fragile man, was tired. "So was Philip Schuyler valuable," he replied wearily; "Gates ruined him. . . . Mary, I'm going to bed." He addressed Benezet: "Thank you, Captain Benezet. I regretted the necessity of calling you out of your hut. . . . Mary, I think it wouldn't be improper—it's an extremely cold night—to offer the captain a little of your rum."

(Continued on Page 56)

THESE TWO PARTS save tire dollars

They cost but five cents each, yet their importance cannot be exaggerated

IF YOU would get more service from your tires and tubes, follow these simple suggestions:

FIRST, see that a *genuine* Schrader Valve Inside, in good condition, is screwed securely into every tire valve. This wonderful little valve inside is equally dependable for holding air in either balloon or high pressure tires.

SECOND, screw an improved Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap tightly by hand on every tire valve. Then you *know* it is on. This valve cap keeps dirt from damaging the valve inside and is air-tight up to 230 lbs. (Ask your dealer about the Schrader guarantee.)

You can save many a dollar and prevent much annoyance if you will see that these inexpensive little parts are always in place. Buy a spare box of each from your nearest dealer. Schrader products are sold by over 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

1 Five Schrader Valve Insides in the red metal box now cost but 25c. Keep an extra box in your car for emergencies and replace old insides once a year in all tires, including the spare.

2 Five Schrader No. 880 Valve Caps in the red metal box now cost but 25c. Carry an extra box in the car for immediate replacement should those in use become damaged or lost.

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc., BROOKLYN

CHICAGO · TORONTO · LONDON

Schrader

Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

TIRE VALVES — TIRE GAUGES

Under Your Pillow at Night

It's a fine, comforting thing to be able to know the right time at *any time* —night or day.

And now that the days are shortening, your need of an Ingersoll Radiolite will increase. Because there are more hours of darkness, you'll have more occasion to know the time in the dark

When you wake up early these dark winter mornings, sleepily wondering what time it is, just pluck your Ingersoll Radiolite from underneath the pillow and you'll *know.*

When you go home late at night, and street lamps are few and far between, your Ingersoll Radiolite will tell you the time truthfully *without* making you peer or strain your eyes.

Its luminous hands and figures, glowing brightly in the dark, are easily readable in any light. And the name "Ingersoll" itself is sufficient assurance that the time they show is the *right* time.

Sturdy . . . . handsome . . . . dependable . . . inexpensive . . . . a true description of every Ingersoll Radiolite! And in back of every one is the efficient Service Department which makes repairs quickly for a nominal charge.

For Use

—in the nursery, sick room or the photographer's dark room; when night driving in your car; at the movie theatre; by nursing mothers, nurses, soldiers, night watchmen, policemen, and farmers at their chores.

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc.

New York · Chicago San Francisco · Montreal

Service Department: Waterbury, Conn.

The Ingersolls illustrated below are: Wrist Radiolite, $4.00; Midget Radiolite, $3.75; Junior Radiolite, $4.00; Eclipse Radiolite, $3.25; Yankee Radiolite, $2.25.

Continued from Page 54

Benezet thanked him. "Thank you, sir, I won't rob her. There is some apple brandy that did not get into Philadelphia waiting for me at our quarters."

A demand in darkness hardly thinned by the light of a single wick floating in melted grease asked if the cider jug were empty. It was Galtry, and James Polegreen answered him: "It is. If it had any more in it, it would be in me or in John Henmarsh or in Mease—anybody but you. You're a prisoner."

Thedlock Riner added, "Making us ride him into camp! Like he was a bloody English general and we were Hessian men!" The voices came generally from the space before the fireplace, opposite the door into the hut. No fire was burning; the interior was hardly less cold than the cold night, but there was an implication of comfort in the blackened opening of the chimney.

"It's so stinking in here," Thomas Venn said, "we ought to burn another blank cartridge." He was cautioned against setting fire to the roof.

"This morning's inspection ordered us to have that spread of canvas replaced in forty-eight hours," someone remarked.

"Yes," Galtry added, "and I heard him tell you to get fresh straw ticks. Only, he forgot to say where you'd find the straw. Thedlock Riner wants to remember I had nothing to do with riding me into camp. Benezet provided you with that. He's a nice officer to command men, in an old woman's bed gown. I don't know how you stand it," Galtry continued. "I wouldn't if it could be helped. No hospital stores, no straw, no blankets. Fire cake and a soup that's water and weeds and bread. Decayed herring. When have you had a piece of meat or coffee with sugar in it, or milk? Not for weeks is when. It's getting worse and not better."

"It's bad," Thedlock Riner acknowledged, "and I don't doubt it will be worse. What of it, Galtry? What can you do about it?"

Nothing, Galtry replied, could be done for any American freedom. "You have to look out for yourself—make yourself comfortable while it is going on. Philadelphia is the place to do that. I'd like to be on the Falls Road now, going back, down Callowhill and up Second Street. If I was in Philadelphia I'd go to the Faithful Irishman—a woman named Barry—Isabella Barry—keeps it on Strawberry Alley—and I wouldn't leave but on a shutter. And not through bitter beer or cider either. I wouldn't lay around in this pen."

"Where's the blank cartridge, Thomas?" James Mease demanded. "It's getting worse with Galtry talking so much." There was a white flare of burning powder. For an instant the poverty, the utter bareness, of the hut was made appallingly vivid. The only beds were a thin litter of straw, the table was no better than loose boards; there were no chairs and no chests. The seven men who inhabited it possessed nothing.

"I suppose," Thedlock continued, "if you were in Philadelphia you would join yourself to Sir William Howe."

Galtry replied bitterly: "To hell with Howe, and his army too! If I could be an officer, that might be different. I'd take to being a British officer in Philadelphia now. A farmer who goes there regular with supplies told me there was nothing but dancing in the taverns, and music and drinking everywhere else. He told me he saw a piece of a ball at the City Tavern where the women's skirts were as wide around at the bottom as Chester County, and that the women were as naked as you like at the top. That's what you'd have in Philadelphia if you were one of Howe's captains."

Ishmael Bomel rose to light a pipe at their solitary wick. He had been a rope maker, and his shoulders were stooped from bearing heavy weights of hemp up and down the lengths of rope walks. He was, as well, a man with religious inclinations and disclaimed all carnal living.

"I wouldn't envy none that," he proclaimed. "I'd rather be Nathanael Greene, with as little as he has, than feed on scarlet husks. I believe, if the Lord has an army, this is the army of the Lord. It has the look of it."

"It has, if starving the flesh is any sign," Galtry assented. "If I could get a bullet in that Steuben there would be one less for what he put me through. Not that Greene and the officers here don't do better than you think. Look at Washington, with a big farmhouse and his wife and wine and Virginia tobacco."

John Henmarsh put in: "I know a man who stood guard at headquarters—he is one of Glover's Marblehead sailors and he said he saw it for a fact General Washington had nothing but common toddy to drink and ate walnuts for dessert."

Galtry answered this by reiterating that Philadelphia was the place to be. "It's the finest city in America; there is always something to look at, and London or Rome won't be better. It's full of people—they are not all Quakers, either—and different from this frozen hell of loneliness. What are we here for anyhow? See if Thedlock Riner can answer that. Or Thomas Venn. Do you know? Philadelphia don't want to be independent. I don't."

Thedlock Riner explained—he was a very explanatory man: "It's a principle. Sam Adams started it in Boston. Only a few men, like Adams or Doctor Franklin, ever see a principle. It's like looking into the future. Well, they looked into the future and saw how things were going. Bad! The king tried one thing and that worked, then he tried the Stamp Act, and that looked as if it would work; and if it had of we would soon be nowhere. Then we found a George, too—a right damned good George."

Galtry added: "General Gates is better. Look what he did to the British in the North. If General Gates was in command we'd be in Philadelphia now, instead of Lord Howe. We'd all be sitting in the Faithful Irishman, drinking hot rum. Or at the King of Poland, Ollers has on Vine Street. Or in the Cork Arms down on Water Street below Walnut. Gates would drive the English out of Philadelphia in a week."

"Just what would Gates drive Howe out of Philadelphia with?" James Mease inquired. We haven't got any men and we haven't got any guns, and we haven't any horses if we had, and generally we haven't got a damn thing. How could Gates—or Gabriel—attack a fortified city that way? If you can think of an answer, I'll take it to General Washington myself in what's left of my drawers and a potato sack." Galtry continued to mutter.

"For a paper shilling I'd knock your mouth in," Riner told him. "You're not a soldier. You're just a belly—that's what you are. Philadelphia is the place for you. If you weren't under arrest I'd see you got there. James Mease is a fool to bother with you. What do you know about General Washington and Gates? I can tell you—nothing. If there was one more like you in the army we'd all be in English prison ships. From now on keep quiet until you are drummed out of camp. If you don't, there will be a court-martial right in this hut. It won't be drums that will mark you."

A profound silence fell upon them; the flicker of light from the burning grease hardly identified the seven figures about the black hearth. The cold increased. Ishmael Bomel gingerly felt his feet. One had opened again and there was blood on his fingers. He was surprised that it would flow. "The army of the Lord," he repeated silently. It was a phrase that comforted him. It explained present hardship and held a promise for the future. Freedom here or in heaven. The army, the purpose and reward, of God. It was better to suffer than grow fat in Philadelphia. Whom the Lord loved he exceedingly tried.

A sleep that was more physical numbness than oblivion possessed him. He saw

(Continued on Page 58)

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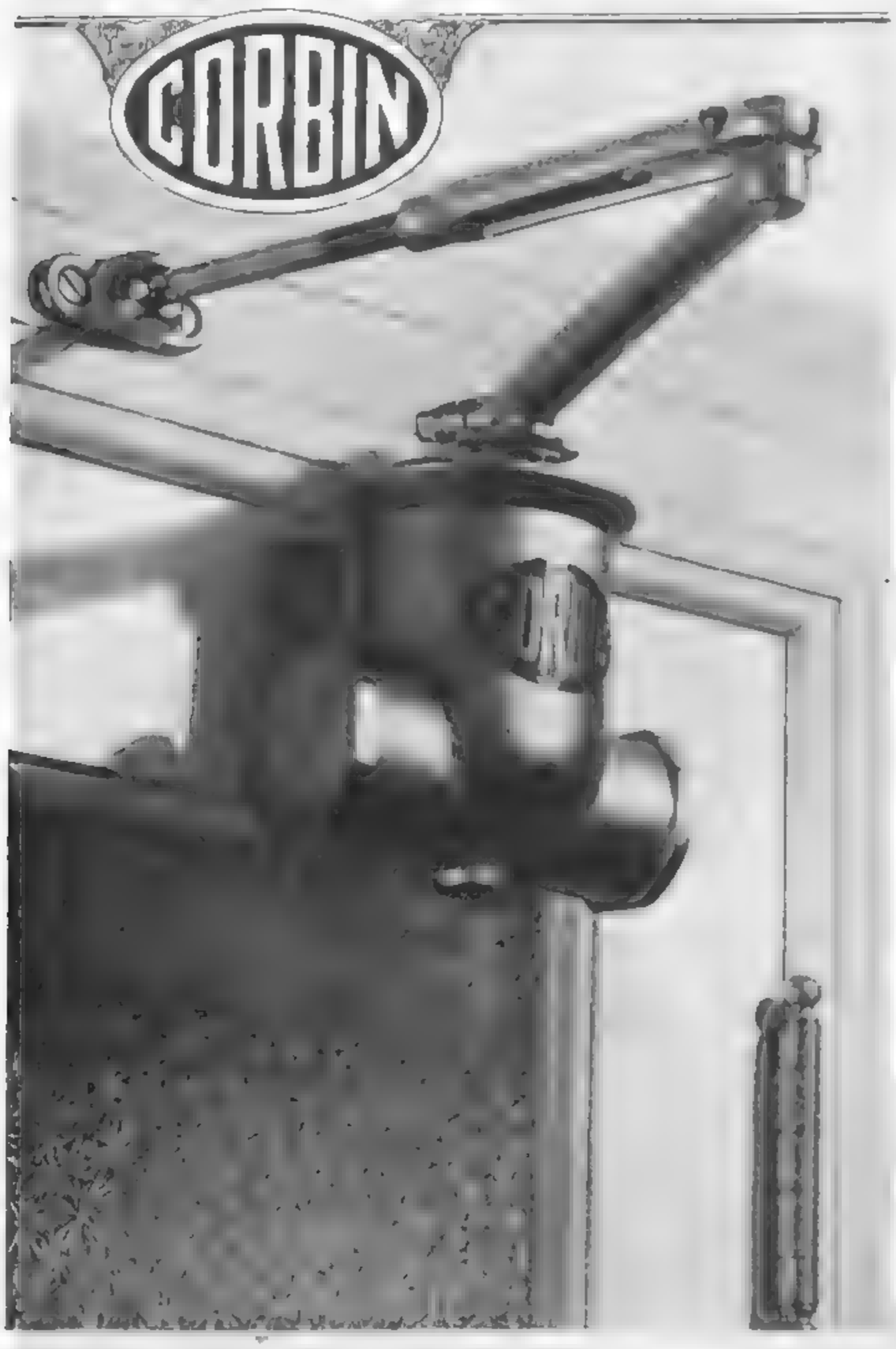

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Continued from Page 56,

his captain, Ephrum Benezet, in a ragged dressing gown; General Washington on horse, folded to the eyes in a greatcoat. What he could see of his face was gray, his eyes were burning. Ishmael Bomel heard cannon and saw a fog lurid with gunfire the morning of Germantown. They were flung back, but above them hung a glory and a shadow, a flame and a pillar of cloud. The image of General Washington reached to the heavens, and far below him, no bigger than the palm of Thomas Venn's hand, lay the great city of Philadelphia. The pinch of emptiness at his stomach brought him back to starved consciousness.

There was bareness but no disorder in the hut occupied by Frederick William Augustus Henry Ferdinand, Baron von Steuben. It was larger than the company huts and, tenanted by only one man, owned an appearance of comparative emptiness; it was austere but comfortable. A small fire burning on the hearth was at least perceptible in the cold—it drew the attention of a revived optimism to itself—a single blanket was precisely disposed on a narrow precise pallet; at its foot stood a capacious leather box. There was a small table, with papers and ink and quills held upright in sand—each quill at exactly the same angle—and a stand had been constructed to support a burnished steel mirror and Von Steuben's razors. There were a number of those in a worn morocco case.

Von Steuben was seated bolt upright and a servant was busy with his powdered hair. The inspector general of the American forces was quietly smoking a pipe with a long stem, and at his hand was a tall filled glass, steaming and colorless. He was almost fifty; he had a strongly marked aggressive nose, a heavy brow and a gaze at once severe and lighted with humor. His face, however, was reflective; it bore the intangible but perceptible shadow of self-discipline and solitude. The servant finished with the baron's hair for the night. Von Steuben rose and resumed his blue military coat faced with buff. He wore a cross suspended by a coronet on a ribbon, and a great jeweled star burned and flashed on his left breast. When he stood he was rigidly erect, his shoulders were sharply square and his strong chin high.

"Ask Mr. Duponceau to come in," he directed. He spoke in German, in a tone of cold exacting authority, contriving to give his words an English intelligence. There was no need for that with Duponceau.

"Tell Captain Ternant tomorrow I will have a review of all the companies that have received my instruction. I am done with addressing them singly. Tell Captain Ternant that the junior officers will be responsible for their respective platoons. I will take no part in the drill until it is completed." While he was instructing the interpreter, De Kalb entered, a tall man superficially resembling Von Steuben. His mold was harsher, however; his severe bearing and expression without a light of humor.

"Johann," Von Steuben greeted him, "I have made a discovery. It is called apple brandy. I have had eleven glasses this evening and it is still pleasant."

De Kalb had encountered apple brandy. "I don't like it," he asserted. "Eleven glasses! Three would kill me."

Von Steuben laughed. "You have become a Frenchman," he said. "You resemble the Marquis de Lafayette—elegant, attenuated, enthusiastic."

De Kalb replied, "If you call me enthusiastic, you must be drunk."

Von Steuben indicated the chair and leaned an elbow on the stand with the mirror and razors. "An idea, or possibly even a thought, is trying to make its way out of your thick skull," he said.

"I am doubtful about General Washington's position," De Kalb admitted. "In this wretched parody of a republican government there is no safety of individuals. The valuable together with the valueless. I doubt if Washington is intelligent enough to survive the attacks on him. Congress doesn't want him, the country is indifferent, and there is even a beginning mutter in the army. I hear it more clearly than you. I am not so near to General Washington."

"Johann," Von Steuben protested, "is it possible I heard you reflect critically on the glorious, the French, institution of liberty? Did you express some doubt about the infallible wisdom of the people? Are you drunk? Remember your French attachments, I might say, preferments." There was at once humor and an intended sharpness of comment in Von Steuben's words.

De Kalb told him not to become nasty. "The Seven Years' War is over, William. We are not on opposite sides now, but together in America. There is talk about General Gates for commander in chief; very powerful influences are in favor of that, and what do you think?"

Von Steuben thought it was folly. "Gates is an opportunist, a political meddler Washington has defects—so have I, Johann—perhaps his intellect is limited, but he is the best man in America. His order of battle for Germantown, we will admit privately, was not perfection. It was good on paper, but not over rough country. Divisions six or seven miles apart, connected only by couriers, cannot move in absolute harmony. There was confusion and disorder among the officers; yes, and drunkenness. Well, Germantown was lost. And yet, Johann, it was not. How do you account for that? The Continental Army remained the Continental Army. It picked itself up and survived to camp here. With Gates, that could not have occurred. The reason we are here, and that you still have a chance to distinguish yourself in the eyes of France, is General Washington.

"Regard Knyphausen," Von Steuben continued. "We both know him and respect him as a man, as a German and as a soldier. He is at present most comfortable in Philadelphia. He is warm, he has proper dinners and wine, and he has music. Knyphausen is part of a force that occupies the principal city of America, and it is very possible the cause he represents, the cause he was sold to—honorably, of course—will be successful. Now! We are not comfortable in any particular; we are frozen day and night; we have no dinners that even a self-respecting cook would prepare—mine left for Philadelphia the week I arrived—I content myself with apple brandy instead of better things, and there is no music but the fifes and drums.

"Now, Johann, would you exchange places with Knyphausen, in Philadelphia? Would you give up your connection with our humorous Continentals to command the Hessians? Would you rather be a part of the British forces, if they win, or lose with the Americans? But I don't want you to answer. It would be ridiculous, degrading even, to announce your choice. There is no honor to be had with Sir William Howe—only a soldier's duty to perform. Comfortable, you would be uncomfortable in Philadelphia. In the end, in any end, insignificant. Look, Johann, why do you suppose I am here? I am almost old and my life has been hard—continual battle. Remember that I was fourteen at the siege of Prague, and that after Prague and Rossbach—a year after—I was adjutant general. You'd think I'd have had enough war. I am rich, I have activities that are not military—among other things, a canonship of the Cathedral of Havelberg. It wasn't St.-Germain that, at heart, persuaded me to come to America. No, it was the feeling America had shown again—a spirit of liberty. I have no illusions about the obvious causes of the war with England. They are obvious. Lord Howe and Philadelphia are obvious. Something else is implied, like the spark struck by a dull flint and an insensate piece of steel."

"You haven't replied to my question," De Kalb told him. "Do you think General

Continued on Page 61,

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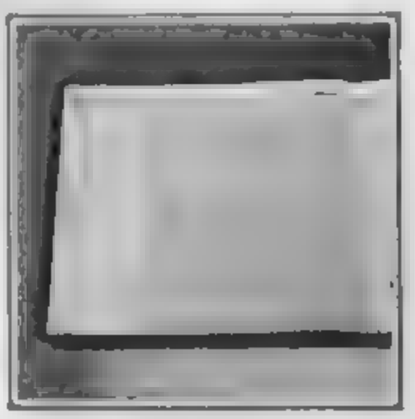

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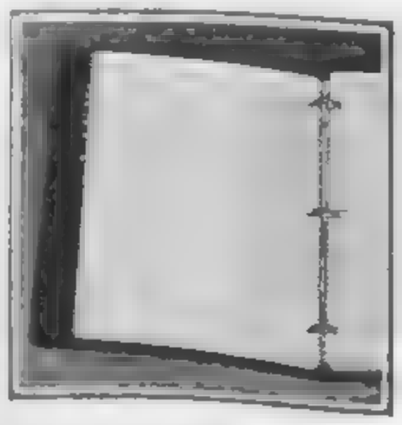

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(Continued from Page 58)

Washington's position is really precarious? Will he be removed from supreme command?"

Von Steuben said: "In other words, do I think it would be wise for you to cultivate Gates and Conway and Wilkinson? Had you better present your compliments to the Continental Congress? I do not. It would be fatal if you did."

De Kalb complained about his sense of humor. "You are never completely serious," he proceeded. "I am willing to believe that you are not insulting. My record, like your own, is open to the fullest inspection."

Von Steuben agreed: "No one will say that you are not a brave man. I am willing to add 'honest,' Johann. If there is any question, it is only one of ambition."

When De Kalb had gone, Von Steuben sat reading under a candle. At times the smoke from his pipe seriously obscured the tenuous light. The servant replenished the diminutive fire. The inspector general's hands were congested from cold. When he laid aside the pipe his breath was still visible in steady silver clouds. The star on his breast sparkled.

He wanted it understood by everybody, Gates said, and particularly by Mr. Lovell, that his attitude toward General Washington was not colored by personal ambition. "I am not, in other words, looking for advancement." James Lovell made no reply. Major General Thomas Conway and Brigadier General James Wilkinson said nothing. Their faces were studiously blank. General Conway's hut, identical with the Baron von Steuben's, was yet different in that it was completely warm; an orderly kept a large fire burning on the hearth in recognition of the presence of General Gates and the member of the Continental Congress from Massachusetts. The hut was bare, yet it was not austere; there was a small observable negligence in its details.

"I understand as well as anyone," Gates went on, "that in the case General Washington was retired I would probably—I might even say naturally—succeed to the command of the army. For that reason I am limited in the expression of an opinion. I am limited but not afraid of an opinion: General Washington is not by temperament an appropriate man to occupy his present position. I would rather say 'temperament' than 'attainments,' though I am willing to face those too.

"I am a Virginian and I know its habits and men. A long experience in armies has kept me a little outside it. My dear Mr. Lovell, a confirmed holder of negro slaves, a local despot, could not express the people and will of the Confederated States. As his power increased, he would only grow more despotic. That is the attitude, I will admit to you, of the War Board. The War Board, to be even plainer, would regard the success of General Washington with some concern. It would feel that his success must have a later unfortunate sequence—to the states."

"Hell!" Brigadier General Conway said impatiently. "General Washington is a weak man in action and a weak man in council. It's very pleasant to be considerate and politic, but it only confuses the issue. The issue is General Washington. He is dangerous and absurd at the same time—dangerous on account of the flattery about him, absurd because he is beginning to believe it. Look at the men who support him. What are they?"

"At the same time," Mr. Lovell commented, "I must acknowledge that I am disappointed in this evening. I came down from York with General Gates at considerable trouble to get some sense of the feeling in the army. It is, I think, important. I understood from General Gates there would be a consultation of field officers."

Wilkinson replied: "The men we hoped you'd see are all on tours of duty. There isn't so much, Mr. Lovell, that is tangible in the growing opposition to General Washington. It is more a thing in the air, like a gathering thunder."

Gates put in: "The whole situation can be measured by his surrender, without a struggle, of Philadelphia. That is why the members of Congress are uneasy about him. Philadelphia is immensely important in the public view. It is the most prominent city in the Confederation. I might say that our entire credit—and that would mean our success—depends on it. We need it for its resources and we need it for effect."

James Lovell inquired, "Could General Washington have held it with a larger part of the Army of the North?"

"That," Gates replied carefully, "is wholly problematic. I spoke of the attitude of the War Board toward General Washington. General Wilkinson will bear me out. If he were a different man, I have no doubt the entire situation here could be changed. The lack of facilities cannot be cured with General Washington in command."

"I ought to tell you," Lovell proceeded, "that in all probability a congressional investigation of the Valley Forge camp will be ordered. Mr. Thompson, the secretary, is insisting on it."

Gates declared he would welcome such a proceeding. Conway thought that, if possible, it should be stopped. Just now it would be inadvisable. Any committee that came to the encampment would see the wrong men. "Don't get it into your heads," he proceeded, "that General Washington is disliked in the Continental Army. His officers take care of that. And don't think that he isn't a practical man. He is at least shrewd. The truth is that a legend is being created about him. Already we have a sort of ideal to fight. If we are not careful we will all be lost in it. And, Mr. Lovell, General Gates is right about a success. If General Washington does win an important battle—as important, we'll say, as Saratoga—why——" It was evident he couldn't put a limit to the unfortunate consequences of that.

Wilkinson added: "Have you noticed that General Washington has never won a battle? He has never even been concerned in a victory. He was at Fort Necessity when it surrendered. He was defeated with Braddock. He planned the failure against Canada. He was beaten at the Brandywine and Germantown. He lost New York and then Philadelphia."

It was evident Mr. Lovell had been impressed. He poured out for himself a small measure of rum from a squat black bottle. "That has never been brought out in Congress," he said. "It is a point. . . . General Gates, the road to Lancaster will not grow shorter. What do you think? Is the escort ready?"

When James Lovell and Gates had gone, Conway near to filled his glass with rum. In the presence of no more than Wilkinson, he relaxed. "General Gates is all platonic about the command in chief. He doesn't want it for himself. The welfare of the states is what he's after. Well, he's a liar, like you—or me, if you like it better. There may be no states, James. Don't let that slip out of your calculations. Then we will all have to go back to France—in a hurry. Did you hear the general about the War Board? That's what is the matter with supplies—I mean, why there are none. If the Continental Army had clothes or food or horses, the War Board would fade out of existence.

"It wouldn't do, for example, to have General Washington in Philadelphia. The thing is to wait until spring, with General Gates in command, and then bring the whole Northern army down and crush Howe before he moves. That would have as good an effect on Europe. I'm in favor of it, James. You ought to agree, provided—always provided—you enjoy being a brigadier general.

"That reminds me, I forgot to speak about Greene. You'll have to do it. I guess you will have no trouble when you remember what he wrote about your promotion. If I am right, he called it an outrage." Wilkinson said that Greene's letter had already been laid upon the table. "What I want to see," Conway specified, "is Greene on the

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table. James, between you and me and the bottle of Medford rum, what do you think of Saint George from Virginia?"

James Wilkinson took a deep reflective drink. "I don't know," he admitted; "I don't know. He's a damned hard problem I'll ask you, general, what do you think of the chances of the states?"

"About one in six," Conway answered—"one chance in six of freedom." Wilkinson wondered audibly if the name of that chance were George Washington. "I wish I hadn't been persuaded to come back into this stinking army," Conway cried. "I was safe out of it, on my way to France. Lafayette as good as turned his back on me today. I only want justice, Wilkinson. I can't get it from General Washington, that's all. Now I'm in a conspiracy."

Brigadier General Wilkinson studied him with glimmering eyes.

The swift and impetuous voice falling on the sphere of its supreme command brought all other sound to an end:

Philadelphia! Philadelphia! There is too much talk about that orderly brick cemetery. I know that it is discussed in every branch of the army -the men in the line discuss it, the orderlies and aides speculate about it, the general officers wonder why Howe and not themselves are sitting in the City Tavern. The War Board addresses all its attention to Philadelphia, and Congress deliberates about nothing else. The farmers of Pennsylvania think it is the end and the reward of the rebellion. I am made to understand that Europe is waiting to see what I do about Philadelphia. Well, in the face of all that, I intend to do nothing. Exactly so much. No more. Nothing. I tell you a city is a place of foul humors, a place of secret treasons. There are rich and poor in a city, close together, and when that happens there is always disaffection. It would be difficult to know which was worse in Philadelphia—the rich or the venal poor. They are both opposed to everything we are promised to. The Pennsylvania of Philadelphia is opposed to us.

We have authority to forage it, but the forages have been no better than raids, for the certificates of purchase are torn up and thrown in our faces. No one here will honor our money. It is only good enough to pay Continental soldiers with. The state soldiers, the associators, are paid in gold—in sovereigns. The farmers send supplies into Philadelphia because Philadelphia pays for them in sovereigns. When we need food, the cattle are hidden in swamps; and when we need transport, the horses and wagons are driven into the woods. We are not popular—not, at least, with Philadelphia. A rich city, a city of rich and poor men, a city of men opposed to war. It is completely honest about that—it will not fight, it will not pay soldiers to fight, and especially it will not take its gold out of safe investment, English securities, and risk it on the side of freedom. The head of a king is on its money.

Everyone nearly is of the opinion that I should have held Philadelphia at any cost; now that I must retake it. I tell you Philadelphia or any other city is of no importance to me. For what are we promised to? I am reminded that the whole of Europe came to our support after the success at Saratoga, and that, to a point, is true; it gained us the attachment of the Emperor Frederick William. I am reminded that we cannot succeed without France, and that, within certain limits, is true. It is truer that we cannot succeed outside of ourselves. If we conquered Philadelphia, it would be good; if we tried and failed, it would be fatal. The chance is too great and not enough in our favor. The memory of nations is too short for dependence.

Doctor Franklin is in France; we can depend on him there and he must depend on us here. That is a simple relationship of integrity and responsibility. We will, I am certain, meet our obligation. We are meeting it every hour. I want you to realize that I am doing my utmost. I am not ignorant of the difficulty I am personally creating for you. With another commander—with General Gates, in short—there would be food and supplies and clothing. Probably, under General Gates, you would be in Philadelphia now. I asked for reënforcements to hold the country here, and Congress gave me twenty-five hundred men. Fourteen thousand were available.

Yes, you would have warm clothes and food and men, but it is my sacred opinion that you would be no better off -not as well. I say that, although it has a sound of arrogance. I am not, at heart, an arrogant man. I am a stiff man, a stubborn man, but I am not arrogant. I ask you to consider the success of the late campaign in the north. Consider General Gates. He is a monument of lead on a foundation of extraordinary nobility. The spirit of Herkimer and of Colonel John Stark. A monument with the words Oriskany and Bennington on it. Morgan's corps of riflemen. And then Congress, in love with the sweet odor of a title, gave the command to General Gates.

General Gates has been in my encampment today, on his way to the Committee of Safety at Lancaster, to meetings of the War Board and Congress. His attention here was confined to Major General Conway and Brigadier General James Wilkinson. I am not impressed with the military attainments of Brigadier General Wilkinson or with the candor of Major General Conway. They are too much like Philadelphia for my complete comfort—waiting on personal benefit. No one here is doing that. No one can say I am serving a personal end. It isn't enough to be above suspicion, but it is necessary to be above suspicion at Valley Forge. I am unable to say how things are regulated at Philadelphia. There is too much talk about it, and after this I am finished with it.

I will not attack Philadelphia through the winter; I will not meet Howe in a general engagement until the result is at least in the balance. If Lord Howe attacks me in force, we will fight and retreat and he will be welcome to the victory. We will wait and freeze and starve somewhere else. I tell you this is the lowest hour of the war and I tell you that I am not discouraged. It is natural for trouble and doubt to breed now. Remember that in the turn of a hand it can be gone. I am only interested, I am only concerned, in men's motives. I understand the motive of General Gates and the motive of his War Board and of Philadelphia. They are not important unless they are established; and they will never be established. I assure you of that at the lowest hour of our struggle, when, in the general view of men in power, I am discredited. You fight my battle and hide the bitterness of opposition from me, but I am fully conscious of it.

I know there are men of absolute honesty who think and write that I should retire in the interest of a whole good—if I retired there would be a complete harmony between the civil and the military forces—but in the interest of my conception of good I have no intention of surrendering to Philadelphia. There is a quality in this engagement that transcends common sense. There is a shape in it greater than a momentary convenience. Men oppose me because I am autocratic, they say, and because there must be no single figure of authority and power in the free states—a War Board and not a commander in chief, the people and not a government. No army can ever exist without a commander and no country can exist without delegated government. That is clear in the Continental Congress—it has no power to lay taxes or control the acts of the individuals bound by it; it cannot even regulate the elections and service of its members; it is helpless, within itself, to cross the boundary of a state. I have no belief in men who are afraid of authority or who refuse to admit human superiority.

For those reasons there will be no more talk of Philadelphia. We will remain, as

(Continued on Page 64)

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(Continued from Page 62)

many of us as possible, at Valley Forge until spring. The summer will see a different situation—a situation where Gates and Conway and Wilkinson will not be generals in command. If you will regard our position impersonally as military expediency, you will recognize that it is better than Sir William Howe's. Howe, who is a general of high ability, is in an unhappy state because he has not taken us. A growing opinion in England—the English Parliament—are demanding his removal, and it is not my plan to have Congress successfully act the part of Parliament; not with your lives and honor and with my responsibility.

The long table at the Indian Queen at which the officers of Sir William Howe's command frequently took supper was set in the taproom. On those occasions the taproom was forbidden to the public of Philadelphia, there was a guard at the door, and outside a constantly shifting gathering of aides and orderlies and dispatch riders. Sir William Howe, at the table head, was a man of size and dignified bearing; he dominated his brilliant uniform easily—it was only a detail in the visible fact of his importance. It was plain, in addition, that he had an affable and pleasant worldly temper.

Lord Cornwallis sat at his right, short and thickly made, with a strong face. Like Sir William Howe, he was agreeable, easy in speech. Howe was able, but, it was recognized, Cornwallis was abler, the most considerable officer England had in America. At the other end of the table was Charles Grey, with his aide, Captain John André, beside him, a dark and melancholy and notably graceful young man.

In addition, there were present Howe's brother, in charge of the British ships; Banastre Tarleton of the Light Dragoons, brigade major of British cavalry and the reverse of sad; Captain Richard Fitzpatrick in the Grenadier Guards; Lord Lindsay, who was drunker than reasonable and even more displeased than common; Montresor, commanding the sappers; Sir William Erskine; Richard Hovenden, captain of a Philadelphia and Tory detachment; and Joseph Galloway, the Tory and police magistrate of the city. There was a bank of candles down the length of the table, a great fire was burning on a wide hearth, and the light shone on scarlet and blue and canary colored cloth, gilt cords and burnished silver chains, on the sleeves of mess jackets heavy with the insignia of celebrated regiments and battles memorable in all the history of wars. The supper was at an end, the attention of the company was directed toward a better than satisfactory pale port, Old London Particular. The faces were flushed with food and heat and wine.

It was, however, a quiet occasion; the drinking was reflective; the things said were short and formal or awkward; there was a perceptible tension of shared and deep concern. Sir William Howe, putting away his glass, spoke with a sudden, raised voice.

"I have no doubt," he said, "that some of you know what has happened here and in England—I have been relieved of my command. Sir Henry Clinton will take my place." A complete silence met his announcement. "You probably know, too, that in December, when I was refused reenforcements, I wrote to the Secretary of State asking to be relieved. That has been agreed on."

Captain André murmured that it was a damned shame. "It is worse than that," Cornwallis corrected him; "it's a fatal mistake." Lindsay said he would be lucky to get out of the country, a land with inhabitants that couldn't be said to resemble human beings. Colonel Tarleton amended him: "I have had a very respectable time in Philadelphia. A city that merits a certain praise." Fitzpatrick uselessly explained that, in Tarleton's view, any city merited praise where there were pretty girls.

"The truth is," Sir William Howe went on, "that I am at once fortunate and unfortunate; I am discredited with my country and I am spared a hopeless effort."

Lord Lindsay said loudly and disagreeably, "Hopeless effort? What does that mean?" Cornwallis regarded him, frowning.

"It means," Howe replied curtly, "that in my opinion we cannot be successful in America -not eventually. I think General Washington's plan is clear and based on a quadrilateral, drawn from Newburg to Morristown, with West Point for a stand, from Trenton to Germantown, Chestnut Hill and the Perkiomen, and a retreat, if necessary, to the Virginia Valley. It would need twenty years to stamp the war out there. I am not speaking of the spirit of the people.

"Philadelphia, as we have all discovered, is not the people. To be quite candid, I could almost wish that General Washington held Philadelphia, instead of ourselves. It was a necessary part of our campaign, but it is nothing more. I am disappointed by the effect of taking it. The effect on the American people hasn't been large. It only upset the Continental Congress—the Rump! General Washington has been very frugal about it—wisely. Now that we have Philadelphia, the English people are dissatisfied because we haven't General Washington. It appears I should march out and annihilate him. Hah! Sir Henry Clinton must do that."

The door to the public way opened, an aide approached the table and spoke to General Charles Lee. "General Howe," Lee said, "General Knyphausen has sent in a deserter from the American Army his Hessians stopped at Bush Hill. He thinks he may be more valuable than most. Would it interest you? When would you care to see him?"

There was a small chance he would be interested, Sir William Howe replied; however, since General Knyphausen had been so kind, he would get done with it at once. A spontaneous laughter greeted the man who was led forward. A deserter from a dungheap, Lindsay asserted.

"What was your regiment?" Cornwallis demanded.

"Fourth Regiment Infantry, raised last January, under Lieutenant Colonel William Butler."

Why, Howe asked, had he deserted.

"Because it was just that—a dungheap But soon there won't be even dung left. The army is going to nothing. In under three weeks it lost two thousand men. Most left couldn't march—they have no clothes to march in. There is nothing to eat. We haven't even heard of the quartermaster's department. I doubt if there are ten thousand men left. Everybody is frozen, with no blankets, and they can't get wood because the horses are too starved to move it."

Someone asked, "Your name?" It was Galtry—Leeson Galtry.

"That will do," Sir William Howe said impatiently. "We know that. Get out and don't be overcome by the glory of serving in the English cause. If you are identified in any arm of the service, you will be shot."

Galtry was both shaken by the reception of his information and defiant. "What I told you ought to be valuable," he insisted. "It's the state of things at Valley Forge. There is a lot of talk, too, about General Washington—he is a bad general and General Gates is to get the command."

Sir William Howe turned with a complete surrender of indifference. "General Washington is a bad general," he repeated. "Gates is to have his command! If that is true," he said to Cornwallis, when Galtry had been withdrawn, "perhaps I was wrong. We may be successful." He recovered his glass and gazed silently down in it. His face was somber.

Joseph Galloway asserted that, given time, the Americans would infallibly destroy themselves. Lord Cornwallis stared at him arrogantly.

André said negligently, "I can't make out what, but there is something wrong about an American Tory."

After a little, Howe interrupted a stillness that had been broken only by the rush of flame in the chimney. "First me and then Washington." He drank. "Incredible in his case," he added aloud, but palpably only to himself. "Is there no decency in life?" he cried. "Allow no more wood on the fire. The room is a hell now."

The cold was decreasing. The sharpness of winter in the brick streets was dulled. Beyond Philadelphia a thin fog clung to the snow, blurring the ridges of ice. The stars lost their frozen clarity; they grew larger, it appeared, dimmer and more indefinite. The fog rose and increased. It was perceptible in the lanes between the huts of the Valley Forge encampment. The picket on guard at Sullivan's unfinished bridge felt vaguely released from an iron rigor. Its individuals believed that it was warmer. Captain Ephrim Benezet, on a thin and uncovered tick of straw, fell deeply asleep. It was three o'clock, and Baron von Steuben's servant woke him. The baron got up sharply, all his faculties gathered and alert. In the candlelight he was thin and gaunt, an aging man. There was a sound of breaking sheaths of ice from the limbs of trees left standing.

THE BLOWHARD

(Continued from Page 15)

What I say is, if a thing has got to be done, do it right away, not tomorrow nor next week nor as soon as you can get around to it. . . . You're right about them range cattle, ma'am."

"She is," says Bingham. "She's like you—right about everything and she was right when she said I didn't need no help; so, thanking you kindly for giving me a chance of hiring you, I'll tell you right now—not tomorrow nor next week—that you can climb your horse and ride plumb straight to—back to town. If I was in the market for conversation and liked the kind you put out, it 'ud be another pair of britches; but I ain't, and I don't."

"Don't go, young man," says Mis' Bingham. "Paw, you're acting redic'lous. Pauline and me haven't heard nothing else from you since Henry quit but how work was piling up on you and you couldn't get help for love nor money, and now when it comes right up to your door you get on your ear about somethin' and turn it down. I want you to hire this young man and you don't need to start arguing about it." She turned to Solly. "Where's your belongings, young man?"

So Solly was hired. Jake tried to stave him off by asking for references, and Solly gave 'em, prompt and plenty—to preachers and bankers and merchants. "But by the time you've wrote to Missouri and maybe got your letters returned by the postmaster, account of there not being no such persons, I might have lit out with your wallet and Mis' Bingham's cookstove," Solly told him. "If you ain't had experience enough, mixing with your fellow man for fifty or sixty years, so's you can size a person up whether he's honest and trustworthy or not, references ain't a-going to help you a heap," he says. "Don't you worry about me," says he. "I don't know what references the other men that worked for you gave—from President Hayes and Queen Victoria and Henry Ward Beecher, maybe—but whether or no,

(Continued on Page 67)

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KPO–KGO *San Francisco*
KFOA–KOMO *Seattle*
KFI *Los Angeles*
KGW *Portland*

The air is full of things you shouldn't miss

(Continued from Page 64)

you never hired a better man than me; nor as good, prob'ly. I ain't telling you that to brag, but to set your mind at rest until you find out that it's so."

"My gosh!" says Jake.

"What say?" Solly asked him.

"I said my gosh," Jake told him. "Just my gosh!"

He said a heap more'n that when he got to the barn, but there wasn't nobody there but the old cat, and she up and carried her kittens off to the tool shed, out of hearing, so there wasn't no harm done. When he went back to the house for dinner, he come mighty near breaking out again. Mis' Bingham and their niece, Pauline Grissing, who was living with them, had got something new to talk about and was making the most of it. Pauline was about eighteen at that time—a fine, strapping, corn-fed girl as you ever seen, but not so much for looks, excusing of her figure, and that was maybe a mite oversize, maybe. But she sure looked good and healthy and 's if her victuals agreed with her, and she was a mighty easy disposition.

Another thing about Pauline, she was real bashful and shy, specially with strangers, which was how come she hadn't showed herself enduring the debate. She'd heard the most of it, though, and she'd got a glimpse of Solly from behind the setting-room window blind. Most of the hired men her uncle had had wasn't under thirty-five or forty, and bow-legged or hump-shouldered or something, and them as didn't chew plug tobacco chewed fine-cut and didn't seem to care a continental who knowed it. Pauline was sure excited.

"Please the pigs, I'll get that well curb fixed now," Mis' Bingham was a-saying when Jake come in.

"I hope he'll fall down the well and break his darned neck and drownd hisself," says Jake.

"Why, uncle," says Pauline. "What a turrble thing to say, even though you don't mean it!"

"Of course I was just joking," says Jake. "If he broke his neck, there wouldn't be no need of him drownding—unless it was to make sure."

"To save my life, I can't see why you're so set against that young man," says Mis' Bingham—"only that he looks decent and talks sense. But I spose that ought to be enough for you."

Jake had started to spear a tater, but he stopped with his fork halfway to the bowl and looked at her.

"That's what I said, and I'll say it again if you want," she says, holding his eye ca'm and steady. "And I'll say something else: You want to treat that young man decent or there's a-going to be family troubles in this happy home of ours—you can just bet on that."

"I reckon a man had ought to be let to speak," says Jake, weakening and getting his tater.

"Well, speak up," says his wife. "I'm listening. And when you get through, maybe I'll have a word or two to say myself."

"I've said all I want," he says.

"That's good," says she.

"I wonder if he'll be back this evening," says Pauline. "I reckon I'd better redd up his room, in case. That window needs clean curtains, Aunt Annabel. They're real grimy, the ones that's up, and tore too."

"I know it," says Mis' Bingham. "And I'm ashamed of that bedtick. You can take them pillow shams that you ironed yesterday out of the bottom bureau drawer and you can bring down that old broken chair and I'll have your uncle take it out to the barn; we can take up the little brown rocker in the setting room in place of it; there's more chairs there than we need. . . . What did you say, Jacob?"

"Nothing," he says.

"You did, too!" she told him. "All is, if you're a-going to curse and swear ——"

"I just said gosh," says Jake—"my gosh! If a man can't say that ——"

"That's all he said, Aunt Annabel," says Pauline, lying for the sake of peace. "He burned his fingers, peeling his tater. I had ought to have mashed 'em. I will for supper."

"You're a good gal," says Jake, and she certainly was. She knew that he liked mashed taters, the way she mashed 'em—whipping 'em smooth with a fork, not too mushy and not stenting the butter or forgetting the salt.

"And I might make a choc'late layer cake, being it's sort of like company," she s'gests to her aunt. "Still, he couldn't hardly get here for supper, could he?"

But Solly was there in plenty of time for the milking, before supper was on the table. Ed Kent drove him over in his buckboard, with a big valise and a small trunk, and Ed always got the limit of speed out of any team he drove. While Solly was packing his trunk upstairs to his room, Jake come up in time to open the gate as Ed drove out.

"Well," says Ed, "I c'ngratulate you on your good luck, Jake."

"What do you mean—good luck?" Jake ast him.

"A-getting Handsome Solly," says Ed, jerking his thumb at the house. "The biggest kind of luck," he says. "That boy's a living wonder, Jake. In the years to come, folks'll travel miles to get you to tell 'em about the time you had Solomon Twinney a-working for you. They'll have your pitcher in the papers and another pitcher of the house, with an arrow pointing to the window of the room where the Hon'rable Solomon used to sleep."

"Like hell they will!" says Jake. "Say, what do you know about him, Ed?"

"Not a living thing, only what he told me," Ed replies. "No need o' me repeating it; he'll tell you himself, unless you gag him."

In the house, Solly was just a-getting his knock-down to Pauline. He certainly did have elegant manners, and his bow and scrape was prob'ly unequaled in the territory, and as cool and smiling as you please, like he was used to s'ciety, while Pauline was a-blushing as red as a poppy and couldn't skassly get out a straight word.

"We didn't hardly think you'd get here afore tomorrow morning," says Mis' Bingham.

"Well, ma'am, I didn't aim to lose no time," Solly makes answer. "I don't never let no grass grow under my feet when there's work to be done. Some thinks that's the time to linger and pick flowers by the wayside, but that ain't me; so if you ladies will kindly excuse me, I'll go see what assistance I can render to Mr. Bingham."

Not letting no grass grow under his feet, he went out to where Jake was. "Do you want I should milk?" he asts. "I see you've got the cows up and they seem to be a-complaining about the delay. In a day or two, I reckon I'll be able to go ahead and do without pestering you to tell me what."

"Can you milk?" Jake asts him.

Solly smiled, sort of pitying. "Extracting the lacteal fluid from female bovines with rapidity and celeriousness is one of the things where I shine," he says. "I p'sume the pails is at the house. I'll go get 'em." He hustled off and was back in something less than no time with the pails, and him and Jake went to the corral where the four cows was a-waiting and Jake pointed out an old white one and told him to start on her and he'd 'tend to the rest. Solly ast him how come she'd lost her horn, and Jake made answer that she'd knocked it against a milking stool that he happened to have in his hand one morning.

Solly picked up a stool and walked up to the cow. "So, boss—so, boss," he says to her, soft and soothing. She stopped chewing her cud and turned her head and looked at him a moment, sort of thoughtful and considering, and then went on chewing again. He passed his hand, gentle and caressing, along her flank and then sat down and commenced operations. Jake stood close by, grinning all over his face.

Solly hadn't exaggerated none when he intimated that he could milk. It come in a double stream into the pail like it had a pressure of ninety pounds to the square inch and begun to mount up in the pail as if it was being let out of a fasset, and Whitey stood as still as the rock of Gibraltar—all but her tail, and she moved that 's if she was trying to be careful and not brush the nice young man instead of the flies. Still Jake was grinning. In a minute or two he seen the foam of the milk clost up to the rim of the pail, and then, all of a sudden, Solly left the stool with a backward jump of about three foot.

It was so dog-gone quick that you couldn't hardly tell what had happened. All you reely seen was Solly, standing upright, with the pail in his hand and not a drop spilled, and the old cow a-walking off and a-trying not to look foolish and disappointed. Solly smiled at her and carried the pail to a corner of the corral and set it down and picked up another one.

"If that kick had landed," he says to Jake, "you'd have lost nigh onto three gallons of good milk and prob'ly had to pay a doctor for setting some of my ribs or maybe a broken leg."

"Gosh! You moved quick!" says Jake. "You was certainly celerious." He begun to laugh. He couldn't help it.

"I was expecting of it," says Solly. "I was too smart for her. She's the spit of an old cow we had at home. The old skeezicks would always wait until you was just about through, as pretty as you please, and then she'd haul off and the person that was a-milking her would find himself on the flat of his back about ten foot away, with the milk pail on his chest and lucky if he hadn't got no bones broke. That cow didn't have no horns left at all. But you can't break that cow of kicking by lamming her over the head with a stool, Mr. Bingham. That only makes her worse. You leave her to me and let me handle her."

There was mashed taters for supper that evening and there was hot biscuit—which wasn't usual altogether—and there was the choc'late layer cake, one of the best Pauline had ever baked and which went licking good with Mis' Bingham's wild plum preserves. Solly et real hearty, but he was kind of nice about the way he handled his victuals, which Jake knowed would be throwed up to him sooner or later. When Jake et roastin' ears, he most generally got a considerable of the butter and pepper on his own, and he made a two-handed job of it—things like that. Solly, he broke his cobs in two and used three fingers, and when he got through you couldn't have told what he'd been eating. Hows'ever, when he got through, he ast Jake if he couldn't have a lantern to hunt him up a few boards, and where was the saw and the hammer and nails kept.

"I aim to fix that well curb, if there ain't no objections," he says.

"There's another day tomorrow that ain't been touched yet," says Jake. "Where's my slippers, maw?"

"And there's a heap of other work for tomorrow that ain't been touched," says Solly.

"I'll just call that bluff," says Jake; and he got up and lit a lantern and told him where he'd prob'ly find some boards and the tools, and Solly went out. Mis' Bingham said that was what she called a rustler and Jake made some remarks about new brooms. Pauline said it was a shame him going out there.

Pretty soon they heard the saw a-going in the barn, and going lively, and by the time the women had got the dishes done and out of the way, here comes the lad with the cut boards and dumps 'em by the well. Mis' Bingham called to him and told him he'd better quit, but he said this was play for him and it wouldn't take him long now nohow.

Then he went to hammering and Mis' Bingham went back to the setting room, where Jake was reading the Blue-blanket paper, and begun to talk to him.

Pauline, she stayed in the kitchen to knead up a batch of dough to set to rise for

(Continued on Page 69)

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SPARTON RADIO

"The Pathfinder of the Air"

142

(Continued from Page 67)

the morning's baking, and when she got through with that she looked out of the screen door and watched Solly a-working. Seemed to her he was worth watching, the way he moved and the way the light from the lantern fell on his curly head. But she was awful skeered that he might make a misstep and fall down the well, with one side of the curb tore down like it was. Every time he went near it she could hardly keep from hollering and her heart beat so that it seemed like she couldn't breathe. Finally she couldn't stand it no longer and she opened the door and stepped out. She hated to do it too. It seemed mighty bold for a girl to do, but she didn't want to see him pulled up out of the well by the bucket rope with water a-streaming from his haid and his face white and cold in death and his nice blue eyes staring wide at nothing—and maybe his neck broke into the bargain.

"Mr. Twinney," she says, kind of quavering

Solly straightened up and peered at the white patch on the darkness which was her. "It's Miss Grissing, ain't it?" he says. "What was it, ma'am?"

"I wish't," she says—"I wish't you'd quit and come into the house—if -if you'd just as soon, please. Aunt Annabel thinks—it ain't safe. You might fall in."

Solly laughed. "I ain't that awkward," he says, and went on a-hammering. Then he says, "This ain't nothing for me," and drove another nail. Pauline stood a-watching him and trying to think what she'd say next. After a minute or two he looked up again and saw her. "Being as you're here, would you be so kind as to hold the end of just this one board for me while I nail it? Once I've got that in place, I can handle the rest easy."

She stepped forward, a-trembling and with her face burning; but Solly didn't notice that. It might have been old Jake that held the board. As it was, Jake wasn't far off and the nail wasn't skassly started when he hollered from the kitchen door: "That you out there, Pauline? You come right into the house. Fine doings, by gosh!"

"All right," says Solly. "I don't need you no longer, and thank you kindly, Miss Grissing." He put another board into place. Pauline hadn't waited for his kind thanks. She made a sort of funny noise with her mouth and ran into the house, breshing by her uncle and scooting upstairs. Jake heard her bedroom door slam and the key snap in the lock, and went back to the setting room and told his wife about the awful doings.

"Of all the lunkheads, you beat the world!" says Mis' Bingham.

"Going out there after dark and working with that flibbertigibbet? A nice thing! Holding up a board for him!"

"When I married you," says his wife, "I thought to myself that if I took time and pains to it, I might be able to teach you a little sense. I've taken enough of both, goodness knows, in all these years, and yet you ca'mly come to me and say a thing like that!"

"You mean to say that I was weak-minded when I married you?" says Jake. "Well, mebbe so, mebbe so."

"Hasn't he been a-hammering steady ever since I was talking to him?" she ast him. "And now you've broke that poor girl's heart and goodness knows what. 'S if it was a crime to hold a board up at one end to help a man that was doing you a favor, and with a lantern burning bright and all. And 'flibbertigibbet' is the best thanks you've got for him. . . . There! Now he's stopped and he's a-going to the barn to put his tools away. If it had been you, they'd have been left lying for me to pick up and —— What did you say? I spose you just said gosh."

"I'll say a heap more'n that if you don't let up on me and let me read my paper," says Jake; and when he said things like that in that way, Mis' Bingham most generally let up, reco'nizing that he had his limits and metes and bounds. So she didn't say no more just then, and in a minute Solly come in and told 'em that he'd finished his job.

"Sometime I'll put up a lattice on the three sides to make it look more sightly," he says. "You could train some honeysuckle to run over it then."

"That would certainly be lovely," says Mis' Bingham; "and Jake and me are certainly a heap obliged to you. Set down, and smoke if you want to. A little more in the room won't make much difference."

"I thank you kindly, ma'am, but I ain't got no bad habits," says Solly.

"Got any good ones?" Jake asts him, looking at him mighty ugly over the tops of his specs.

"A-plenty," says Solly. "I sleep with my window open, winter and summer, and I brush my teeth and shave regular, and lots of other things—like thinking before I speak and doing things right away—that's got to be second nature with me. But I don't drink nor swear nor use tobacco in any form, way, shape or manner. It's bad for the health and bad for the temper, and it makes a heap of work for the womenfolks."

"I'll tell you one bad habit you've got," says Jake.

"You won't do nothing of the kind," his wife told him. "You'll keep in mind what I told you at dinner today."

"Just as you say; I ain't hunting trouble," Jake answers.

"One habit I've got is going to bed at nine o'clock sharp, and it's five minutes of now," Solly remarks. "So, if you'll excuse me and ain't no objection ——"

"Not an objection in the world," says Jake. "Good night and pleasant dreams."

But it wasn't more'n a few weeks before Jake begun to believe that he had been in luck, after all, getting Solly. It wasn't only that he got mashed taters and pie and hot biscuit and such right along, but things was a-running as slick as grease on the place, without much trouble or pains, as far as he was concerned. Solly was certainly good, and he was willing and full of ginger.

Hours didn't make no difference to him. He'd get up in the morning bright and early and keep a-going all day as long as there was light to see; and more'n once since the well curb, he'd take a lantern and go out to the barn and sharp a hoe or something for the next day. Just so long as he could get to bed by nine sharp, he was satisfied; and he planned out the work, too, and done it in a way that showed he did have a heap of sense about some things. Furthermore, Jake didn't have to listen to him all the time.

As for the women, they wasn't never weary clacking and bragging about Solly. Mis' Bingham done it right to his face, and Solly wasn't the lad to discourage her. He sure liked taffy. Pauline, she never had nothing to say when he was around, to him or about him; but when she and her aunt was by themselves Solly wasn't never off her tongue, and her cooking that she done spoke louder than words.

One time Jake come into the house unexpected and found her a-darning a pair of Mr. Twinney's socks. He wouldn't have thought nothing of that, but it was the way she jammed 'em down into the bottom of her sewing basket that made him sort of suspicious for a while.

But it didn't take him long to see that there wasn't nothing to worry about. Solly paid a heap more attention to the cat than he did to Pauline. He was pleasant and polite as a basket of chips to her, but he wasn't interested. As for her, ever since the morning when she come down to get breakfast with her nose red and her face puffed up around the eyes—the time she'd got called into the house—she'd kept away from Mr. Twinney. Seemed like she took pains to. Her feelings was sure hurt that night. All the same, when Jake started to my-goshing about Solly's blowing about himself the way he done, Pauline spoke up mighty spunky.

"He's got something to blow about, and that's more'n some folks can say," she told

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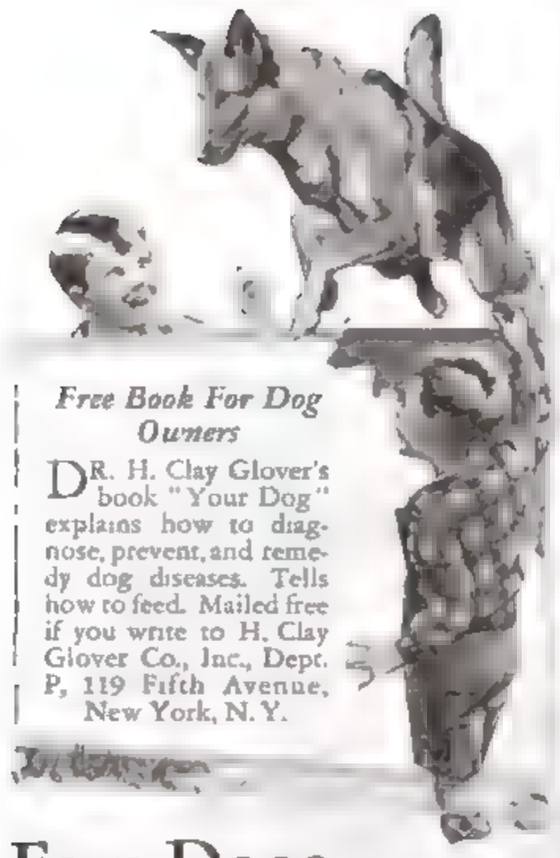

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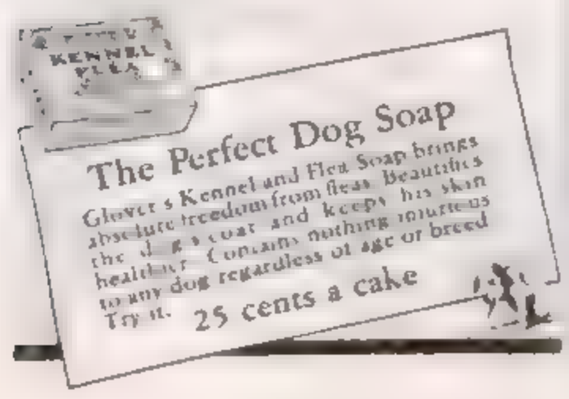
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the old man, and it might have been his wife talking to him. He'd been expecting sympathy, and here she was a-looking at him like she'd just as soon slapped his face as not, and the color up in her cheeks.

"Why, honey, you ain't mad at me, are you?" says her uncle. "I was only joking."

"A mighty poor way to joke," she says, and tears come into her eyes. "I wisht he'd never come here," she says.

"Me too," says Jake, brightening up. "I'd have sent him about his business if it hadn't been for your aunt."

"A mighty good thing for you that you didn't," she says, switching around again. "He's earning what you pay him ten times over, and you know it. But seems like he brought trouble with him, with you everlastingly kicking and sneering and backcapping him and quarreling with aunt about him. And now you start belittling him to me, and I ain't going to stand it, Uncle Jake. I've got trouble enough."

She wiped her eyes on her apron, and Jake reached out and patted her plump shoulder, but she struck it away and bounced out of the room. Jake told his wife about it that night. "The first time she ever gave me sass," he says. "And you know as well as I do that he does blow."

"Very well," says Mis' Bingham, "I reckon you'd better let him go. I'm not a-going to say another word. Pay him his wages and tell him that you don't need him no more."

"But I do need him," says Jake.

"Then stop your beefing," she snapped. "No wonder Pauline sassed you. We're both sick and tired of your faultfinding."

"I ain't got no fault to find with him," says Jake, "only for his blowing and his primping, primping all the time—shaving and combing his hair and washing himself. All the guys call him Handsome Solly right to his face and he don't seem noways ashamed of it. In town, the last time we was there —— But I ain't a-going to say nothing more." And he did hold in mighty well after that. Only oncet in a while he'd make a remark or two where the women couldn't hear him.

Along in the fall Jake traded for a couple of good-looking young horses that a fellow had drove up from Texas with quite a bunch. They wasn't broke nor handled and they had trouble getting them into the corral. Jake ast Solly to take the old nag they had for a saddler and ride over to the Bar-T and see if he couldn't get Joe Greenway to come and break 'em.

"No need o' that," says Solly. "I'll break 'em myself and save you ten dollars apiece on 'em. I got a knack, handling horses—or any kind of stock, for the matter of that. I know horse nature."

"Solly," says Jake, "is there any doggone thing on earth that you can't do and don't know better'n anybody else?"

"Well," says Solly, "I don't know nothing about navigation. If I was to try to sail a ship from here to Yokohama or Constantinople, I'd be all at sea, more ways than one, as you might say. But I'm mighty quick to learn. The trouble is to get time for everything."

"Solly," says Jake—they'd all got to calling him Solly by that time—"Solly, what for did you leave Missouri?"

Solly kind of hesitated. "Well," he says at last, "I wasn't treated right—not the way I ought to been treated. I wasn't appreciated in Fairfax, where I was. I left the farm, first off, because my pappy wouldn't let me run the place like I knowed it ought to be run, and I hated to stay and watch the way he done. That's one thing about you that makes me like it here. You reelize that I know more about the ranch than what you do and you let me go ahead. I didn't feel you appreciated me at first, but I knowed that Mis' Bingham did. She treated me right. Well, I broke old Whitey of kicking, didn't I? I'll break them horses, too, give me time."

"Go ahead," says Jake. "A horse ain't a cow, but you know about that better'n what I do."

He mentioned that Solly was a-going to break them broncs when they sat down to dinner. Pauline reached out, somehow, and knocked over the pitcher of buttermilk and it give her such a scare that her face was whiter'n the buttermilk was. After dinner, Jake stretched out under the tree in the yard for the forty winks that he 'most always took, and Solly went to the barn to see if he couldn't scare up a few staples to mend a gap in the chicken-yard fence. He found 'em finally and was a-coming out of the barn when he almost run into Pauline and was a-passing her with a nod and a kind smile, as usual, when she stopped him.

"You ain't a-going to try to break them horses, are you, Solly?" she asked him, sort of pitiful.

Solly was a heap surprised—at the way she looked and the way she spoke, as well as what she said. "Why, no," he answers. "I'm a-going to break 'em without half trying."

"Will you do me a favor? I ain't never ast you to do anything for me yet, but I want you shouldn't try nor half try. Let Joe Greenway do it; it's his business, and if he wants to risk his neck any time for ten dollars, it's his neck. Not that I've got anything against Joe. But Uncle Jake can afford to pay him, and—and Aunt Annabel thinks you hadn't ought to run risks like that."

"She didn't say so," says Solly—"I mean, to me. I reckon you ain't got a heap of confidence in me, have you?" He took a good look at her for about the first time. She was sure a nice girl—and plenty of her. Looked like a nice big fat baby with her lip a-trembling and what looked like tears in her eyes—a baby that somebody'd took her doll away from her. He had a kind of a feeling that he'd like to buy her a new doll better'n the one she'd lost.

"I've got a heap of confidence in you, but I ain't got none whats'ever in them horses," she says. "When I was a little girl I seen a man try to break a horse. The horse reared up and fell back on him. I—I won't never forget it. He ——" She shuddered. "Oh, please don't!"

"Why, it's like this," says Solly. . . . "Say, wouldn't you just as soon step over to the chicken yard? If I don't fix that gap afore we go out to the field, that old speckled hen'll be leading another procession through it and you and your aunt'll have another time getting her back. The only way you'll ever make that hen good is with b'iling water and seasoning and flour thick'ning, and some of your elegant dumplings."

She give a little snort of a laugh at that and went with him.

"It's like this," says Solly, setting down the pail of staples and pulling the netting over to the post: "I don't aim to reely break them horses. I'm a-going to take my time and bend 'em gentle, so's they'll stay bent the way I want. Joe Greenway's just a bronco buster; but that ain't me. When I fork them animals, they'll like it, and there won't be no bucking nor falling back. You'll be able to ride 'em as well as I'll be."

"Oh!" says Pauline, with a little sigh.

"Brains and kindness," Solly goes on, driving a staple. "Might I trouble you to hand me another one of them? . . . Brains and kindness. A bronco buster don't use neither one. . . . Thank you. . . . And now another, please. I'll have this done in no time, with you a-helping me. . . . Yes, I've got brains and I hate inflicting of pain."

"Do you?" Pauline ast him.

"I wouldn't tread on a worm, intentional," he says. "I'll take another staple."

"Aunt Annabel was a-wondering the other day whether you didn't have a girl back in Missouri," Pauline says. She blushed when she said it, as she well might, but Solly was too busy to take notice.

"Shucks, no!" he says. "I ain't never yet seen the girl I'd give a snap of my fingers for. . . . I'll have to pull that out; I bent it and it won't hold. . . . Not that I ain't fond of female s'ciety," he says. "Your aunt—and you too. But I ain't no time for foolishness. Maybe I may run acrost one sometime that'll make me change my mind, but she'll have to be a humdinger."

"She'll have to be pretty, I spose," says she.

"Sure!" Solly replies. "I just naturally love anything that's beautiful. You seen them pitchers of mine a-hanging in my room? Well, that one of the lady a-setting on the stone bench with a basket of flowers beside her—that there is about my idee of beauty in a female. . . . There, I reckon that old hen will have to do some high flying if she gets out of here now."

Old Jake had got through his cat nap and went to the kitchen and found Mis' Bingham there alone, washing the dishes. "Where's Pauline?" he ast her.

"Look out of the window over by the chicken yard," says she. "And don't start to hollering and yelling. I want to talk to you, Jake, so set down, and when I get through I want you to do something—if you can do it without putting your foot in it."

Jake come out a-grumbling, but that afternoon when him and Solly was getting in a load of corn, he went back to what they was talking about in the morning. "You say that Mis' Bingham has always treated you right," he says. "How about Pauline? Ain't she treated you right? Seems to me like she had. Seems like to me she does a heap of things for you, one way'r another."

"Sure she has," Solly admits. "I ain't no complaint to make of Pauline, but quite the contrary."

"Well," says the old man, "such being so, don't you reckon it wouldn't be no more'n fair for you to do something for her oncet in a while? Here you've been a taking in dances and sociables and what not, and you ain't never ast her one time to go along. I'm getting kind of stiff in the j'ints, myself, and you know how Mis' Bingham is for staying right to home; but Pauline's young and it ain't right she shouldn't have a little pastime.

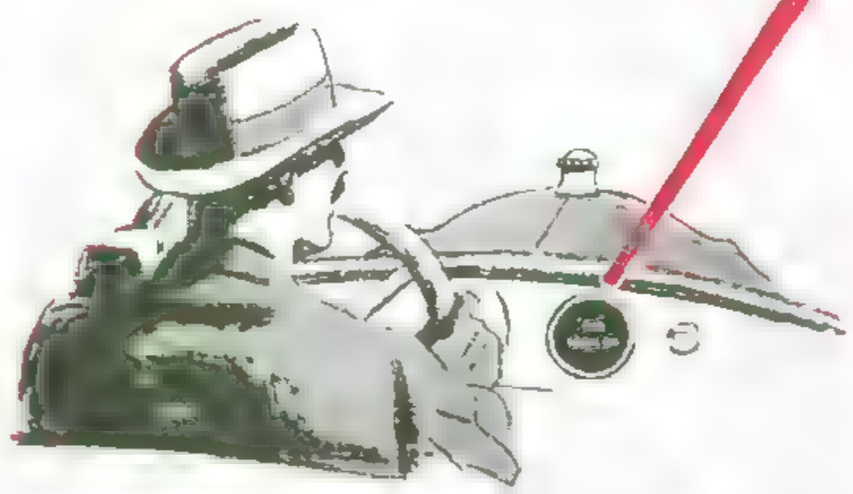
"Maybe I've been a little brash, running off two-three young roosters that come shining around her. The boys has got kind of leery of me, I reckon. But I been a-thinking it over. I don't know as she'd want to go, but it wouldn't do no harm for you to ast her. I think she'd appreciate it—although I don't know. Anyway, once she got started and showed herself, there'd be a-plenty of young bucks a-fighting to get the chance to beau her, a fine girl like Pauline, with the figger she's got and all. I'd hate to have her think that I was a-horning in; but it come to me today that she might think you was a-slighting her, and I know such wasn't your intentions."

"There might be something in that," says Solly. "Sure, I'd be willing to take her. I'd just as soon as not, and I wouldn't want her to think that I was slighting her. All is, I'd have to fix up that old buggy of yours. She prob'ly wouldn't want to go in this here wagon, and there ain't but the one horse to ride. Well, I'll ask her, anyway. There's a-going to be a dance over in the new schoolhouse in Red Canyon next Tuesday that's a-going to be something extry. Jim Hudnut is a-giving it. He's got some of his wife's relations from Sioux City a-stopping with him and he's a-going to show 'em what we can do out here. I'll ask her."

About that time Mis' Bingham was a-telling Pauline that she was foolish, and it was just that some men liked to take their time and not be rushed and wasn't so up and a-coming as others and needed encouragement. "And that's where you fall down, my dear," she says. "You don't have a word to say to him akassly, and if he comes around where you are you get scared and make a break for me or your uncle. You don't give the boy a chance. When I seen you go out and speak to him, I says to myself, 'Well, she's getting a little sense at last!'"

(Continued on Page 73)

Your Speedometer talks



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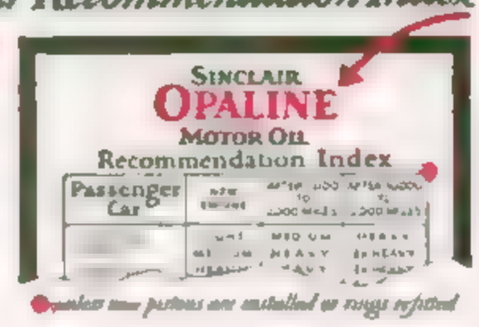

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The NEW National MAZDA LAMP

(Continued from Page 70)

"It didn't do no good," says Pauline, real sad. "I ain't beautiful. I'm too fleshy. I'm just a baby elephant—that's what he thinks. He told me that pitcher of the lady in his room was his idee of the way a girl ought to look and she's as thin as a lath. Aunt Annabel, do you reckon drinking vinegar would make me thin?"

"It ruins your stummick and that's all it will do," says her aunt. "You stay the way the Lord made you. My land! You ain't fleshy. You ought to see a real fleshy person. I'd say you was just right, and so would any man. If you think they like scragginess, you're mistaken; they like dimples, and you've got some of the prettiest dimples I ever seen, and there ain't one girl in a thousand has got your skin and complexion."

"It's no use," Pauline sighs. "He won't look at me."

"Give him time," says Mis' Bingham. "Don't be afraid of him."

"Look at my nose," she says.

"I'm looking at it. There ain't nothing wrong with it, as I can see. The only thing, you do need a new corset, and I'm a-going to get you a real stylish one when I go into town on Saturday. Now you go bathe your eyes and don't be silly. Everything is a-going to come out all right."

Pauline went off a little chirked up, and sure enough at supper Solly ast her if she wouldn't like to go to the dance at Red Canyon. "If you'd like to go, I could fix up the buggy and take you along just as well as not," he says.

Pauline told her aunt afterward that for a moment she thought she was going to faint. "Oh!" she says, and her eyes was as big as dollars and as bright as stars. She looked at Mis' Bingham and Mis' Bingham nodded, 's much as to say, "Didn't I tell you?" "Will you go, Aunt Annabel?" she asks

"Not me," says her aunt, frowning at her. "My dancing days is over, and I ain't got a thing fit to wear. Anyway, there wouldn't be no room in the buggy, and two's comp'ny and three's a crowd. Another thing, I ain't been invited, and if I was, you couldn't hire me to asept, out in the night air with my neuralgia and all."

"Looks like to me that you wasn't going," says Jake. "But you want to go, don't you, Pauline?"

Pauline blushed, as usual. "I'd hate to trouble Mr.—Solly," she says, "fixing the buggy and all."

"He'll be tickled to death to fix the buggy," says Jake. "And it wo..'t be no trouble at all; it'll be a pleasure, won't it, Solly?" He kicked Solly's shin bone under the table.

"Sure!" Solly answers. "Excuse me, I was a-thinking of something," he says. "Yes, I'd just as lieve. No trouble whats'ever. . . . Thank you, ma'am, I've had an elegant sufficiency and more would be a superfluity. I don't hold with eating too much. That's one thing that gives me the ambition I've got and able to keep on the go when most folks would be all tuckered out afore they done half of what I do. I got control of my appetite and I don't make a hog of myself just because something tastes good to me."

Well, for the next few days afore Tuesday the meals didn't offer no special temptation, the women being right busy cutting and sewing and basting. Pauline went around the house as happy as a clam, singing Sweet Beulah Land and other selections the way she'd always done when feeling right good. It was a surprise to Solly when he first heard her singing. She quit when she heard him come in the house, but he told her to go right on.

"You've certainly got a real powerful voice," he told her. "I wouldn't never have thought it."

Another thing, he hadn't never heard her a-laughing—only a little giggle now and then; but this was a free, hearty, honest-to-goodness, outright laugh. He poked his head into the kitchen where Mis' Bingham and her was a-working and asked what the joke was, and Pauline, with the laugh still in her eyes and a-bubbling in her voice, told him that it wasn't none of his business, and if he didn't clear out of the kitchen she'd tie a dish towel to his coat tail. So he naturally stayed, and two-three times he noticed them dimples her aunt had mentioned and that her teeth was as white as any he'd ever seen when she smiled broad enough to show 'em.

But the biggest surprise he got was the night of the dance, when he drove around to the front door with the buggy and she showed herself in her new white dress with the blue sash and her hair all fixed with little curls where they would do the most good—and the new corset making a heap of difference. He wanted to look at her to see if it was sure enough her, but she told him she'd be right out and dodged back into the house. Yes, sir, he was surprised; and when she come out with a white wool fascinator on her head with gold tinsel in it and the white silk shawl that her aunt had lent her, she had to laugh at the way he stared.

He helped her in and spread the lap robe over her real careful before he got in himself, and then they started out, and it was sure a pleasant drive for Pauline; and Solly didn't act 's if he minded having her along, even if the seat did tip up on his side and keep him sliding down to'rds her. It was them times that he got a whiff of some elegant perfume that Aunt Annabel had sprinkled on her the last thing. And he'd been thinking she'd be setting there dumb the whole of the way, and here she was a-chattering and laughing sixteen to the dozen, or else a-listening to him a-talking on his favorite subject 's if she wouldn't miss a word for wealth untold. And oncet in a while he'd throw her a little nosegay.

"I had ought to have painted this here buggy for you," he says. "It ain't good enough for you to be a-traveling around in with that pretty dress—and all."

"You certainly done enough to it," says Pauline. "I didn't think you could make it hold together even when you talked about fixing it. I don't believe anybody else but you could have begun to do it."

She wasn't giving him taffy; she reely thought so—and that wasn't all she thought about him being so wonderful.

"Maybe you're not so far wrong," he says. "I'm a great hand to see what can be done to a thing and what can't and to find ways. You like dancing, Pauline?"

"I like to eat when I'm hungry and drink when I'm dry and sleep when I'm tired and it's past bedtime, but I like to dance any time at all," she answers. "Don't you?"

"I sure do," says Solly. "And it ain't like I didn't know how."

"I'll bet you know how," says Pauline—and she'd have bet her new corset on it. "I don't know whether you'll want to dance with me," she says. "I'm so big."

"You ain't no bigger'n I am—much, if any," Solly said. "I certainly do want to dance with you—if I get a chance. You're a-going to be the belle of the ball tonight, with that dress—and all."

"You like my dress?" she ast him.

"And the girl that's in it," says Solly.

Seemed like to Pauline she must be a-dreaming. The dance didn't mean nothing to her no more. She'd have been satisfied to keep right along the way they were and him a-saying things like that to her. It was on the tip of her tongue to say "So do I you," but she couldn't bring herself to be as bold as that. She just breathed a deep sigh and leaned back with her eyes closed for a minute or two and waited for some more; but whether Solly reelized whither he was a-drifting, or what, there wasn't no more of it, and pretty soon they come to the Red Canyon schoolhouse.

It was easy seen that Solly was well and favorably known to the girls, and even some of the boys seemed to like him tol'able well. Him bringing Pauline along helped some. It looked like Pauline was a-going to be as popular as he was too. It was a cinch that she wouldn't lack pardners anyway. Still, you couldn't have said she was the belle of the ball after Miss Mamie McGee, of Sioux City, come in.

Pers'n'ly, I'd have give my vote and influonce for Pauline, but I don't say but Miss Mamie had her p'ints. She had a pair of big black bright eyes and long curly lashes in her little pinched-up face, and more black hair than she needed to top it off. She had a pretty mouth, too, and the way it worked with her eyes, smiling or otherwise and never the same for more'n a moment, kept you a-watching her face with a considerable interest. Her nose was as Irish as Paddy's pig, but it suited her; and skinny as she was, she was real graceful and her dress was the latest city style from the hem of the skirt to the ruche around her neck, and it sure fitted her. She wasn't noways shy or bashful and was a-calling half the boys by their given names before she'd been in the room half an hour, and had something sassy to say to 'em. That didn't seem to go so good with the womenfolks, but that didn't worry Miss Mamie; and when she caught Ma Robinson a-looking at her about the way she felt, she smiled at the old lady and nodded and kissed her hand. You ought to have seen ma's face!

She come in late, with Wallace Gurney instead of the rest of the Sioux City party, which was how come Pauline had a part of a good time, anyway, Solly leading the grand march with her and waltzing with her after. But when Miss Mamie come in, the lights went out and the music stopped playing for Pauline, for all Miss Mamie needed was a stone bench and a basket of flowers and some fewer clothes to be the lady in the pitcher in Solly's room—and she seen that Solly seen it too.

Charley Dudley come up and claimed her for the Highland schottish according to promise. Charley figured that maybe he could get in a little fine work and cut Handsome out with Miss Pauline, but Charley was a heap disappointed. He told me he didn't b'lieve she heard a dog-gone word he said from start to finish. Solly was down for a quadrille after that, and he did come and get Pauline, but only about the last thing, and if he heard a dog-gone thing she said to him, he didn't heed. Good dancer as he was, he got mixed up in the figures twice, he was so busy a-watching Miss Mamie McGee, who was dancing in the next set. She wasn't the one to overlook him, either, and as they was all promenading she called to him, "Hello, Handsome," and passed on a-laughing.

That was the last of him for Pauline for the rest of the dance. As soon as he got her seated, he made a break for the mob that was around Miss McGee and horned in. She smiled at Wallace Gurney. "Why, here he is now!" she says. "Talk of angels, and as like as not something of this sort'll flap along. I bet he's a devil. Say," she says to Solly, "what do they call you Handsome for?"

"Prob'ly because I am, ma'am," says Solly. "They say handsome is as handsome does, and there's reasons why it might be my actions; but I reckon it's just my good looks. I don't take no credit for that, being thataway by nature, just like you are. We're both lucky in that there respect, that's all."

"That ain't so bad for a hayseed," says Miss McGee. "Fresh, but real cute. Do you know him, any of you gentlemen? Do you, Wallace?"

"I know him all I want," says Wallace, half joking and three-quarters in earnest.

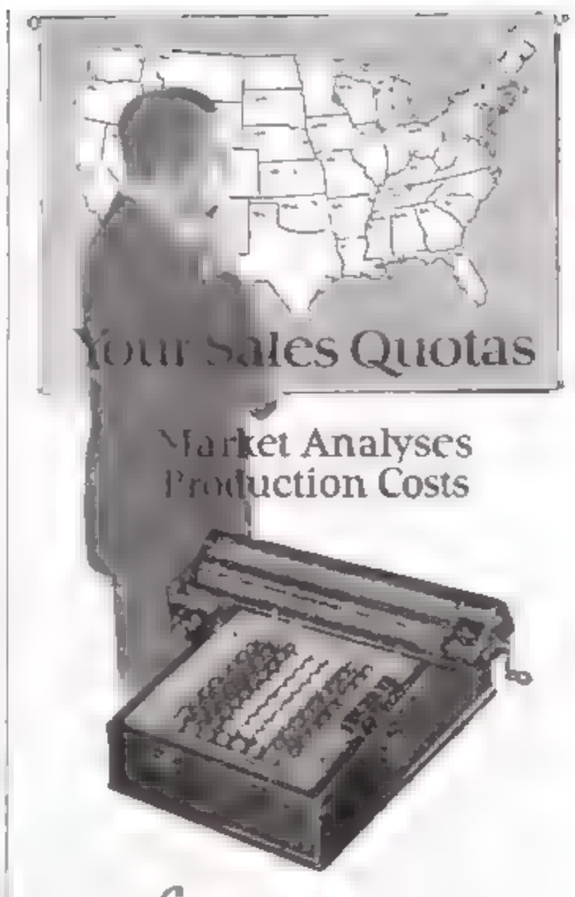
"If he'd associated with me more and took pattern by me, he'd have been a heap improved," says Solly.

"The point is, do you know him well enough to introduce him to me, so's I can talk to him?" says Miss McGee.

"I know him too dog-gone well for that," says Gurney.

"He knows that if you and me was introduced he wouldn't have no show after that," Solly remarks. "I doubt if any of this crowd would give me a knock-down. Would you, Joe?" he ast Joe Holcomb.

"Not on your life," says Joe. "What do you take me for?"



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"Not if I begged you to?" says Miss McGee, imploring. "Oh, please do, Joe. I'm a-dying to meet him, he's so sweet. You wouldn't want me to die, would you?"

"Well, if you put it thataway," says Joe—"and if you like horn music ——"

"You can call me Mamie until we can agree on something better," says the lady, making room for Solly on the bench beside her after the introduction. Solly told her he couldn't think of nothing that would be an improvement on Mamie, and she said that she hadn't got a high opinion of his thinking powers if such was so. "Wallace could do better'n that, couldn't you, Wallace?"

"Yes, darling love," says Wallace.

"So could I, heart's treasure of sweetness and sunshine," says Joe. "I got that out of a book I'm a-reading," he adds.

"Honest, can you read?" she ast him. "Well! What do you mean by horn music, Joe?"

"Handsome's a hot solo performer, and not so dog-gone low," Joe replies. "It's his own personal instrument too."

"If anybody else could blow it the way I want, and was willing to, I'd as lieve just set back and listen," says Solly. "I'm well spoke of, but when a man says, 'Sol Twinney is sure a Number 1 rustler and uses his brains as well as his back,' or 'Sol Twinney is mighty clever and accommodating and honest and truthful as the day is long,' or 'Sol Twinney can whip his weight in wildcats, but he don't never forget that he's a gentleman'—why, then he thinks he's said enough. What I say is, if you want a thing done well, do it yourself, and I want you to know about me, Mamie."

"I wouldn't wonder but you're right," says Mamie. "Can you dahnce the Lahncers and all the fahncy dahnces, Handsome?"

"I can dance anything and just a little better'n anybody else," says Solly, jumping up and crooking his arm as the music started.

They went away together, and I will say that they danced pretty. Even Wallace Gurney admitted that, and so did Joe Holcomb. "But he's a-heading for trouble," says Joe. I ast him how; but he only chuckled and winked at Wallace.

"You mean you're a-going to beat him up a few?" I ast.

"Not me," says Joe. "I don't want any of his game, unless I'm pushed. I seen Handsome lick Art Bevan, before he went to work for Jake Bingham, and I seen him cuff Dick Lassel up to a peak and knock the peak off the night of the jamboree at Horsehead. You wasn't there, was you? Well, what he said about wildcats wasn't so far out. Wildcats ain't got much on Handsome for moving quick and enthusiastic. But Handsome's heading for trouble, just the same."

He moved off, grinning, and Wallace with him. I didn't think no more about it just then, and I didn't stay till the last dog was hung, but I heard that there was talk about Solly and Mamie McGee, the way they danced nearly every dance together. Pauline got a bad headache and went to the classroom that was set apart for the ladies, where she could be quiet, and she was there when Solly finally got word to her that he was ready to go.

She didn't chatter nor laugh any on the way back. A girl don't when she's got a bad headache, even if the young man that's a-driving her is in the best of sperrits and tells her a heap that she ought to be interested in. It's a fact that Solly was just a-busting with confidences, and he prob'ly would have give 'em to the old horse if Pauline hadn't been handy.

"You remember what I told you out by the chicken yard when you ast me if I'd got a girl?" he starts out. "I said that sometime I might meet up with a girl that'd make me change my mind. Well, Pauline, I've done met up with her. It's that Sioux City lady, Miss Mamie McGee. You took notice of her, didn't you? Sure, you couldn't help but notice her. The moment I laid eyes on her I knew that she was my fate and there wasn't no use a-struggling against it. Pauline, ain't she the living image of that pitcher in my room? I told her about that. I reckon it wasn't nothing but dest'ny, me having that pitcher.

"Say, ain't the moon gorjus tonight? And there's something in the air too. I never felt so good in my life as I do right now. Pauline, I wouldn't tell nobody else about this but you. I know you're my friend. I got the feeling that you are, and maybe I'll need you some to help me. I don't mean with Mamie, particular; she was took with me as much as I was with her, although she couldn't be expected to come right out and tell me so in so many words—yet. There's other ways though. I could tell by her eyes, as well as some things she said, that she reco'nized I was her fate. And it's natural that she would.

"She's got a great way of joking, trying to make out I wasn't so much; but I took all that for what it was worth. She said that she knew a man that danced better than I did, and was better looking and smarter in every way. She just likes to joke. But she's give me an invite to come to see her at Hudnut's. She done so right afore anybody, and she said to her cousin and that other girl that was with her that they wasn't to get it into their heads that I was their comp'ny too. She wanted me all to herself. I says to her, I says ——"

He bent over and looked at her. "Why, you ain't asleep, are you? Oh, Pauline!"

Pauline opened her eyes. "What was you a-saying?" she ast him.

Solly's feelings was hurt some; but come to think of it, it was pretty late hours for a girl that hadn't been used to it. "I was a-telling you about Miss Mamie McGee," he says—"her and me."

"Oh, yes," says Pauline, gaping and patting her mouth. "She's that scraggy, impident, turned-up-nose thing from Sioux City that the boys was having so much sport with. You danced with her, didn't you? What about her?"

Solly, for oncet in his life, couldn't find no words for as much as a couple of minutes, enduring which he sat a-staring straight before him like a thundercloud charged to the limit with fork lightning which it was a-going to turn loose most any time. Then he said, "If it was a man said that to me or in my hearing ——" He turned to scowl at her and seems like she'd closed her eyes again and had lopped over so's her head was against the top irons on her side. "Here," he says, "you mustn't go to sleep thisaway; you'll fall out the first time the wheel goes down into a rut."

She didn't pay no attention. Seemed like she was off pretty sound. In her corner the moon was a-shining down on her face, which had that sorrerful baby look on it that he'd noticed once before and he felt 's if he'd like to comfort her some way. He'd heard that it was dangerous to sleep in the moonlight, too, so he reached out and took a holt of her soft warm arm and tried to pull her out of it. Not having no luck thataway, and her still sound, he reached out farther and got his arm around her and drawed her to him and held her like that with her head dropped on his shoulder until they was pretty nigh home and his arm had such a cramp in it he doubted if it would ever come to life again. Then she stirred a little, and all of a sudden she snatched that wooden arm of his away and sat bolt upright. "What are you doing?" she says, mad as hops. "How dare you put your arm around me? I thought you was a gentleman."

"You thought right," says Solly. "You didn't make no mistake. I was too much of a gentleman to let you fall out of the buggy and break your neck—that's all. The only mistake you make is if you think it's any pleasure to get a cramp in your arm like I got"

"You could have waked me if you had tried hard enough," she says. "If Aunt Annabel knew you'd acted thataway ——"

"I'll tell her," says Solly.

"If you dare to!" says she, and he says all right then, he wouldn't; but all he meant was to do her a kindness, and she said she didn't want his kindness and she'd trouble him not to speak to her no more. He didn't—not until he helped her out of the buggy and then he told her he hoped her headache would soon be better; he'd forgot about that headache. He said that kind of apologizing for having spoke sharp himself, but she went into the house without saying a word.

Nobody could say it was Solly's fault, the way Pauline acted after that. Time and time again he went to her like a dog a-wagging his tail to be took notice of, and every time she as good as took the broom to him and drove him off. Mis' Bingham wasn't none too friendly to him either, and old Jake didn't talk about nothing but the work, and not any too pleasant. It was a wonder Solly stayed on; but he did, hoping that Pauline would get over her mad and be like she always had been. He'd painted up the old buggy, thinking it would please her, and he'd got one of the horses broke tol'able good to harness as well as to the saddle, and he offered to take the fool girl to a dance they was having over at Coffee Flat. But no, she wouldn't even go out and look at the buggy, and as for riding anywheres in it with him -"Thank you kindly, but I wouldn't choose to," says she.

Foolish! It was all very well for a girl to be choice of herself and not permit no liberties. A man respected her for it, Solly thought; but still, Pauline was a-running it into the ground. She didn't reelize that he'd put himself out asking her to the dance when he had as good as said he'd take Mamie. He'd been riding the sorrel he'd broke over to Hudnut's right often lately, and Mamie had sure seen to it that he wasn't nobody else's comp'ny. She sure gave a man something to think of on the way home too.

Things she said—well, Ma Robinson would have had her opinion of 'em; but then ma's idees wasn't none too liberal. Ma hadn't never read Poems of Passion, and she wouldn't have savvied about twin souls and such a-coming down the ages together.

But Mamie liked to devil a person too. She still kept up that joke about the man she knew that was handsomer than Solly, and her cousin and the other girl took up the joke, too, letting on that this here Mr. Nobody was plumb crazy about Mamie and awful jealous dispositioned, and they'd hate to be the person he was jealous of, if he come out here to take her home, which he had been a-threatening to do. "Ain't that so, Mamie?" they ast her.

"Of course," says Mamie, a-laughing. "Ain't you scared, Handsome?"

"Sure," Solly answers, a-smiling. "I reckon I'd better keep away from here and not have nothing to do with you."

"There!" says Mamie to the other girls. "See what you've done now! Handsome's a-going back on me and my heart's broke and my life ruined. And I love him so! I love him so!"

Of course she wanted the girls to think she was still joking when she said that, but she give Solly a look that told him different. So you can see he was a-putting himself out a considerable when he ast Pauline to go to the dance with him again; but now there wasn't nothing to prevent. That same afternoon, when Solly told Jake he aimed to ride the sorrel over to Hudnut's, Jake kind of kicked. He allowed Solly was a-bumming around nights a whole lot for a man that had a steady habit of going to bed at nine, and a man couldn't burn nights and do his work daytimes as good as otherwise. Solly told him he was like Napoleon and didn't need as much sleep as most, and if his work wasn't satisfactory he could quit, so Jake weakened, only mentioning Waterloo, and said that he could take the sorrel if he wanted, but there was a pile of work to do. If it hadn't been for that work, he'd have called Mr. Solly's bluff.

So there it was, and after he'd done the chores that night, Solly saddled up and lit out, all primped up as usual. And Pauline sat up and watched from her bedroom window for him to come back, as usual, and cried herself to sleep after, seeing him stepping around so brisk and chipper when he got off and turned his horse into the corral. Pauline wasn't like Napoleon herself; she needed her sleep and had been showing the lack of it for some time, losing appetite and flesh as well. Solly noticed it, and the way she dragged about. He kind of missed hearing her laugh and sing about standing on Jordan's stormy banks. It made him feel bad when otherwise he'd have felt so dog-gone good.

It come to a climax the morning of the day the dance was to be at Coffee Flat. Mis' Bingham had spoke about Pauline at breakfast, the way she wasn't eating and so forth, Pauline standing right by at the stove. She allowed it might do Pauline good to send her up to Rochford, where she come from, for a visit of a few weeks. It would be a change and all the young folks there would show her a good time. Solly spoke up and said he thought it would be a mighty good idee.

"You know a heap about it, don't you?" says Mis' Bingham, none too pleasant.

"I know if you're in favor of it, it must be a good idee," Solly told her, sort of flabbergasted. "But maybe a tonic would do as well. I reckon we'd all miss Pauline, even for two-three weeks."

Pauline dropped the spoon in the bowl of cake batter and turned on him. "A heap of difference it would make to you!" she flashed out at him. "You wouldn't care a cent if I went and never come back."

"Pauline!" says her aunt.

"I'd care a whole lot, Pauline," says Solly; but she'd run out of the kitchen. Mis' Bingham follered her.

Old Jake leaned acrost the table and looked at Solly mighty ugly. "You know it ain't none of your dog-gone business whether my niece eats or starves, don't you?" he says.

"I beg to differ," says Solly, mad clear through. "It's anybody's business that's got feelings. But it's plain to me that you folks don't want me around no more, so I'll just go upstairs and pack my duds. I ain't a-going to stay where I ain't appreciated." He got up from the table.

"You aim to quit right now, when you know work's a-crowding and I ain't got no time to look around for help, do you?" says Jake. "All right, if that's the kind you are."

"I'm the kind that treats everybody right and like a gentleman, and you know it," says Solly. "If you want, I'll stay on another week till you get somebody, or I'll quit now. If I stay, I'll need the horse and buggy to go to Coffee Flat, like I told you, and if not, I can hire one in town."

Well, they settled it that Solly should stay another week, and come night, he hitched up the sorrel and lit out for Hudnut's to get Mamie. He wasn't feeling none too gay though. He was sorry for old Jake—sorry for all of 'em. They'd miss him. Pauline would miss him, once she got over this nervous spell, whatever it was. He had just been thinking that he'd borrow Jake's rifle and get an antelope or a whitetail to give Pauline a mess of wild meat to sort of tempt her appetite. Some women did beat the band, one day acting 's if the sun rose and set in a man and the next like he was rank poison with an extry bad smell. What the dickens had got into Pauline?

He was still studying on that question when he got to Hudnut's and found Wes Peters, their hired man, a-setting on the porch with his feet up on the rail and no other sign of life. Old Wes took his pipe out of his mouth and showed his yellow snags of teeth. "Hello, Handsome," he says. "Don't get out unless you want to set on the porch and gas with me. Ain't nobody to home but me and the cat. . . . Shut your mouth, Handsome, or you'll get it full of bugs."

Solly shut it and then opened it again to ast where the folks was.

"Gone to the dance, of course," says Wes. "Mamie told me to tell you you'd find her there, if you come along; but if

(Continued on Page 79)

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SOME gifts will bring Mother joy for days, some for months. But *this* great gift will bring happiness and save her time for many years to come. Hundreds of electric companies in all parts of the country are co-operating by making this gift one of the easiest of all gifts to give this Christmas.

No range like this has ever before been offered. Below are shown some of the special Christmas features and conveniences which are included at no extra cost.

To Mother this *modern* range will mean: Super-automatic cooking, done *perfectly* though she be miles away—off shopping, out for recreation or away with the children; fewer kitchen hours; easier cooking; better cooking—without watching or guessing; a range easily kept "as clean as a china plate"; cleaner utensils; cleaner walls and ceiling; cooking *speed*; accurate, dependable temperature *any time* at the turn of a switch.

Mother can place a complete meal in the oven, then in 10 seconds set the automatic electric timer for the time cooking is to start and stop, the automatic temperature control for the exact heat to be *maintained* during cooking—and leave the kitchen *or the house* for all day. When she returns, dinner will be hot, perfectly cooked and ready to serve. It's like having a maid at no cost.

Make a note now to ask your electric company about the special Christmas offer on this new De Luxe Hotpoint Automatic Electric Range. Or write us for complete information.

Hotpoint SERVANTS

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.
5600 West Taylor Street, Chicago
Factories: Chicago, Illinois, and Ontario, California
Branches and Factory Service Stations in the principal cities
In Canada: Canadian General Electric Co., Ltd., Toronto
World's Largest Manufacturer of Household Electric Heating Appliances

Automatic Heat Control and Thermometer. It maintains the heat at any desired temperature.

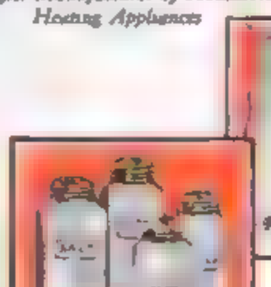
Automatic Electric Timer. Turns the oven on and off though you be miles away.

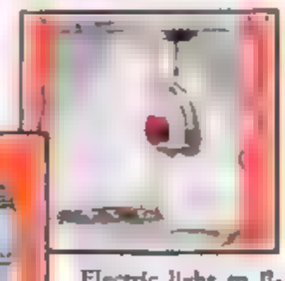
The Hotpoint Fireless-Type Cooker. It helps make Hotpoint the most economical electric

Smokeless Broiler Pan. An exclusive Hotpoint feature; assures better broiling without discomfort.

Two-compartment utility drawer below the oven will save Mother many steps for kitchen knives, forks, spoons.

Cooking chart in top shelf tells temperatures at which various foods should be cooked, length of time, etc.





Electric light to illuminate range top and inside deep kitchen utensils.

The clock, shown on the range, and this four-piece condiment set are also included.

EXCLUSIVE

Companion Invention to the Super-Six Principle

High Compression

The new Hudson ... efficiency of high compression, without ...

Prevents Oil Dilution

Turns Waste Heat to Power

Heat, heretofore lost through the exhaust and cooling waters is converted to useful power

Saves Gasoline

Most Economical per cubic inch of piston displacement

Steam Engine Smoothness and Power

HUDSON

to HUDSON

Outstanding Leader *of the* New Trend

By the Automobile Expert of "Automobile Topics"

"CLAIMS that the new Hudson's operating characteristics rival those of the steam car, whose smooth running old-timers love to recall, seem not in the least exaggerated.

"*It has . . . . . all the 'punch' in the world . . . . .* a smart push in the back every time the accelerator pedal is trod upon. Throughout its whole range, the response to throttle seems to be precisely the same. 'Soft spots' are simply not to be found.

"*. . . . it will walk away from the traffic signal* faster than anything it (the Hudson Company) has ever built . . . . . It will step out of line and jump into the lead from any speed without the slightest hesitation.

"But, further, all this is accomplished without a vestige of that tinkle-tinkle business under the hood that Englishmen know as 'pinking' and American engineers as the gas knock, or detonation. Apparently this present Hudson engine *just isn't going to 'ping' when the throttle is quickly opened*, or when the car is driven hard against a hill.

"Under precisely similar conditions most any other modern engine will detonate when running on ordinary fuel . . . . .

"*The Hudson motor does what it does on any old fuel at all*, it is said, and assuredly does it on the run of the pump fuel that is sold at base prices everywhere."

—Automobile Topics
July 16, 1927

HUDSON
SUPER-SIX

Standard Models
(118 inch wheelbase)

Coach	$1175
Sedan	1285

(127 inch wheelbase)

Coach	$1285
Sedan	1385

Custom-Built Models
(127 inch wheelbase)

Brougham	$1575
7-Passenger Phaeton	1600
7-Passenger Sedan	1850

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus war excise tax

Super-Six

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Continued from Page 74

I was you I wouldn't go; I'd turn around and go back the way I come."

"You got any idee what you're a-talking about?" Solly ast him. "Why didn't she wait? She was expecting of me."

Wes grinned. "Maybe that feller of hers didn't want her to," he says. "It kindo struck me he was a man that got his own way, even with Mamie. He got here from Sioux City the morning after you was here last. Mean to say you didn't hear? Hold on, Handsome, where you going?"

Solly had pulled his hat down over his eyes and took the whip from the socket. "I'm a-going to Coffee Flat," he answers, between his teeth.

"Don't you do it," Wes advised him. "That feller's as big as a house. You make it worth my while and I'll say you didn't show up. He's bad ——"

Solly brought the whip down and the sorrel stood on his hind legs and then lunged forward and started off at a clip that made the buggy seem like it was a tin can tied to his tail, and in a few minutes all Wes could see was dust in the distance.

Back at the ranch, Jake was confessing to Mis' Bingham that he'd took her advice and fired Solly. "I called him down for horning in about Pauline this morning and he give me some of his lip," says Jake. "So I told him that was enough from him and he could pack his duds and clear out before I booted him out," says the old man.

"I heard you say that," says Mis' Bingham. "I was listening at the door. But you better let Pauline think that he fired himself."

"I give him a week to stay," says Jake, and looked at her to see how she took that. "If you was a-listening, how come you didn't say nothing? I guess you wasn't. What made Pauline streak off to bed when thet flibbertigibbet pulled out?"

"Prob'ly she went to bed to sleep," says Mis' Bingham. "I'm a-going to do the same thing." Which she done.

She was wrong about Pauline though. As soon's she heard the stairs creak, Pauline blew out the light, but she wasn't undressed nor in bed, let alone sleeping. She was a-looking at a pitcher that had been pinned up on the wall of Solly's room when he started off—the lady on the bench. When she heard the stairs creak the second time it was half an hour later, but she was still under the bedclothes, where she'd got in case her aunt took a notion to come in. She waited a long while after that before she got up and lit her lamp again. She studied the pitcher quite a while longer, and then went to her mirror over the bureau and held up the lamp while she studied her own face real earnest. Fin'ly she give a little laugh without any smile to it and snatched up the pitcher and tore it acrost and acrost and then acrost again.

"There!" she says, and throws the pieces on the floor.

It must have been about that time, or nearabout, that, over at Coffee Flat, Mamie had got Solly by the arm and was introducing him to Mr. Edwin Folsom, of Sioux City. Mr. Folsom wasn't as big as a house, but he was big enough to make Solly feel a trifle undersized as they stood facing each other. He wasn't beefy, big as he was, nor yet too slim: he had jet-black hair, as curly as Solly's, parted in the middle, and a fine glossy mustache curled up at the ends; he wore an elegant suit of clothes and there was a big diamond in his scarf and another one on the finger that he was using to twiddle his mustache; his vest was as white as the driven snow and a heavy gold chain with a locket in the middle stretched from pocket to pocket acrost his broad chest. He was something for Solly to look at, or anybody else.

"This is Handsome," Mamie says to him, gay and sassy as ever. "He's been a-keeping me happy and cheerful all the time I've been here, and there's no telling what might have happened if you hadn't come right when you did. Handsome, I'm sorry I couldn't wait for you this evening, but you see how it is, don't you?"

Solly didn't answer her. He was standing straight and staring steady at Mr. Folsom, and there wasn't no color to speak of in his face. Mr. Folsom looked at him out of dark-blue eyes with curly black lashes, and white teeth flashed under his mustache as he held out a white hand. "I'm grateful to you, Mr. Handsome," he says. "I only hope Miss McGee hasn't given you too much trouble; but when I'm away, she has to do the best she can. You understand that, of course, Mr. Handsome."

Going back to Pauline, she was sorry as soon as she had tore up the lady, and sat for a while longer wondering what she'd tell Solly about it when he missed it. But as she turned the pieces over in her hand and the face of the lady showed up, she took that and tore it to bits so fine neither Solly nor all the king's horses could have got it together again. Then she blew out her light and undressed and braided her hair and went over to her pillow and cried for a spell.

The moon was a-shining still, and presently she got up and sat by her window and looked at it as it was going down behind the hill. Maybe she thought how beautiful it seemed to her the night when she and Solly come home from Red Canyon and Solly's arm was around her and her head on Solly's shoulder. I reckon her cheeks burned and she took shame, remembering how she tried to make believe Solly was holding her because he wanted to, and then let on to be mad, instead of miserable, like she was. Anyway, the world must have seemed dark and dreary to her when the moon went down.

But there was starlight still, and she could see tolerable plain by that, when, a little later, she heard the sounds of wheels and the bars a-falling at the gate. It was a considerable earlier than she had expected to hear them; but there was no trouble making out the buggy as it come in and stopped at the barn. What seemed strange was the time it took Solly to get out and the slow stumbling way he moved when he was unharnessing. She seen that he limped when he led the sorrel out of the shafts and he could hardly get the corral bars up and down, seemed like. He didn't try to back the buggy into the shed, but left it stand and come limping to'rds the house, but as he passed the well, she seen him trip and fall forward, almost on his face.

She would have screamed, but the scream wouldn't come out—only a sort of gasp. In the next minute she was down the stairs and out of the kitchen door, barefoot as she was and with nothing over her nightgown but an old cloak that she'd snatched from a peg and tied around her in three jerks.

Solly was sitting, humped over, on the board platform of the well, and the first he knowed was when he heard her voice a-calling to him as she come: "Solly! Oh, Solly!"

He turned his head with the quickest motion he'd made since he got out of the buggy, and covered his face with his hands and give a groan. Pauline went close to him and laid a hand, light and gentle, on his shoulder.

"What is it, Solly?" she ast him. "Oh, you're hurt, you're hurt!" she says, in a voice like crying. "I'll go call Uncle Jake," she says, and was turning away, when he stopped her.

"No, no!" he croaks out. "I ain't hurt. This ain't nothing. It's Pauline, ain't it?"

"Of course it is," says she. It come to her that maybe he was drunk, his voice sounded so different. She could skassly understand him. But there wasn't no liquor on his breath. She tried to move his hands away from his face, but he held 'em close and tight and asked her to please go away, he wasn't hurt. She wouldn't, though; she was bound and set that he'd tell her what ailed him. Over and over she begged him, and again and again she tried gently to move his fingers.

"Why don't you go away?" he ast her. "I know you hate the sight of me."

"I know I've been mean and hateful to you," she says. "But, oh, Solly, I never felt like I acted! Honest! Never a minute! And you've been so kind and so patient right along! Let me help you—please, please!" She begun to cry.

"Well, look," he mumbled, and dropped his hands and turned his face to her. She cried out like she'd been struck—and that face was sure a horrible sight. One eye tight closed and the other not half open, with a gash below it where it had been cut by a di'mond ring; yellow-and-blue bruises and swelling lips puffed to three times their size and one of the beautiful front teeth a-missing. "Nobody won't ever call me Handsome again," he says. "I reckon my nose is broke, Pauline. All is, I was fighting—and I found I didn't know how."

Pauline helped him to his feet and made him lean on her. She got him into the kitchen and found matches and lit a lamp. Then she made him sit in the rocker while she got warm water out of the stove reservoir and found clean white rags and tore them. She went to work then and bathed his hurts, first with the warm water and then with the cold, murmuring all the time words that was full of pity and comfort. Solly made out to talk too. It was a wonder the old folks wasn't down, but it seemed like they was sleeping right through it.

"It's a shame for you to trouble thisaway, Pauline," says Solly. "And I brought it all on myself. It was Miss Mamie McGee's fiongsay done it, and I might have known. All I blame her for was fooling with me when she had a man already, and one that was better'n me every way—better looking and better educated."

"He ain't," says Pauline. "I won't hear you talk so."

"You ain't seen him," he says. "He dances better'n I begin to. It didn't take me more'n a minute after I seen him to reelize how plumb full of conceit I was to think I was anything out of the way."

"You are," says Pauline. "Oh, your poor, poor face! I don't care what he is, he can't compare with you, Solly. Don't say things like that. . . . Does that feel good?" She held a cold wet rag acrost his eyes, and a hot wet tear dropped on his twisted nose.

"But I did think I could lick him," says Solly. "It was just my conceit though. I just had luck with them I fought with before. Miss McGee hadn't ought to have laughed at me, though, when I was licked."

"If I'd been there she'd have laughed out of the other side of her mouth," says Pauline. "He just took advantage of you. I know. But I'm sorry for you, Solly. Being disappointed in love is a turrible thing. . . . Am I hurtung you, Solly?"

"No, your hands feel awful good," he says. "I guess I wasn't in love, reely. It was my being plumb full of conceit, I reckon. But I'm glad it happened, anyway, if you are a-going to be friends with me again, Pauline. Are you?"

"Doesn't it look thataway?" Pauline ast him.

"I—I didn't mean to offend you by what I—what I done that night, Pauline," he says.

"You didn't offend me," says Pauline. "I just pretended you did."

The stocktender said, "Well, you might as well finish."

"That was all there was to it right then," answered the old bullwhacker—"account of Mis' Bingham a-coming in. I reckon, from what she told me, that she was outside the door most of the time. Anyway, it was about time for her to come, and she helped Solly upstairs and took his boots off for him, which wouldn't have been hardly proper for Pauline. But her and Solly got married not so long after that."

Tip Yoakum got up and knocked the cold ashes from his pipe. "That's what all these blowhards need—a good licking," he said. "Did he stay cured of bragging?"

"He never bragged none when Pauline was around," said Mr. Stegg. "He didn't have to. All he done was set back and listen, with a happy smile on his handsome face."

KNAPP-FELT
HATS for MEN

EVERY day more men are realizing the prime importance of the hat in the scheme of dress. This probably accounts for the wonderful growth of the Knapp-Felt business, which taxes the capacity of the new factory.

The New Knapp-Felt Hat is the *POMFRET*

It will be shown everywhere
Friday, November Eleventh

The *Pomfret* is one of those rare inspirations that have the distinctive made-to-order look, which is the high point of hat design; it fits the personality of the wearer!

Knapp-Felt Hats are priced from $8.00 to $40.00. Superfine Knapp-Felts $20.00, $25.00, $40.00

THE CROFUT & KNAPP COMPANY
JOHN CAVANAGH — *President*
620 Fifth Avenue — New York City

Why Brass Pipe *is such an* Economy

These simple comparisons with rustable pipe have won the majority of *wise* home-builders. How to avoid annual expense and worry.

▲

TWO brief sentences tell the whole story about water pipes. All else is explanatory.

—brass pipe can't rust.

—ordinary pipe rusts.

This means brass pipe is permanent, therefore economical.

It means that rustable pipe is temporary and sooner or later must be replaced.

Brass pipe remains permanently new-like. Rustable pipe clogs inside and it "pits" outside.

Brass pipe costs a little more at first, but saves the average home-owner $26 yearly, according to authoritative estimates.

These simple facts, as they've become known, account for the steadily increasing use of Anaconda Brass Pipe. Fewer people are content today with substitutes or makeshifts.

Below are pictured pieces of rustable and brass pipe after identical service in the same building. Note that the rustable pipe is clogged with rust deposits.

Learn the many advantages of Anaconda Brass Pipe. Also about two other rust-proof features, Anaconda Copper for gutters and rain-pipes, Anaconda Bronze for screens.

To obtain the facts, just mail the coupon for our free and informative booklet.

ANACONDA COPPER
BRASS BRONZE

THE AMERICAN BRASS COMPANY S 70
General Offices: Waterbury, Conn.

Name . . . . .

Address .

City . . . . . *State*

NINE MONTHS' REST

(Continued from Page 17)

horses out of the park and into lower pasture land for the winter, sending the first elk, deer and antelope to linger wistfully in the meadows where presently the harvested hay would be broken out to feed them. The sun reappeared, misty and hinting at further storm. The mercury crept upward a few degrees from zero and while elsewhere they discussed the first football games of the season, twenty-odd men, scattered in twos and threes at ranger stations, began the ordeal of guarding more than 3300 square miles of territory on skis and snowshoes.

Weekly now, foot-slogging it through drift and storm and Arctic cold, they would weave back and forth from cabin to cabin, so that the entire boundary of the park was patrolled every seven days. Most of them would travel on skis, through snow that would make the European or Eastern American skier shudder and quit. In the southeast corner of the park, where drifts are too light and powdery for skis even to attempt, snowshoes are used.

Making Haste Slowly

Two miles an hour is fair speed for the skiing Yellowstone affords. If the skis break through only four inches of surface snow to the crust beneath, the rangers are grateful. It is grueling work at best and, when the uncrusted snow lies deep, the fifteen or twenty mile struggle from cabin to cabin is undiluted suffering.

Your foot sinks in to mid-shin depth. You thrust the ski forward and upward, breaking the path in which your partner follows. You drive the other leg forward, try to ignore the wrenching agony in the groin as muscles unused for months protest; thrust, lurch, thrust, lurch, until laboring lungs and thews can stand no more. Then your partner takes the lead and plows a path until he is on the verge of exhaustion, when you, having followed in his wake, take the lead again.

Your groin aches and throbs, your back grows stiffer with each step, sharp anguish shoots through calves and thighs. Sweat freezes on your eyebrows. Your head swims. You step aside, hanging, for an instant's respite, relaxed and scarecrow-like on your ski poles while your partner hobbles by and assumes the lead once more. Fifteen miles of this is a day's work for a strong man, twenty is an ordeal for nerve as well as muscle.

When soldiers still guarded the park, men frequently collapsed on the trail. Death by freezing seemed preferable to further struggle. Only persistent kicking by stronger spirits could urge them to their feet again. The rangers get through. Despite storms that hide landmarks, despite temperature that lingers for days about the fifty-below mark, they make their weekly patrols of from 50 to 150 miles. They may reach a snowshoe cabin too completely exhausted to do more than drop on a bunk and pull up the blankets, but they get there.

"You make it or you freeze," John Government says, as though this explained everything. "But until you break through eight inches for twenty miles, you don't know what skiing is."

There is testimony to support John Government's contention. He has seen ski men from other climes wilt and break on the Yellowstone trails.

Some years ago a Danish army officer visited the park at midwinter. In his own land he had marched his infantry platoon fifty miles in a day over the well-crusted Scandinavian snow. He regarded the puny distances covered by the rangers with a polite disdain, and one day begged permission to accompany two of them on a twenty-mile patrol.

"There was a good crust around Mammoth Springs," so John Government tells the story. "He started out with us and left us way behind. We took our time. We knew what was ahead. Seven miles out we caught up with him. We were breaking through six inches. He was fixing his ski straps.

"'Go on,' he says, though we could see he was winded. 'I'll overtake you.' So we went on a while, and when we'd climbed the ridge we looked behind for him. He wasn't there. 'Maybe,' Bill, my partner, says, 'we better go back after him.' So we did, and we took him back to Mammoth. If we'd carted him along with us we'd have had to carry him back twenty miles too."

It snowed, sifting steadily down through the firs about the station, piling a three-foot drift against the heavy door. Log walls creaked and popped all night long beneath the wrenching fingers of the cold, and the morning sun spilled blue shadows across the still white world.

"Loose as feathers," Mac reported, returning from the stream with a pail of water, "and twenty below. We'll break through a-plenty."

"Eat hearty, then," Government invited, lifting his flushed face from the stove.

They ate and prepared to drive themselves through the first always terrible snow patrol of the year. The knapsacks they carried contained extra socks, sandwiches for lunch, toilet articles, tins of black wax for the ski bottoms in case of thaw, and cans of milk.

Mac and Government belted on their guns, and pulling jackets on over their flannel shirts, were ready to face the bitter dazzle of the subzero world. If the mercury had been sixty, instead of fifteen below, their costumes would have been the same. Mittens protected their hands from the numbness of clutching the ski poles. Government wore a battered cap. Mac's head covering was even less adequate—a skeleton headpiece with a green eyeshade for visor. So arrayed, scarcely more warmly dressed than in midsummer, they would patrol all winter long.

Keep Moving and Keep Warm

Men who stood still a half hour with no more protection would freeze, but Mac and Government were not going to stand still. Heavy clothing would hamper them and weaken them by its weight. Exertion, rather than covering, would keep them warm. If cold threatened ears or fingers, there was always plenty of snow at hand to drive off frostbite.

They strapped on their skis and started. "Huh," Government grunted. "Feathers is right. We'll break through six inches all day, old-timer."

Mac, who was breaking trail, said nothing, having better use for his breath.

The pines stood black against the snow and the shadows at their feet were ink smears on a wide white page. The steam of the rangers' breathing, the slow forward lurching of their bodies were the only moving things in a frozen world. The squeak of ski straps, the complaint of ground snow and their own panting were the only sounds until at midmorning they startled an elk, a great roan beast with candelabrum horns, whose cream-colored rump shone as he floundered away through the snow. He was an old bull, and his scored side, as he stood belly-deep in a drift to stare and snuff, told that his harem had been wrested from him in battle by a younger rival. Government leaned heavily on his ski poles, relaxing his strained body, and scowled.

"Get out of here, you old fool," he panted. "Go down to Mammoth and get fed. You'll stick in a drift here somewhere and we'll have to haul you out. On your way!"

There was justifiable resentment in his voice. He knew by bitter experience how much time and labor would be wasted before the winter ended in saving snow-bogged elk who, as the year progressed, would evince a great willingness to die. Yellowstone with its 8000 feet mean altitude is not natural elk winter range. Normally, when the snows come, the animals would seek the lowlands where ranches now stand and ranchers greet them with rifle fire. Great numbers flock in the feeding meadows where hay is stored. Others, shyer or with less stamina, linger in sheltered draws and valleys on the uplands until the snows become too deep to travel. Then they lie down and die, unless the rangers encounter them. Often, after being hauled out of one drift, they stray into another and die anyway.

No Time to Climb Trees

At noon the rangers halted on a hillside flooded by sunlight that had radiance but little warmth, and munched their snack. Immediately the woodland about them was stirred by flutterings and harsh voices. Gray birds seemed to materialize suddenly out of the still clear air. No feathered thing had met their eyes during the morning, yet now a half dozen Rocky Mountain jays—camp robbers—flew about them, begging for scraps. Where they stay, how they live, during the cruel winters is a problem. How they inevitably appear when one stops in woods for food is also a mystery.

"It's twelve," said Government, flinging a crust to a camp robber, who caught it deftly in mid-air, "and still nine miles to go. Let's speed up."

"You bet," Mac agreed. "Only I'm gonna break plumb in half if we hurry much."

They marched torturously across a plateau close to the park border, following the blazes that marked the trail. The snow turned from glaring white to pale gold as the sun dropped toward the western peaks. No one had crossed the boundary since its first fall. No one could cross it while snow remained without leaving tracks, clear to trained eyes. Ski or footprints, recently snowed under, will show here and there as faint depressions in the covering blanket. If wind or thaw abolishes the surrounding flakes the traces will remain not as hollows now but as little clumps of snow, packed down by the weight of the intruder's passage. This is another reason why hunters and trappers avoid Yellowstone. After the first snowfall involuntarily they register whenever they enter.

Mac and Government stopped at the river to read the water gauge. As they floundered along they watched timber conditions, noting the trees that seemed infected and pausing to diagnose their ailments. At each milepost they halted and measured the snow depth. These matters, as well as the varieties and numbers of birds and animals seen daily, must be jotted down at the end of the march and later entered on the vast and complicated patrol sheet forwarded to headquarters monthly.

Suddenly Mac, who was breaking trail, stared and turned off briskly and urgently

The Equestrienne at Home

(Continued on Page 83)

Worlds of Style—Worlds of Power

KNOWN always as a fine trustworthy automobile—a car built with exceeding care—a winner of many national and international records for performance—Chandler is today doubling and trebling its prestige as a result of the enriched style and added power of its new models for 1928.

Just take a look at Chandler's new resplendent Royal Eights and Sixes.

Notice how smartly low the beautiful bodies are swung. Look inside. Notice the exquisite richness of every little detail you see or touch. Lounge down in the pillowy cushions and relax. Notice the upholstery; the ampleness of head-room, leg-room, elbow-room; the restful tilt of the seats; the delightful feeling of armchair comfort.

MAGNIFICENT
New Closed Models
$995
and upwards; f. o. b. factory

Take one of these magnificent cars out on the highway and just step on the gas. Feel that bullet-quick getaway—that quiet, silky flow of Niagara-like power—that unwavering acceleration up the steepest hills—that instant obedience to either throttle or brakes.

These are thrills that last, too. Chandler is noted for long-lived durability. It is, for instance, the one and only car in its price class with a chassis that *lubricates itself* the moment you press your foot on a plunger—thus keeping itself free from all metal-to-metal squeaks!

Prices are *lower* and cover a lot of territory. There's the new Special Six Sedan at $995; the new Metropolitan Big Six Sedan at $1495; the new Royal Eight Sedan at $1995 . . . and a score of other distinguished new models (all prices f. o. b. factory). Just see these cars—just drive—JUST COMPARE!

CHANDLER-CLEVELAND MOTORS CORPORATION · CLEVELAND

CHANDLER

NEW ROYAL EIGHTS · NEW BIG SIXES · NEW SPECIAL SIXES

The home you want is *not* beyond your reach!

You can own it, easily, right now. Send today for this free book that shows the secret.

MANY a man *wants* to give his family a home, but doesn't know how to begin. He never borrowed a large sum and doesn't know that he can. He never talked "home" to a contractor or builder. Yet he is just the type for which help to home ownership is plentiful.

No longer do you need to keep your family in a *rented* place while you wonder how others, no better than you, acquired lovely houses for themselves.

The truth is, it is no longer difficult for a determined man to finance the buying or building of a home. Now you can learn the whole method from a simple book which tells how the thing is done.

You can have a better *home than you hoped for*

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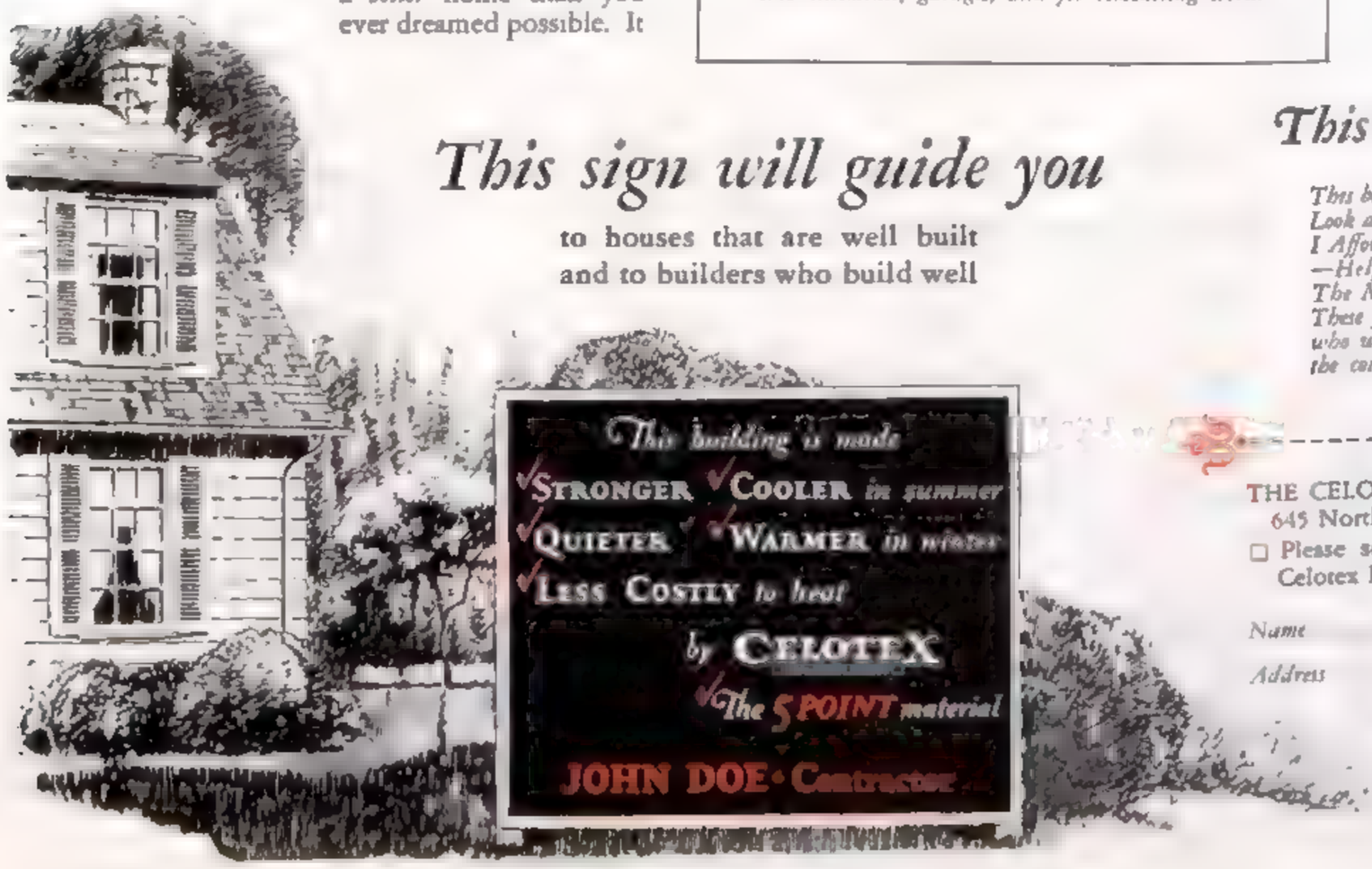

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(Continued from Page 80)

at right angles from the blazes gleaming ahead.

"Hey," Government protested.

"Moose," said Mac over his shoulder. "Want to try and climb a tree with skis on?"

His partner made no further objection, but followed the detour. The long-legged moose of the Yellowstone are the only animals dangerous to men that the park harbors. Bears, unduly tormented by tourists, may become actively resentful, but normally they are benignant and loyally keep the park peace. Moose, particularly in the fall and early winter, wait for no provocation. At the sight of humans they charge, and the black high-shouldered brutes can plow at race-horse speed through snow that would founder an elk.

In the waning sunlight the patrol circled wide about the spot where Mac had seen the bull feeding on saplings. Steel-blue winter dusk was gathering in the hollows when they turned back to the ridge along which the trail ran. Cold was increasing. Twice Government halted to beat circulation back into his mittened hands and once Mac frantically scrubbed his ears with snow until they smarted and tingled once more.

The Wire Trail

They plodded onward more slowly now, though twilight was thickening into night and the sunset glow was dying out of the eastern snowcaps. Each step was an achievement. Localized muscle pains were things of the past. Their bodies now were great unlimited aches and someone, within the last hour, had filled the light knapsacks they carried with pig lead. The torture of the last miles to the cabin gripped them—that ordeal which demands from the heart what the motor muscles no longer can give alone.

The rangers alternated more rapidly at breaking trail, yet it was dark when at length they regained the ridge. Here close-ranked lodgepole pines intensified the gloom. Government, who was leading, paused at length, and his voice was light and casual with fatigue.

"Where's the trail?" he asked. Mac, at his heels, looked about and said nothing. He was too utterly weary merely to disclaim knowledge. In the black stillness the blood sang loudly in their ears. The cold seemed suddenly to strengthen.

"The cabin," said Government slowly, "is down that other slope somewhere. I wish we'd brought a flash light."

"If I'd carried another ounce I wouldn't be here," Mac retorted. They could barely see each other's features now in the deepening gloom.

They blundered on, forced forward by the momentum of long-continued effort—that and the instinct that whispered it was not well to stand still too long in this black, silent frigidity. Now and then paler patches on tree boles led them to hope that they had encountered the blazes again. Then even the tree trunks melted into the general darkness. Overhead stars flashed almost audibly and the increasing cold gradually overcame the waning heat of their exertions. Mac, squatting for more snow to rub upon his numbed ears, had to fight against a persuasive voice that disclaimed the necessity for rising again, and pulled himself erect with difficulty.

Ahead, Government, only a dark smudge against the faintly luminous snow, exclaimed sharply and added: "I got it. Let's go."

Too sodden with weariness to question him, Mac followed on leaden legs that no longer felt even pain. Several times his partner checked his plodding and peered overhead. Mac halted behind him, his chief sensation vague gratitude for the minute's rest. He'd take ten steps more and then quit. Now, another ten. Thus he kept his body in action by false promises until, at length, the trees gave way and they entered a clearing with the dark bulk of a cabin in its midst.

Snow came into the cabin with them from the drift before the door. They were too weary to heed it. They clattered, ski-shod, into the hut and sat for long minutes on their bunks in the blackness before either found energy to stir. Presently Government struck a light. They had kindled a fire and water was boiling before Mac shook off exhaustion sufficiently to ask:

"How'd you see those blazes, Jack? I couldn't."

Government grinned wanly. "Neither could I," he answered. "We'd have been out there yet, if I hadn't seen a crack in the sky when I looked up."

"A crack?"

"Yes," the other agreed. "The telephone wire. I followed that in. You could just see it against the stars."

It snowed. It was midwinter now and the drifts climbed up over the eaves of the station. What had been a cabin was now a log-lined snow burrow, a low mound in the universal whiteness, with a stovepipe sticking through. Government and Mac dug their way upward and outward from the cabin when leaving for patrol, shoveled downward and inward on their return. Now and then, when opportunity offered, they dug down and cleared their windows temporarily. The first wind, the next snowfall, blocked them again. Most of the time the cabin was as black at midday as at midnight.

The drifts were almost up to the trail blazes, gashed twelve feet high on the trunks of the lodgepole pines. They had swamped the mileposts, so that the rangers measured depth at guesswork intervals alone. One went down to the creek no longer to obtain water. Instead, one stood on the lip of a twelve-foot snow bank and fished for it, where the rapids defied frost, with a tin tied to the end of a ski pole. And now it snowed again.

The Ranger's Road Map

The storm rode through the park in a furious drive of flakes. Winter, however unappreciative her Yellowstone audience, was determined to run her gamut. There had been meek snowstorms, when the fall was silent and steady. There had been tumultuous days, when flying particles stung like blown sand. There had been warm wet snows with flakes as big as pennies that stuck where they fell, plastering the rangers with a white rime, covering the firs and dragging their branches earthward. Now the storm seemed intent on combining the worst features of all earlier displays.

It had been muggy and still when the downpour had started. Government, returning from a trip to the hospital at Mammoth, had been compelled to halt every few miles, build a fire, melt black wax and regrease the bottoms of his skis to keep them from sticking. He had cursed the going but had comforted himself with thought of the satisfactory crust that would result when the mercury fell once more. He had cursed more heartily when the first big moist flakes fell, and presently had no breath remaining even for profanity.

Leaden clouds came piling in over the Gallatins. Great gusts of wind, each colder than the last, hurried the snow along. The pines rocked in the blast and then their tops were erased by the snow clouds. Gray walls of swarming flakes closed in upon Government, until twenty feet was the utmost range of his watery eyes. The cold stung and tingled in his nose like acid fumes.

Over the lower open stretches of Montana and Wyoming a blizzard was roaring that no human could have faced successfully. It mounted the ramparts of the Yellowstone and poured down upon the inner plateau, yet the peaks it scaled broke its force, twisted and tripped up the steady blast of the tempest so that it invaded the park, as all blizzards must, disorganized, tumultuous, but with the fierce steady power of its wind broken.

That map of the terrain rangers must carry in their heads alone brought Government through to the cabin where Mac waited. Landmarks were wiped out, trail blazes obscured. He guided himself solely by his knowledge of the rise and fall of the land, pushing slowly ahead into the storm, breaking through more deeply with every mile.

The Way to Get Well

Once, despite the brain map he carried, the gusty wind blew him off his course. The ground before him dropped away. There was a slither of branches, an explosion of snow shaken from laden twigs, and John Government found himself dangling by one ski from the limbs of a Douglas fir like a doll set awry by a careless Santa Claus.

Even as he struggled to free himself he was grateful. Now he knew where he was. A thirty-foot cliff bordered the trail a few miles from his station. Off this he had avalanched, and if he had not alighted in a tree top, might have snapped a bone on the drifts below.

It is no easy task to descend a tree on skis. With scratched face and hands, with ice water coursing down his back and needles pricking his skin, Government finally reached the snow that had crept up to the lower limbs of the tree. Two hours later wood smoke called to him out of the growing fury of the flakes, and following it, he dug his way into the cabin.

Two days' trail work, followed by ten hours' plodding through the broken ranks of a blizzard, might be considered a suicidal feat for a convalescent, but neither Government nor Mac commented upon it. He had covered the distance in far less time on his way out to consult a doctor, and then he had been sincerely convinced that he was a stricken man.

Big, rawboned, with thews that had become braided rawhide through daily ski patrols, Government nevertheless was positive he was grievously ill. Most rangers suffer from this delusion once or twice during the long, shut-in winter. It is a neurosis born of isolation, fostered by the monotony of the trail and the snowshoe cabin and the trail once more. A sore throat, a stiffened muscle may be the beginning of an imaginary illness. As the long snow-smothered days drag past, further symptoms collect. Heroic measures are necessary, the victim believes, to save his life, and he obtains, by telephone, permission to visit the hospital over a trail that only a man in perfect condition could follow.

"When a ranger is sick," Horace M. Albright, superintendent of the park said, "there isn't anything sicker in the world. I have to impress that on every new doctor who comes here."

Thus, when Government sought medical aid, the physician did not smile. He listened gravely through a stethoscope to a heart as rugged as a Diesel engine; he tested Government's flawless lungs, took his entirely satisfactory blood pressure and his equally normal temperature, and told the ranger that it was a good thing he had come in for treatment. Thereafter he

(Continued on Page 85

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(Continued from Page 83)

painted the no-longer sore throat that had started the patient's illness, dosed him solemnly with Epsom salts and injected a few cubic centimeters of water into a hard-muscled arm. Under these ministrations John Government's symptoms vanished like frost in a May sun. The following morning found him whole again.

Had the doctor scoffed at his ailments, it is possible that Government would have resigned and left the park in search of a physician who understood his case. It is also possible that he might have returned to his cabin and have died there before the long ordeal of the winter had ended. They demand action for their ailments, these mountain men who spend three-fourths of the year in utter wilderness.

A comrade of Government's last summer had a toothache—one defective molar in an otherwise perfect set. He endured it as long as he could and then sought a dentist, who argued, protested and at last obeyed his patient's reiterated command. He pulled the aching molar and the thirty-one unoffending teeth. The ranger returned to duty, lisping a little through an unfamiliar false set, but with his spirit at peace.

John Government of Yellowstone undoubtedly is the sickest thing in the world when he cherishes an ailment. If, however, consciousness of illness does not grip him, poison alone can kill him.

James Douglas, assistant chief ranger, is fifty-odd years old. On a grim winter day when the thermometer registered thirty below zero and promised to drop farther, James Douglas started across Yellowstone Lake from the West Thumb ranger station to inspect the Lake station, seventeen miles away. Wind had kept the ice clear of drifts and afforded easy walking. Douglas strapped his skis across his shoulders and trudged along briskly.

There are warm springs along the south shore of the lake and some beneath its surface. Douglas had got two miles from shore when he stepped into one. Thin ice had gathered over it and the water beneath was above freezing, but just above. Down the assistant chief went, in to his neck, and was saved from submerging entirely by the skis across his shoulders. He scrambled out of the icy water into a thirty-below-zero atmosphere. Two miles behind was Thumb station and fifteen miles ahead, Lake.

Where Snowslides Hang

Douglas stripped, wrung out of his clothes what water had not already congealed, resumed his ice-stiffened garments and hiked the fifteen miles. The next day he did twenty more.

"Why didn't you go back, you old fool?" they asked him at Lake. Douglas grinned sheepishly and spoke from long knowledge of the glee with which the service lays upon knowledge of a member's discomfort.

"They'd have kidded me to death," he explained.

It snowed all the night that Government returned from his hospital visit, and as the drifts piled higher the mercury fell lower. Over the roof of the cabin, now flush with the wide white floor of the snow, gusty winds raided the park, and one of these blasts, aided by a sagging pole, snapped the telephone wire that ran through Sylvan Pass to the ranger station at the park's east gate.

"And," Mac informed his partner, turning away from the telephone the following morning, "we're going up to fix it."

Government grinned wryly and calculated aloud, "We can make Cub Creek cabin tonight. We'll break through a-plenty today. We can go into the pass tomorrow. If we don't end up under an avalanche we can be back in Cub Creek tomorrow night. Four days'll do it, I reckon."

They broke through a-plenty—powdery snow that clogged their strides and forced a man to stagger aside at the end of fifteen minutes' trail breaking and let his partner assume the ordeal. Their way led uphill toward where the Absarokas blinked and shone. Through them, down to the Cody road, lies Sylvan Pass, a gut between towering mountains where snowslides hang on hair trigger all winter long.

The wind still ranged the upper air. Snow banners blew like steam from the far-away mountain tops, but in the cuplike heart of the park the air was still with a cold that seared the nostrils.

They traveled slowly, making not more than a mile an hour, mute with the silence of heavy toil, guiding themselves by their knowledge of the land. Drifts, where they stopped and sounded, were fourteen feet deep. They had lapped up over the trail blazes. The pair shuffled along, black spots of life in the white glitter of a cold-locked world. It was twilight when the last heart-breaking mile ended at a black length of stovepipe thrust up through the snow, and they knew that, feet beneath, the roof of Cub Creek snowshoe cabin lay.

Tea-Totalers in the Service

Blue shadows spread and turned black while, with ski poles and mittened hands, they dug for the shovel hanging beneath the cabin eaves. They were white from head to foot by the time they found it and spelled each other in driving a shaft down to the door. Mac was wielding the shovel when the blade sounded against wood. Government heard his grunt of satisfaction turn into a yelp of dismay.

"Door smashed in," Mac reported.

"By the snow?" Government asked stupidly.

"No, busted all to pieces," his partner elaborated.

"Bear," the other diagnosed.

"You bet," Mac agreed. "A grizzly. And here's what he left of the mess chest right in the doorway."

Presently, by match flare, they surveyed the chaos into which the military orderliness of the snowshoe cabin had been turned by a grizzly. Prehibernation hunger had inspired him, and since the hut was off the main patrol trails, Mac and Government were the first to discover his deed in the piercing cold of a January twilight.

The thick door had been crushed in and torn from its hinges by blows of a great silvery paw. The mess chest, weighing at least 600 pounds, had been wrenched from its cache beneath the flooring and hauled to the doorway. The iron-sheathed cover, despite padlock and heavy hinges, had been ripped off. The chest stood empty save for a scattering of white navy beans on its bottom. The cans of food it had held lay about, mashed and burst by the great brute's jaws. On the cabin floor, beyond the snow that had drifted in, flour and tea were spilled together. The stove had been knocked over. The firewood stacked in the corner alone had not been disturbed. Mac, fumbling in the snowdrift at the doorway, finally exhumed a can of beans. It was misshapen and punctured in one place by a grizzly incisor.

"Here's our dinner," the ranger said, holding up.

"We can sift some tea out of that mess on the floor," Government supplemented. "We'll need it. We'll get plenty fresh air tonight."

Neither man slept. Fortified by a damaged can of beans and floury tea, they sat close to the stove, blanket wrapped and cursing bears through chattering teeth, dozing fitfully until the fire waned, and waking, cursing, to replenish it again. All night long the mercury dropped lower. It touched fifty-eight below—the coldest night of the winter.

More tea constituted their breakfast. Thereafter they went, not back to their station but upward into the pass to mend the broken wire. It was nightmare work, for the cold had an ally in hunger, but they repaired the break, returned to Cub Creek at dusk and dined on more floury tea and parboiled white beans. The cold, this night, was less intense—only fifty below.

"Haw-haw!" headquarters said heartlessly over the wire when they reported

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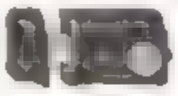
You can go away and leave behind the things you value . . . if you leave them behind a Yale Cylinder Lock . . . There is no "perhaps" or "maybe" about a Yale-locked door or closet. It's locked and you know it's locked. Look through your home for opportunities to secure improved lock protection . . . This Yale No. 44 Automatic Deadlatch with its long double throw of bolt cannot be pried open. Ideal for front and rear doors, apartment, closet and office doors . . . Or this Yale No. 42 Deadlatch a manually operated general service lock for any residence, garage or office door where its deadlocking feature is desirable . . . Or this Yale No. 36 Springlatch  for store-room doors, cupboard doors and all interior doors needing a lock to discourage the hasty thief and keep him out . . . Send for Booklet "Yale Guards Your Treasures."

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from their station the following evening. "You must have had a swell time."

"Oh, it wasn't so bad," disclaimed John Government, convalescent.

It snowed, no longer triumphantly but with a great stubbornness, as though the chief purpose of the waning winter was to keep the drifts above window level. Beneath its deep covering the life of the park stirred. The broken roar of the wind through firs was no longer the sole outside sound. Now and then at midday water tap-tapped from eaves and laden branches. Drifts grew sodden and skis had to be waxed more frequently. Weekly at the water gauges the rivers' levels were higher and their quickening currents carried along broken bits of ice. Willows were turning amber and then, on a day of thaw, they saw a mountain bluebird, a bit of azure flashing among the dripping firs.

"Two weeks more," John Government announced as he listened to the irregular drum beat of snow water—"two weeks more and I haul out of this. Southern California, Mac. Tia Juana, maybe, and then some place to sit in the sun until my hide peels. Man!"

Mac only grunted. He had taken the twenty-four days off which the not-too-prodigal department allows its rangers yearly, the preceding fall. That night it snowed again—heavy, lifeless flakes that turned at length into drizzling rain. The south wind came up from the Tetons timorously and then in great warm blasts that wiped the clotted snow from the pine branches and set the drifts to shrinking. The river growled and grumbled against the canyon walls, and high on the hills, where the scouring winds had kept the snows thin, brown earth hunched its back and broke through the whiteness.

An Ungrateful Elk

They found tracks on their next patrol, blotches on the snow like the marks of fat stubby hands, where a black bear, roused early from hibernation, ranged for food. The bare brown earth, spreading on the hills, beckoned the starving elk from the lower lands, and on a slope across which they toiled with skis that dragged and stuck in the sodden snow, they encountered a thin miserable bull, bogged in a drift. Coyotes sat about, waiting with a ghoulish cheerfulness until he grew a little weaker. They drifted away like blown wisps of gray cloud at the rangers' approach. The great brown animal lifted branching antlers at the sound of skis, rolled feebly threatening eyes and dropped his head again. The winter had broken his heart. Not fifty yards away lay solid earth and aspens, promising food. Rather than struggle farther, he was entirely willing to lie in the snow and perish.

Government and Mac swore at him. All winter long they had been rescuing these big, faint-hearted creatures who always showed amazing resentment at having their lives saved. As they drew nearer now the elk strove to repel them with weary sweeps of his antlers. Gingerly they prodded and hauled at him, urging him up the slope until at last he found his feet. They stepped back. The bull regarded them with tired, clouded eyes, took a staggering step, grunted and lay down again to die.

Panting and perspiring from their efforts, Mac and Government addressed him eloquently. Their defamation should have stirred even an exhausted bull elk to resentment. Not until they laid hands on him again did he object. They dodged kicks and swinging horns, and when they had driven him to within a scant six feet of the drift's edge, stood back once more. Two steps would take him to solid ground. He refused to make them, swayed, went down on his knees and lay flat.

Their next attack got him out. With earth under his fore hoofs, he scrambled to his feet, Mac urging him on with a mighty slap upon the cream-colored target on his rear. Rescued, he stood at the snow's edge, shook his head and threatened to avenge recent insult by charging down into the drift once more. The rangers drew off, staggering with weariness, and at length saw him turn and climb the slope with rheumatic dignity.

They built a fire, melted wax and rubbed their skis again before they resumed their slow plodding through the wet drifts. It was dark before they reached the station, and muscles trained and hardened by a winter's patrol were throbbing painfully.

"Bed," Mac announced as he fumbled with his ski straps, "is a grand place. It's going to snow some more. Let it."

Fifty miles away the caretaker who watched over the winter-silenced bulk of Old Faithful Hotel pushed back the radio headpiece and addressed his wife.

"Seen the ranger? Funny he hasn't come in; he's most always here by eight. Good program tonight too. I'll go get him."

He hesitated a moment at the door, peering into the falling snow. Bad night, but Bill was a good kid. Bug on botany. Only yesterday wanted them to eat some of the things he'd dug up from beside the creek. Said they were good for the blood in spring, and had eaten quite a lot of them himself. Queer there was no light in the cabin.

He knocked at the door, and getting no response, entered.

Into black abysses of slumber penetrated the shrill of the telephone, calling their number. Mac, blundering through the darkness, drunk with sleep, collided with Government.

"Light up," the latter directed. "I'll answer."

The voice of Joseph Joffe, assistant superintendent, spoke in Government's ear. He and Mac were to get to Old Faithful as soon as possible. Bill was dead. Ate what he thought was calamus and it was water hemlock. Dead almost twenty-four hours when the caretaker found him.

"Doug has started already," Joffe's voice continued. "There'll be six of you in all. You're to take the body out to West Yellowstone. The weekly train's due Thursday and they'll hold it for you as long as they can."

For an instant after he hung up Government stood, with head canted, listening to the tick and mutter of sleet on the panes. Then, while he relayed instructions to Mac, he started to build a fire.

It snowed. Dawn, filtering through the storm, revealed the rangers plodding through the fifth of the fifty miles to Old Faithful. Scant sleep, muscles still bruised from yesterday's struggle through wet drifts, made each step an effort. All day long they marched, with the sting of sleet in their faces, hardening their minds to their bodies' pleas for rest.

His Last Ski Trip

Toward midafternoon they reached a snowshoe cabin, snatched a hot meal there and floundered on. For an hour thereafter the storm hammered them, strove to check with its blasts or lose them in whirling snow clouds. Then, at nightfall it dwindled and died. By starlight they reached a second cabin, too utterly weary to eat, dropped on the bunks for a few hours' sleep, and before the next dawn had pulled up their weary bodies by sheer will power. They set out again, sinking deep into the snow at every step under a sky that dawned clear and thickened with clouds as the day went on.

Automatically they alternated at trail breaking. Automatically they halted when snow stuck to and checked their skis, heated wax and went on. Again in the midafternoon they reached a snowshoe cabin. Mac looked at Government and Government at him. Flurries of flakes danced among the trees ahead. They turned their backs on the cabin and pushed on.

Long after sunset that night they entered, with the stiff movements of immense decrepitude, the Old Faithful ranger station and nodded wanly and wordlessly to the men gathered there—men who kept their eyes for the most part on the closed door of an inner room, who stepped softly and spoke as though they feared to wake one who slumbered lightly.

Old Doug—Assistant Chief Ranger James Douglas—nodded approval.

"You made time," he told the newcomers. "Eat and get some sleep. We're taking him out at dawn."

Yet it was only eleven that night when Douglas waked them.

"We're moving out now," he said. "It's begun to rain. If it keeps up we'll need every minute we've got to get through."

They left in the blackness of a rain-swept midnight, six men on skis and the body of a seventh, blanket wrapped and strapped to ski blades. Beneath them the snow stuck and clung. They said little as they faced the thirty-mile trail to West Yellowstone. Skis clashed and complained through the soggy drifts, whispered beneath the burden they drew behind. In the wet darkness a geyser roared and thundered and was silent. They crossed the upper geyser basin where the heat of earth had melted the snow, four of them bearing the body shoulder-high, two carrying lights through the whirling sulphurous steam. Shadows shone gigantic, distorted against clouds of the earth's breathing. Then, beyond, there were drifts of wet snow again and the slow ordeal of trail breaking by dog-tired men. The rain slackened and stopped, but the air remained warm and no crust formed on the snow to ease their going.

Signs of Spring

Ten miles out, at the Fountain snowshoe cabin, they halted and permitted themselves food and a brief rest. They spoke little, partly from weariness, partly because the long blanket-sheathed burden on the skis dominated and awed them. After an hour they pushed on again, along the Fire Hole River, roaring over its ice ledges, and at length westward along the Madison.

The railroad had promised to hold the train as long as possible. They staggered into West Yellowstone, sodden with fatigue, dull-eyed and abstracted, like men who walk in sleep, ten hours before train time. Most of them had made eighty miles of cruelly bad ski travel in less than four days. The last ninety hours had afforded none of them more than seven of sleep, but they saw Bill's body laid away in the car, bound homeward to his people, before they considered their work done.

"And then," Permanent Ranger John Government told Temporary Ranger Richard Roe, returned from his university to augment the glories of Yellowstone in the coming season—"and then we slept till we were sick of it."

Day by day the snows that still clung to the peaks were diminishing and the winds of June, blowing across the Yellowstone, were soft with flower scents and the smell of sun-warmed pines. They bore, now and again, the far-away thud of dynamite from where the drifts of Sylvan Pass were being blasted against the coming of the new year's tourist army. Yellow busses were bringing back the pack rats and bubble blowers, the beavers and pearl divers of the great hotels.

"Have a good vacation?" Temporary Ranger Roe asked, surveying the fit of his forest-green uniform with anxiety.

"Didn't get to go," Government confessed. "I don't know. It began to get green and pretty and there was a heap to do—so I stayed. . . . "No, sir, it's a one-way road from Old Faithful to Thumb."

The early arriving sagebrushers departed from the ranger station and John Government surveyed their backs with a dawning contentment in his eyes. Outside, someone drove tent pegs home in the motor camp, and a bear, still lank from his winter's slumber, peered hopefully into a garbage can. Permanent Ranger Government looked from his partner, who was unpacking his bags, to the shrinking snowcaps, with something of the light of victory in his eyes. He sighed and stretched.

"It's over," he announced, "and the Lord be praised."

Here's a new suit of underwear

especially made for the man who works indoors

Light enough for comfort...
Heavy enough for warmth
...and perfect in fit, always!

AT LAST a suit of underwear has been made which will keep you *comfortably* warm the few minutes you are outdoors every day—*without making you uncomfortably hot the eight hours you are in your office.*

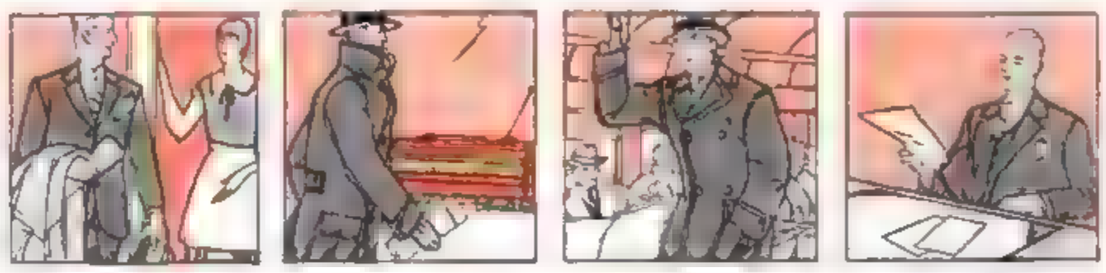
For this new Allen-A garment is made of a feathery-weight worsted mixture. (Light wool and extra-fine cotton yarn.) It absorbs all body moistures. Keeps your skin dry and cool when you're inside.

But when you step outdoors the wool gives the protection you need against the cold. It holds your body heat *in* and keeps the cold air *out*. You're actually as comfortable and warm as you were in your office.

Another thing that has made a big hit with men is the way this underwear *always* fits. For it is knit by a patented spring needle knitting process. This process requires a mile more yarn per garment. It stretches readily when you stretch—but always springs back into shape instantly.

Try one suit of this specially made underwear. Ask for it by style number—1615. Either full or short length. In natural color. If your dealer doesn't carry this underwear, simply send us his name and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, Kenosha, Wisconsin



70° In your home before you leave for work. Then a sudden change to—

15° outdoors as you walk to the street car. Another change to—

58° in the street car as you ride downtown. And then—

70° in your office where you stay for eight hours a day

UNDERWEAR
Spring needle knit and athletic type—for men and boys only

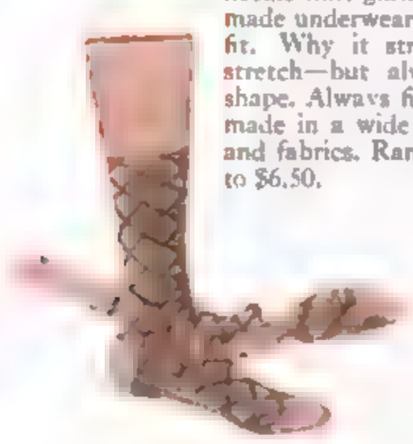
Allen A

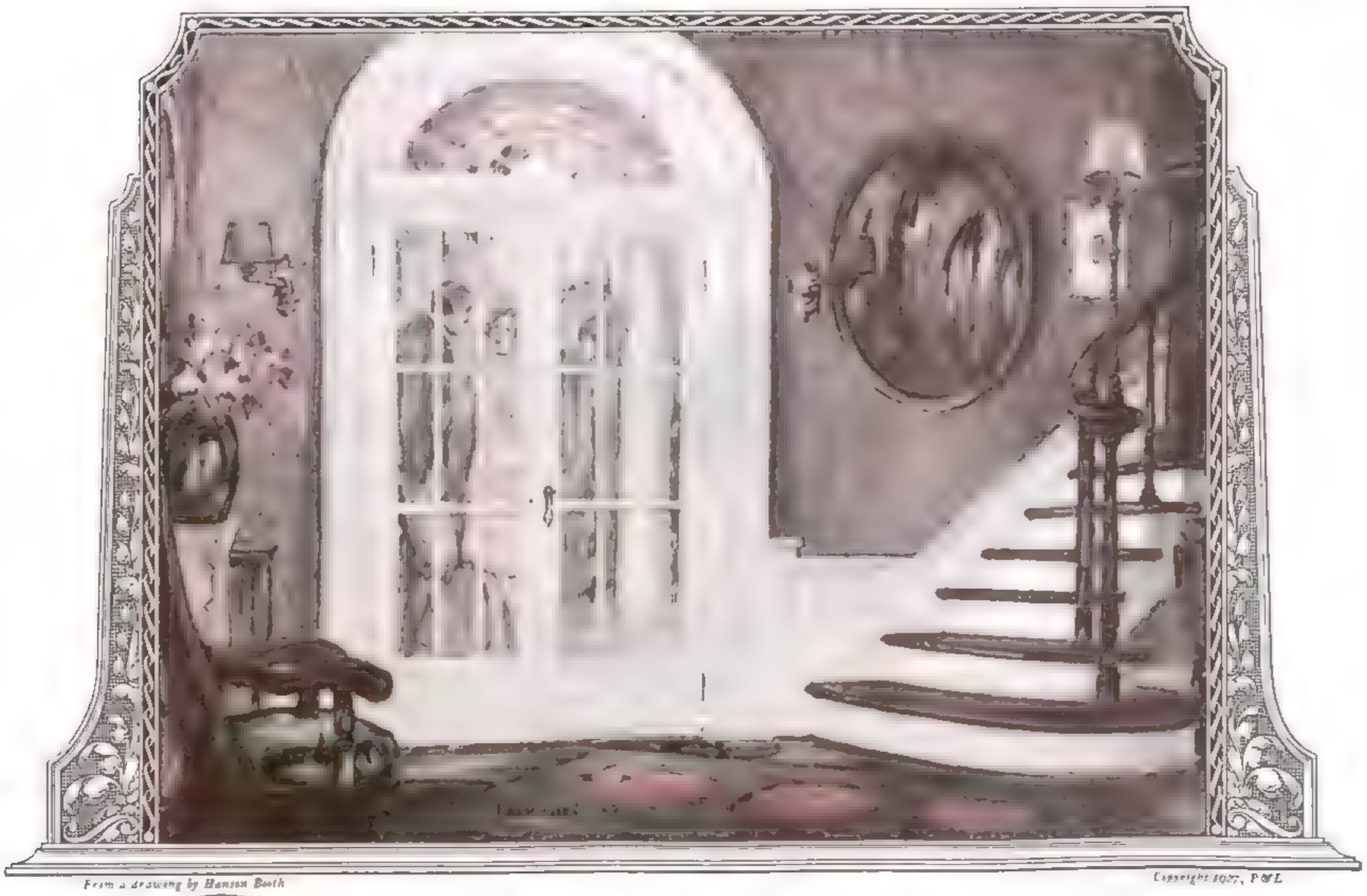
HOSIERY
for men, women and children

This photograph shows the remarkable elasticity of the webbing of this spring needle knit garment. Why this specially made underwear has a sleek, comfortable fit. Why it stretches freely when you stretch—but always springs back into shape. Always fits. Allen-A underwear is made in a wide range of styles, weights and fabrics. Ranging in price from $1.50 to $6.50.

Smart Styles in Men's Hosiery

These good looking hose are pure worsted. In vertical stripes, diamond patterns, horizontal stripes, cross stripes and plaids. Priced, $1.00 per pair.





From a drawing by Hanson Booth

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Vitralite

The Long-Life Enamel

ENAMELED woodwork of the finest quality is within reach of everyone who has a home, old or new. There is no need to use inferior enamels for the purpose of economy. Vitralite *the Long-Life Enamel*, while it costs more by the can, spreads so far and covers so well that it is no more expensive by the job than ordinary enamels.

So thoroughly does Vitralite cover or "hide" that one coat very often does the work of two coats of common enamel. It brushes on so easily, without laps, runs or brush marks and flows out to a surface smooth as porcelain. These working qualities free the user from any restrictions in application and result in a decided saving in labor.

All the charm and beauty of the chaste white Vitralite or the rare tints, in gloss or eggshell finish, are yours at no extra cost. And in Vitralite you secure added durability—the maximum in resistance to wear and weather. That is why we can guarantee it for three years, whether used *outside* or inside, although it gives such long service that a guarantee seems unnecessary to those familiar with Vitralite.

From every point of view, the use of Vitralite is an investment in good taste which pays real dividends in money saved. In new or old homes, on woodwork and furniture all through the house, Vitralite will eliminate disappointment and future expense.

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When your motor car needs refinishing, ask your automobile painter to use Vitralite *Automobile* Enamel—the modern, quick, economical and durable finish. Vitralite Automobile Enamel *remains elastic* and adheres to the metal, defying sun, rain, snow, sleet and mud.

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finished with Vitralite, will be sent you on request. Color card and names of dealers will also be sent.

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PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

MAYZIE IN A SISTER ACT

(Continued from Page 25

"Cobb was the regular," says he, "but he couldn't get away. Wife wouldn't let him go."

"Wise wifey," says I. "They get rolling in the rolling chairs and, then no telling what happens. You look like you had some of those—what was it Chub Gunter said would be in your hair?"

"Vine leaves," says By. "Maybe he was right too."

"Tut-tut!" says I. "You better forget that you had a great-grandmother and remember that wooden cocktails eat holes in the carpet."

But he's as eager for good advice just then as a kid is for school on circus day. He dashes off to catch the 8:45 as gay and gladsome as if someone had willed him the Boardwalk and a Steel Pier or two. And when Chub Gunter strolls in half an hour later for his breakfast he has on a smug, satisfied look that gives me the hunch he's tickled over something.

'Course, Mr. Gunter don't tell me what it is. He's one of the kind that never gets chatty with waitresses—not in public. Besides, the one and only time we ever had speech together, me and Mr. Gunter, he was kept busy for a week explaining how he got the scratches on his face. So now our conversation is confined to what's on the menu.

I don't want to say anything against the heir to the Gunter mills, but privately, between you and me, he's a pill, the small end of a ripe egg, a more or less human blister. He's what happens when an only son gets away to a bad start. Just how raw the act was that got him thrown out of college I didn't hear, but as it was something he never bragged about, it must have been one you'd only want to whisper to a girl friend. Then mother staked him to a year in Paris, where he was supposed to be studying art. Huh! Enough said, I guess.

But old Z. K. Gunter knew his offspring and how to fix up a will, so when Chub got to be a double orphan he found he had to play the part on fifty a week, which is why he's back in South Adnock enjoying our famed cuisine—see billheads—and a third-floor single room at monthly rates. If he keeps out of jail until he's thirty, and is legally married, his children, if any, will draw a nice income from the estate. But no more for Chub. Hence it wouldn't be such a poor play for him to qualify as son-in-law in the Cutler family. I believe he'd almost made up his mind to do it, when he discovered that Byron Tillings wasn't as much of a joke as he'd thought. Was this Don Ju-an stuff just part of a campaign to ditch Byron without any waste effort? It looked so from where I stood. And the prospect of this sneaky soft corn getting away with a move of that kind made me wonder if my pink beads could by any chance be celluloid.

I hope I don't seem bitter about Mr. Gunter. That would be a shame. Nor am I trying to plant the idea that Mayzie Monahan is a modest lily of the valley who goes shivery when a young hick starts getting fresh. I made my debut as dining-room help when I was sixteen, and since then I've knocked around a lot, doing my stuff in all kinds of joints where folks are fed, from swell mountain hotels to railroad lunch counters.

I guess I've met every kind of male sheik there is, and if I haven't learned how to kid and be kidded, then I must be dumb. I've picked up other tricks too. For instance, that a snappy boyish bob is a good disguise for a mop of carroty hair, and that freckles don't show if you use plenty of facial scenery. Also that good ankles deserve high-grade silk.

So I don't mind if they do stretch their necks. And when young Mr. Gunter drifts back from Paris and discovers that the little Maggie who was in the eighth grade with him has changed her name to Mayzie and seems to be living up to it—well, I'd 'a' been disappointed if he hadn't noticed me. It was his way of doing it that got me biting my lip. Nothing open or friendly, you know. No "Well, look who's here!" Not even a nod. But after he's looked me over and sized me up, I suppose, I finds him waiting in the dark alley behind the inn one evening with his car. He tells me to climb in about as he'd give off any other order. But I wasn't sure this mightn't be just his only-son manner until we'd driven halfway round the pond and he'd opened Scene II of his program. Which was when my finger nails went into action, and what I didn't tell him about himself before I walked back he'll never need to hear.

Maybe you can understand then that when I noticed Chub Gunter's yellow racer parked in front of the Cutler house that Saturday evening, I was curious enough to linger behind an elm across the street until I saw him come out. Roberta wasn't with him. But I knew he was buzzing around all the same. He was there Sunday afternoon, too, and is late in for supper. So when he orders Welsh rabbit and French fried I brings him cold ham and a soggy boiled potato.

"Rabbit's out," says I, "and it's no good giving me the peevish glare. Ye-uh? Well, there's a lot of other things you want that you're not going to get."

"At least," he growls, "you're not one of them."

"Good news at last!" says I.

That kept me cheerful up to Monday noon, when Uncle Dan crashes in for an early dinner. He has on his parade uniform and his presentation gold shield and is walking heavy on his heels, so I knew something big was about to break.

"Act like you was all set to make an important pinch," I suggests.

"You're a good guesser, Mayzie," says he. "I expect to bring back the pair that got away with Mrs. Mott Schuyler's jewels."

"Z-z-z! Some uncle!" says I. "Two of 'em, eh? Porch climbers?"

"No," says he; "inside workers, just as I said. One was that slick maid she got from an agency, a pert little piece who got huffy when I asked her a few questions. Left right after, so I sent out her description. The other's a young feller she must have picked up here, but I can't seem to place him. Anyway, when they got her they nabbed him too. . . . Hurry with that bloob'ry pie."

I shot him the pie. "Where'd you say they found the crooks?" I asks.

"Atlantic City," says he.

"That's funny," says I.

"Means I got to catch the 1:15 and trust them boobs in Concord to send on the extradition papers," says he. "Little more coffee."

He's a fine old scout, Uncle Dan. Looks more like an official Santa Claus than a chief of police, and the part would suit him a lot better. I straightened his tie and brushed some gray hairs off his coat collar and sent him off. He'd hardly got through the door when Sleepy, the telegraph kid, comes breezing in with a message for me.

"Makin' your heavy dates by wire now, eh, Mayzie?" says he.

"Now that'll be all from you, little one," says I. "Gimme that."

It's from Atlantic City and it reads:

TELL ROBERTA NOT TO BELIEVE WHAT SHE HEARS AND EXPLAIN ABOUT VINE LEAVES. BYRON.

"Good gosh!" I gasps. "I wonder if it could be him."

The more I thought it over, the less I wondered. Then a glimpse of Chub Gunter swaggering about the lobby got me stepping on the self-starter. I remembered that Tess Connors was quitting the Crystal Café that day and maybe would sub in for me. When I phoned her she said she would. That leaves me twenty-seven minutes to change and get to the station. I made it in twenty-three. As Uncle Dan is already parked in the smoker, he don't know a thing about it until late that night, when I sidled up to him in the Grand Central Station.

"Mayzie Monahan!" he gasps.

"No putting anything over on a trained sleuth like you, is there, Uncle Dan?" says I.

"Where—where do you think you're going, girl?" he demands.

"Why," says I, "I thought I'd run down to Atlantic City and help you bag the crooks."

"You go straight back to South Adnock," says he.

"And miss seeing you in your big act?" says I. "How could I tell my grandchildren all the details if I didn't go? Who's your only and favorite niece, Uncle Dan?"

"But see here," he sputters, "how can I ——"

"I'm your lady deputy come to take care of the lady crook," says I. "We'll show 'em a little class, eh? Big-time stuff. Now let's grab a taxi and find this Pennsylvania Station."

He lets on to be grouchy, but I can see that really he's glad I'm there, for he's used to being bossed around by Aunt Mary and kind of misses it. Then again Uncle Dan is no Marco Polo. He's been out of New Hampshire maybe half a dozen times, but only once before as far as New York, and then he was flimflammed and short-changed and had his watch lifted off him. We gets a midnight lunch in the station and then dozes in the waiting room until six A.M.

"I can't think what South Adnock feller that slick maid could have rung in with her," says he, as we finally gets our train south.

"I can," says I, "but don't you swallow all they feed you about him."

"Say, who's running this case, anyway?" he demands.

"The best chief of police South Adnock ever had," says I.

That soothes him and we both takes cat naps as we roll down through New Jersey. Braced up by a good breakfast and a sniff of salt air, we taxis to the jail, and inside of ten minutes we're waiting in the warden's room for the prisoners to be brought in.

First comes this zippy female in black. She has on what I'd call a decree-widow costume, for it's too smart to hint of any recent weeps, and the nifty little black *cloche* with the jet doodads on it is as perky as if it was flame-red. A bright-faced young party, she is, some owing to the use of a vivid lipstick, some to a good digestion, and if she didn't have that sullen look about her tight little mouth I judge she'd be quite a vamp.

She looks us over calm and cold-eyed and hunches her pretty shoulders. "You ain't got a thing on me—not a thing," she tells Uncle Dan.

"Mistakes will happen, young lady," says Uncle Dan. "Just tell me who's your side partner in this."

"You mean my husband, I suppose," says she. "Well, here he comes and he'll tell you that ——"

"Wha-a-at?" gasps Uncle Dan, as another arrival is towed in. "Young By Tillings, eh? Aye, gorry, but that's too bad!"

And of all the sheep-faced young sports you ever saw, Byron is it. Say, he's a perfect picture of a kid caught with his hand in the cooky jar. Also his wavy hair is tousled and his new suit is all wrinkled where he's slept in it and he needs a shave.

"I don't know what this is all about; honest I don't, Dan," says he.

"No use lyin' to me, By Tillings," says Uncle Dan, shaking his gray head. "You

(Continued on Page 91)

You'll love what's in that GINGHAM WRAPPER

Bright checkered gingham like mother's kitchen apron—that's the new dress in which you now find Oh Henry! offered on every candy counter—a new wrapper, but the same old-fashioned, rough hewn, home-like Oh Henry! inside—still made this home-made way:

FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar; ½ teaspoon creamery butter; 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup, white of one egg.

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter; 1½ cups corn syrup; 3 cups rich, full cream milk, ½ teaspoon salt.

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil (hulls removed).

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate.

So *now*, when that home-made candy appetite starts singing, you just can't help seeing Oh Henry! waiting for you there on the counter.

Oh Henry!

CANDY MADE THE HOME-MADE WAY

One of the greatest craftsmen of all time, Benvenuto Cellini's use of jewels in ornament has never been surpassed

FEW jewel collectors gather in a lifetime as costly an array of diamonds as are worn out each year in the Packard factory.

Diamonds for ages had no other use than ornamentation. Today they play an important rôle in the manufacture of high precision parts for Packard cars.

In truing tools they shape the surface of grinding wheels to precise accuracy. In diamond boring machines they spin away microscopic rough spots on connecting rod bearings—producing a gem-like surface permitting accurate fit to less than one ten-thousandth of an inch.

Packard cars, flawless in performance and jewel-like in beauty, are the result of a factory policy which demands perfection in the most minute details. High precision means long life and silent operation.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

(Continued from Page 89)

were nabbed with this young woman, wasn't you? Well, she's the one that got away with the Schuyler jewels and you must have helped. Now the best thing you can do is to come clean and tell me where the stuff is. . . . Well?"

For a minute or so Byron stands there gawping at us, and then he starts protesting spluttery. "I never heard of any jewels," says he. "And I never saw this ——"

"Shut up, you poor sap!" says the young lady. "Not a word!"

"All right," says Uncle Dan. "Then you'll both go back with me to the county jail and wait until the second Monday in September. I'll be sorry to take you into the old town as a jailbird, Byron, but ——"

"Mayzie!" pleads Byron.

"Yes, I'm right here, By," says I. "And don't worry. Uncle Dan is a grand old boy and one of the trickiest detectives in the business. He'll get to the bottom of this in time, even if he has to let his favorite niece work the third degree for him. Do I get my innings, Uncle Dan?"

"If you can make him tell where the loot is, go to it," says he.

"Thanks," says I. "Now, Byron, old sport, let's see if we can dope out the real honest-to-goodness facts. Just who is your girl friend?"

"She's a Mrs. Dubois," says he—"a widow whose husband was an aviator and was lost flying to Japan last winter. I met her on the train coming down here."

"I see," says I. "Introduced by the conductor?"

"No-o-o," says Byron.

"You mistook her for your Maid of Athens, eh?" says I.

"He's a liar," says the young lady. "I'm from Washington."

"Of course," says I. "Some senator's daughter, I expect. You must have had your nerve with you, Byron. Or was it vine leaves in your hair?"

"Some of both, I expect," says he. "Her chair was just back of mine and we—we got to talking."

"In other words," says I, "you tried your line on her?"

Byron nods. "Took her to one of these cabaret dinners in New York too," he adds.

"I know," says I. "And in a quiet nook you held her hands and told her she reminded you of an old sweetie, didn't you?"

"I'll say he did!" breaks in Mrs. Dubois. "Of all the mushy yaps that ever strayed from the sticks, this bird wins the bowl of oatmeal." Which gets a fine big squirm out of Byron.

"You let me pay your fare to Atlantic City, didn't you?" he grumbles.

"Why not, after standing for such an earful?" says she. "Besides, I was coming down here, anyway."

"Then you were just kidding about his being your husband?" I asks.

"Even if he ain't," says she, "I gotta right to ride on the train with him. And this old goat ain't gonna take me to no hick hoosegow either. I never touched that old dame's sparks and nobody can prove I did. If I'd lifted 'em, they'd be on me, wouldn't they? And they ain't."

"Anyway, Uncle Dan," says I, "you can see that Byron was just making a train pick-up. No need of holding him, is there?"

"I'm taking no chances," says Uncle Dan. "Maybe he wasn't in on the job at first, but he was found with her later, and that might make him accessory after the fact."

"Ah, don't go legal!" says I. "You're 'way over your head now."

But he can be a stubborn old boy at times, and for the next half hour I tried to tell him what a crime it would be to drag a young fellow back to his home town just on suspicion. Byron was listening with cold beads on his brow and the lady crook was watching sneery, when right in the midst of the debate in comes a heavy-set gent that the warden says is a headquarters man from New York. He's a jolly, genial soul. Takes one look at Mrs. Dubois and goes chuckly right away.

"If it isn't our old friend Winnie the Weasel!" says he. "Thought it must be when I heard of your work. Got in as lady's maid, eh, and made a clean up? Didn't leave the old girl so much as a lingerie clasp, they tell me."

"Ask the matron that searched me," snaps Winnie.

"Oh, you passed it on to your side kick quick enough," says the dick. "Where is he?"

"Right here," says Uncle Dan.

"That!" says the man, after a quick look at Byron. "Think the Weasel would work with such a half-baked Rube? Not her. Say, didn't you notice a thin, pale-faced gink with shiny black hair and a nick on his right ear hanging about your burg up there?"

"No," says Uncle Dan.

"I did," I cuts in. "We had a transient at Adnock Inn something like that last Wednesday and Thursday. Walked with a little limp, had sort of rat eyes, and took two orders of spaghetti."

"Sounds like Kid Napoli," says he. "Take a look at these mug prints, miss."

"That's the party," says I. "He checked out after dinner Thursday and left me a dollar tip."

"He could afford to with swag worth fifty grand coming to him," says the big sleuth. "And the Kid'll be under cover by now. Maybe we can smoke him out. Anyway, you got this girl of his who turned the trick. Keep the grippers on her until you get her cooped, for she's a slippery moll. They don't call her Winnie the Weasel for nothing."

"What about the young feller here?" asks Uncle Dan.

"The boy friend?" says the other. "Ah, turn him loose—eh, Winnie?"

"You can drop him in the river for all of me," says she. "No, wait! Can I whisper a little advice in his ear?"

The detective grins and says she can, so she takes Byron one side for a minute and he comes back with his ears all pinked up.

The rest of the day we spent waiting around while Uncle Dan wired for the papers. They came on the late mail. Meanwhile Byron has confessed that he can't stay for the convention on account of lack of funds. Entertaining Winnie had left him almost flat broke, so he says he'll have to go back when we do.

"The high cost of Don Ju-aning, eh?" says I. "Well, you can say the sight of Uncle Dan made you homesick, or something like that."

"I—I hope it doesn't have to be told around town—all this about my getting mixed up with that Winnie person," says he.

"Afraid of being kidded the rest of your life?" I asks.

"I could stand the kidding," says he, "but if it made me lose Roberta ——"

"Oh!" says I. "After going Byronic with a near-widow, you can still remember Roberta, can you?"

He shuts his eyes and sighs. "I never knew before," says he, "how much I want Roberta, nor how much I need a girl like that to—to keep me out of such dog-gone foolishness."

"Listens like the real thing," says I. "But you might as well know that Chub Gunter hasn't been asleep these last few days, and you'll have to get awful busy when you strike town again."

"You'll see," says he. "That is, if I can get out of this jam without folks knowing."

"I'll do my best with Uncle Dan to keep him from spilling it," says I. "I don't promise anything though. He's kind of sore on you for spoiling his double pinch."

At 9:30 that night we got under way, Uncle Dan with the Winnie girl handcuffed to one wrist, Byron and me trailing along in the background and letting on we didn't know 'em. It wasn't until we struck the Grand Central that Byron, going through his pockets for something, dug up this claim check.

"For my suitcase," says he. "I checked it while we went to that cabaret place, and afterwards, what with the drinks and everything, I forgot to get it. Oh, yes! There's something of hers in it too. She asked me to save it for her. Vanity case, I guess."

"Was that what she was whispering in your ear about?" says I.

"Partly," says he. "Where is that parcel room, anyhow?"

I led him over to it and he retrieved the suitcase.

"Listen, Byron," says I, "how did she come to stow her vanity outfit in there?"

"I don't remember," says he. "Let's see, it was just before we got to New Haven and the conductor came through the car. There was a man in plain clothes with him. She seemed to get nervous and all of a sudden hands over this case and tells me to put it in my bag. Say, that fellow might have been a detective, eh?"

"If he was, he had no such eagle eye as that bird who met you at Atlantic City," says I. "Asked you to keep her vanity case, did she? That's queer too. Generally they want their lipstick right handy. Let's have a peek and see what brand she uses."

So we took the new bag out to one of the seats in the waiting room and opened it up. In with Byron's other shirt and collars and extra socks is this full-sized leather case, but it's locked.

"Got a knife with you?" I asks Byron. "Good! Pry open that clasp. Oh, go on; I'll apologize to Winnie."

And under the top tray was a sight that had us blinking. Two handfuls of bar pins and necklaces and earrings, and so on.

"Well, well!" says I. "The missing jewels! Not such a bad hunch, that peek, was it? So that was how you came to make such an easy pick-up! Either she'd missed getting in touch with the Napoli Kid, or was holding out on him, and she was using you for a stool pigeon. And you thought it was all your line, didn't you, Byron?" He has his chin on his necktie and not a word to say. "Never mind," says I. "This'll square you with Uncle Dan. Ought to do more'n that, for if I remember right there's been quite a reward offered. But there's got to be some fancy explaining done to show how you happened to be so helpful."

It might have been a bit vague, the tale Uncle Dan passed out about how him and Byron Tillings not only captured the notorious Winnie the Weasel but brought back all the stolen jewels as well. Something about his meeting Byron in Atlantic City and calling him in as deputy. Anyhow, nobody in town tells it quite the same; but there's the lady crook in Cell 19, and there's Mrs. Mott Schuyler with her fat fingers and fat neck all glittery again. Also, the Adnock Register says that those clever New York crooks better do their stuff on Broadway, where they can get away with it, for when they wander up where real people live they get outsmarted.

"Been around to see Roberta?" I asks Byron this morning. "How's everything?"

"Fine!" says he, beaming. "She—she says I'm a hero. We got it all fixed up. Soon as I get my share of the reward I'm going to buy the ring."

"Before you do," says I, "better ask Chub Gunter if he can still see any signs of vine leaves in your hair."

"I don't have to," says he. "I guess you were right, Mayzie. If there were any kind of leaves there, I know now what they were—burdock."

It doesn't seem to get you anywhere, this sister act, except that now and then you're handed a laugh. No, I'm wrong. Add in a dirty look from Chub Gunter, who appears to suspect that I've slipped him something worse than a soggy potato.

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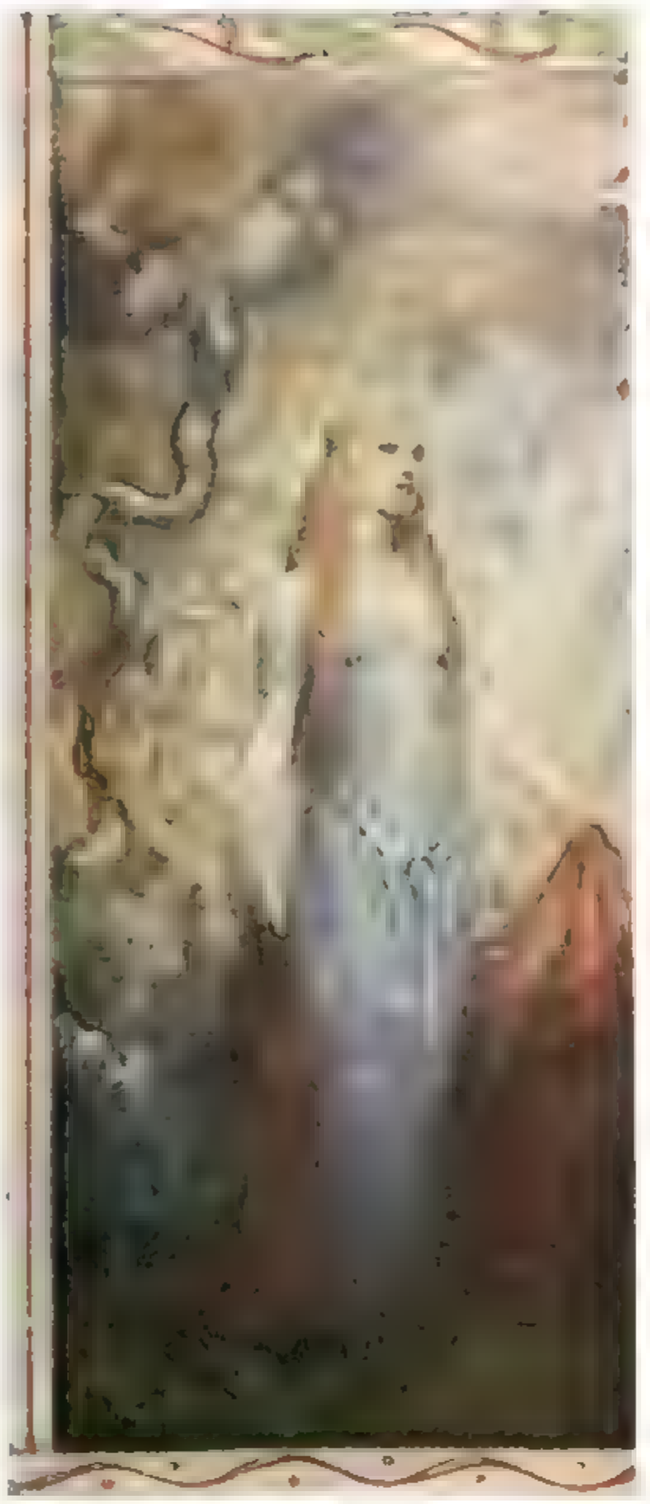

Your children. . . . Almost beneath your eyes they are unfolding. Young hands are busied with experiments. Young minds are eager for the unknown. Plastic, alert, impressionable, they journey swiftly through the golden years. . . . And watching them, filled with the knowledge of your stewardship, you cannot help but wonder if every opportunity is theirs.

In the majority of children the instinct for musical expression is very sure and deep. In the development of character it is all-important. The softening influence of beautiful music has a profound effect upon the mysterious inner life of the imaginative child. And in school, at college and in after-life the ability to play the piano is an asset of incalculable value.

Intelligent parents feel today that they owe it to their children to give them an instrument for self-expression which will allow that vital instinct fullest play. They appreciate the importance in that instrument of a tone that will train youthful ears, a sensitivity and fluency of action that will react to youthful fingers. And so, with

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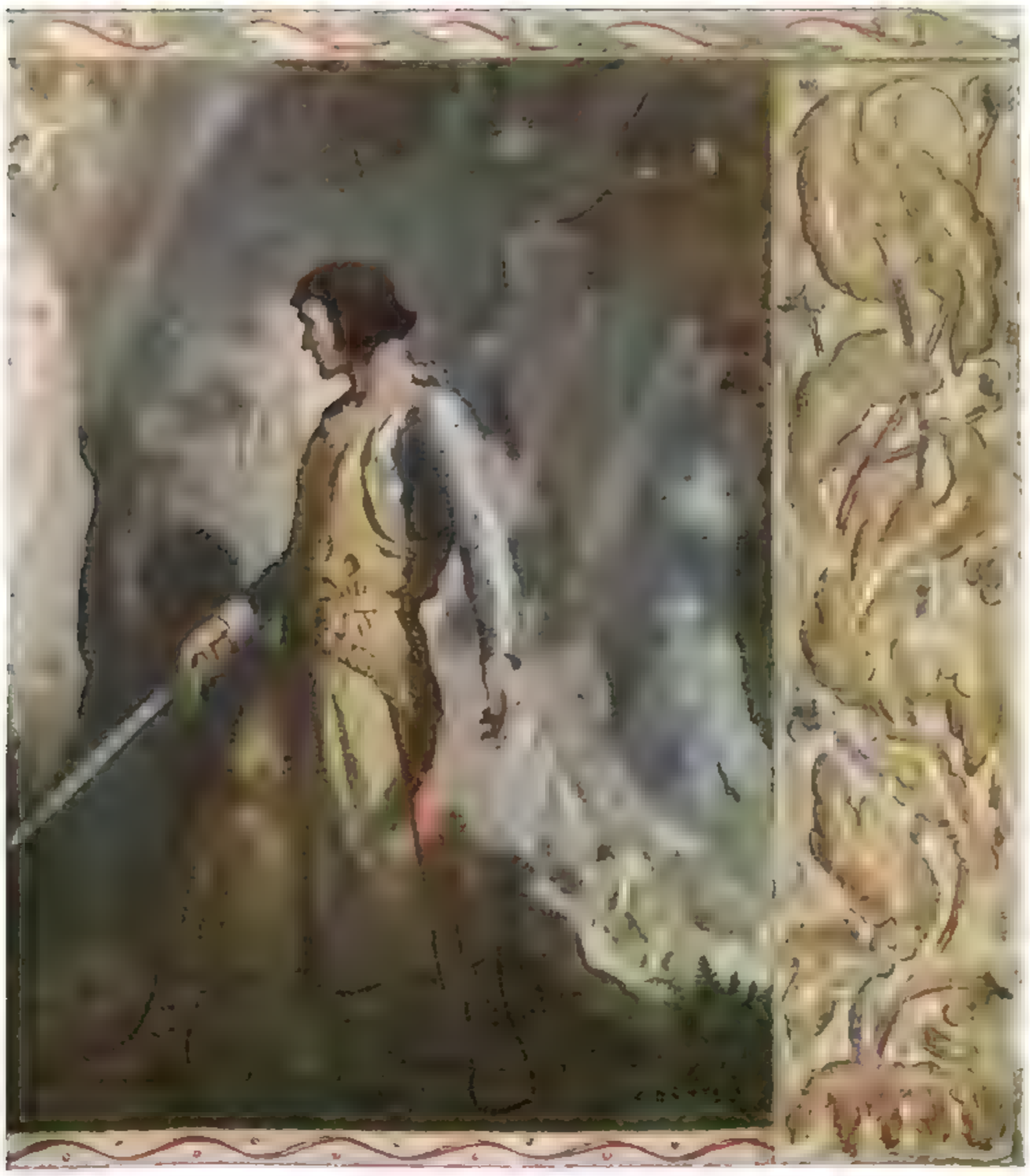

An interpretation of *The King's Henchman*— painted for the Steinway Collection by N. C. Wyeth

The *première* of *The King's Henchman*—an opera composed by Deems Taylor to the libretto by Edna St. Vincent Millay—took place at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York on February 17, 1927. Its reception was enthusiastic. It is probably the most successful work in this field by an American composer and librettist.

Regarding the Steinway, Deems Taylor has written: "I find my Steinway, with its eager responsiveness of touch, beauty and perfect evenness of tone, and magnificent sonority, to be not only a flawless interpreter of what I have written, but a constant invitation and inspiration to write further."

striking unanimity, they turn quite naturally to the Steinway.

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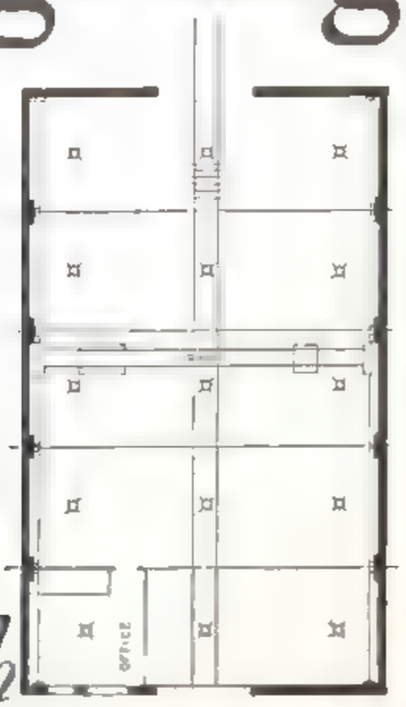

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THE PRINCE SERVES HIS PURPOSE

(Continued from Page 5)

killed, cleanly and honorably, in the war. It appeared that he had fallen in love with Mrs. Brenton.

It had all happened in France. They had hardly known each other in Green Valley, but in France, a handsome, lonely young American lieutenant and a beautiful lonely woman from his own town—a trifle hard, perhaps, and his senior by ten years, but kind and clever, and doing a splendid piece of work with her money and ability and her power of getting her own way.

It had happened in France, but it went on when they both came home. There was a great deal of talk, even in Felicia's presence, for what could a child of thirteen understand of such things? Looking back on it, after many years, she saw that she had understood perfectly—understood that there was sin and secrecy, and between herself and him—a barrier. It is tragic, we are often told, to love someone many years our junior, and Mrs. Brenton probably suffered in retaining her hold on a handsome and desirable young man ten years younger than she. But it is far worse to love someone so much older that we cannot even fight for him—that we are not in the race at all. If Felicia had expected to hate Lawrence's wife, who would probably have accepted her with the rest of his responsibilities, she hated this woman, not his wife, a thousand times more. Mrs. Brenton fought for every free instant of Lawrence's time and tried to poison every emotion of his heart that did not connect itself in some way with her.

It was these years that left their mark on Felicia. For to her suffering was added fear for Lawrence. She heard people wondering how much Mr. Brenton was likely to stand. They spoke of him as a powerful man. They said the best thing Lawrence could do was to move to New York. One afternoon Felicia saw them parting, standing a yard away from each other at the entrance to the Brenton place, as she drove past with mademoiselle; and child as she was, she recognized the unmistakable manner of people who are saying portentous things to each other.

It would have given her satisfaction to know—what she never did know—that she had had her place in their final quarrel, or rather in one of the series of disagreements that made up their final quarrel. Lawrence, about to go away on business for six weeks, insisted on taking some of the time that Mrs. Brenton regarded as her own to go and say good-by to Felicia.

"You let any trivial excuse take you away from me," Mrs. Brenton had exclaimed, and he had answered that his relation to Felicia was not a trivial thing. And Mrs. Brenton had flamed and said that Felicia was a pale, dull, uninteresting child, and that her only claim on him was that her devotion flattered his egotism. In a way, she had won, for their quarrel had been so bitter and prolonged that in the end Lawrence did not have time to go and see Felicia, nor was he in the mood that made it possible for him to see her.

She waited for him all day long, and when she knew his train had gone, she quietly took to her bed with a fever—one of those mysterious slight illnesses that doctors diagnose as colds or indigestion according to their habits of mind.

It was a relief to the girl when, later in that same year, her father decided to take her with him on what was at first to have been a short trip to the far-away corner of Europe where the raw material on which the famous Marion process was based could best be obtained. He took his daughter and mademoiselle with him, and they stayed two years—long enough for Felicia to learn the language. She and Lawrence still wrote to each other—she by every mail, he in the ratio of one to four. His letters were an immense comfort; they were all her own; and, long or short, there was something honest and intimate about them.

When they came home they found that Lawrence had had a junior partnership offered to him and had moved to New York. She saw him rarely—oftener, though, than Mrs. Brenton did. That affair, it appeared, was over; it had ended not in a break but in a formal and very unromantic friendship. Mrs. Brenton looked fully forty and had begun to take a great interest in her daughter's clothes.

Felicia was just fifteen when her father died. It was a time strangely mingled between joy and pain. She had loved her father deeply, though rather impersonally: but when she wept for him, she wept in Lawrence's arms. For a time Lawrence came back to her entirely—was to her as he had been when they first met.

It was decided that she was to go to boarding school. Lawrence and the executors of the will looked them over carefully, and Lawrence himself went and inspected the one on which they finally decided. His appearance made a profound impression on the student body—an impression which was transmitted to Felicia when she arrived.

She had been there only a few weeks when she discovered English poetry. Mademoiselle, who had hitherto directed her education, did not care for English verse, considering it rough and Gothic, except Byron, who was unfortunately unadapted to the young. But now, under a stimulating teacher, Felicia not only read poetry—she wrote it. Her first poem—need it be said?—was written to Lawrence. Unfortunately—either on account of that early hymn in which she had first identified the word "guardian" or else from the character of her adoration, there was about the four verses—the meter and the vocabulary and the humble passion of it—a distinctly sacred suggestion—a suggestion which, in view of the fact that the poetry was very bad poetry, appeared sacrilegious. In the first wild triumph of creation, Felicia was ill-advised enough to show it to her roommate. Her roommate said nothing to hurt the author's feelings, but could not repress her own amusement entirely and told her own best friend.

The result was that the story came out that Felicia had been parodying the hymnal. The matter was taken up by the authorities. Felicia was sent for by Miss Wicks, the head mistress, and told to bring her poem with her. Felicia destroyed the poem, and then in a whirl of emotion which was not so much panic as disgust, she ran away from school. She simply could not discuss the matter or hear it discussed, and there seemed no other way of avoiding it.

She got as far as Albany—the junction between the railroad to her school in Connecticut and her own house in New York State. Late in the afternoon she was sitting in the station, waiting for her train to come in, sitting between an immigrant woman with a basket on her knees and an old gentleman reading a newspaper with no thought apparently that the station was not a reading room, when, looking up, she saw that Lawrence was standing in front of her, looking down at her, not angrily, but with the expression of one who hopes the explanation is going to be a good one.

She had always known that she would be obliged to explain it to him—but a long time off—after she had reached home. She had not been able so far to think of anything to say—and here he was, standing before her, waiting.

He spoke: "We have an hour before we need start. You'd better come to the hotel and get something to eat."

"No, the train goes in ten minutes," she said, and understood as she spoke that he meant them to travel in the opposite direction. She got up and went with him.

"What are the facts, Felicia?" he said. "I know what I have heard isn't true."

She asked what he had heard, and learned that he had been told she had written a poem at once so sacrilegious and improper that she had destroyed it and run away rather than be confronted with official criticism.

The back of her throat became dry, but she managed to say, "It isn't sacrilegious from any point of view, and it isn't improper at all."

"I felt sure of that."

She caught his hand swinging near her as they walked the sloping streets of the capital. "I can't go back, Lawrence—really I can't."

"All right, my dear, sell me the idea that running away is a solution and you won't have to."

She was silent until they were seated at table. Two days ago she would have said that to be dining alone with Lawrence, across a small table with a pink shade on the light, would have been bliss. Instead she was in an agony.

At ten she had proposed marriage to him without embarrassment, but in five years she had changed, and the idea of his reading that poem—that naked outpouring of her emotion—was an intolerable shame to her. If there had been a glass of poison standing on the dinner table, she would have drained it without a flicker of hesitation.

"It was not intended to be sacrilegious," she managed to say. "It was not a joke—to me."

"Recite it to me," he said.

She shook her head. Then a few seething terrible moments when she was aware that he was urging her, ordering her—and then a lie emerged from the tumult. She heard herself saying, "It was written to a boy—a boy I was—was crazy about."

She shut her eyes, and when she opened them the storm had passed. Lawrence understood, was a little amused, was pitiful—was going to see her through.

To lie, according to her standards, was a sin; to lie to Lawrence was a black and terrible sin; and yet instantly she knew it was also a great success. Instead of weakening her character, as we learn that evil always must, it strengthened it. She had deceived him, and yet she lived. She had utterly separated herself from him in spirit, and so she could look upon him more as an equal.

From that moment the evening became a happy one. They finished dinner, they hired a car and motored back to school. One or two questions about the boy—such as any guardian would feel obliged to ask—and then the whole matter was dismissed. She entirely believed him when he said that he could make everything right with Miss Wicks.

She had not many supremely happy moments to remember, but this was one of them—motoring almost in silence through the night, with the cold autumn air on her face and Lawrence beside her. She did not take in that his own sense of relief that she had found someone of her own age to be interested in, like any other normal girl, was an element in the happiness of the occasion.

This was the only great event of her school days. She finished school at eighteen and came back to live in her father's house, chaperoned by mademoiselle. Every now and then Lawrence came and stayed a few days with her, but as he grew busier and more successful, the intervals were longer and the visits shorter.

One summer they arranged to sail for Europe on the same boat. But they ran into bad weather outside of Sandy Hook, and after two days, when Felicia, who was not a good sailor, staggered up again on deck, she found Lawrence had been annexed by a beautiful dancer on the passenger list, and once more the girl was to suffer the hideous pangs of a jealousy that had no excuse, no possible justification for expressing itself. The hours she spent with him, and they were long hours, for they sat at the same table and walked the deck for

(Continued on Page 96)

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(Continued from Page 94)

miles, were poisoned by her knowledge that as soon as she went to bed Lawrence was free to devote himself to the slender black-eyed blond-haired dancer, who had been catching his eye all day as they passed each other on deck.

After that Felicia made up her mind that she could not go on living like this. She had a strong will, the kind of strength that enabled her, having made up her mind to a line of action, to follow it. She made up her mind that she would see Lawrence as little as possible.

This was her situation when Mrs. Brenton came in one morning and invited her to the tiny house party to amuse the prince.

Felicia would not have been human if she had not heartily disliked Mrs. Brenton; but, on the other hand, she did want to meet the prince. Besides, it was part of her new theory of life to do everything that promised any interest whatsoever. Her first impulse was to say, "Surely you can find someone who is more likely to amuse him than I am." But she repressed this and accepted. She not only accepted but she turned her attention her living and creative attention—to her wardrobe. With absolute control of two hundred and fifty thousand a year, there was no excuse for not being well dressed.

It was about four o'clock of a hot July afternoon that she turned in at the gates of the Brentons' place. She was driving a small high-powered English car. She was alone. Her bags were in the rumble and her golf clubs were beside her. The Brentons' place was a great tract of farm and meadow land, with here and there a grove of trees left from the primeval forest, for the property had been in the Brenton family since the days of the first settlers who had arrived in the country with a crown grant.

Felicia had scarcely passed the hedge of old cedar trees that marked the boundary between the farm and the gardens and lawns about the house itself, when she became aware of a small figure, staggering along ahead of her, carrying a heavy bag. Her first impression was that one of the many foreign peddlers of laces and linens who infested the country during the summer months was on his way to pester Mrs. Brenton—the pale suit of clothes, the long dusty shoes, the bag. Then she was aware of something in the coördination of the man's movements, of the look of the back of his head, of his way of bearing himself —— She stopped the car beside him and asked in English if he were looking for Mrs. Brenton's house.

He snatched off his straw hat and showed a small, dark, pointed face, sleek thick dark hair and a pair of eyes, blue-black, and gleaming with alert good sense. "I go right? No?" he answered.

She spoke in his native tongue. "Are you by any chance with Prince Carlo Eugenio?" she asked.

"But I am he!" he cried. He flung his bag into the dust, caught her hand and kissed it. Indeed, she must have seemed to him a goddess from the machine, to come at so fortunate a moment, speaking his own language.

At once he began to explain his troubles. He had got off the train at the station with a name the same as the name on Mrs. Brenton's note paper. That was not right? No, he should have waited for the express station; the train ought not to have stopped at the other; it was an accident that it did. . . . Yes, he remembered Mrs. Brenton had given them instruction, but he had looked up and seen the name and had sprung off, seizing his bag and leaving his gentleman in waiting and his valet behind him. There was no one to meet him. . . . He not only told the story—he acted it out for her—his expression as he looked up and down the platform—his disappointment—and the train already on its way. He had found a taxicab, but it had broken down. Felicia now remembered having passed the local taxi man with his head under the hood of his car. He was in despair to arrive looking like this, he said, indicating his boots. Then he snatched out his handkerchief and would have dusted them off with it, but Felicia stopped him and gave him a piece of waste from the pocket of the car, and his whole pointed brilliant dark little face lit up with joy, and he took it and made his boots shine once more. Then she opened the door of the car and he stepped in, and she drove up to the door of the Brentons' house with a rescued and already subjugated prince at her side.

It was perhaps the first time in all her life that she had ever made an entrance.

The house party had assembled earlier in the afternoon, expecting the prince and his party in time for tea. It consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Brenton and Betty; Archibald Kay, a celebrated English portrait painter, who had painted all royal families, including Prince Carlo's; Redmond Orr, the rich young sportsman of the neighborhood, who had rushed back from the yacht races at Newport to spend this Sunday with the Brentons; and Katherine Marly, the soft blond beauty of all Central New York, the prince and his equerry, and Felicia.

Mrs. Brenton had sent two cars and her husband to meet the express, one car for the prince and his equerry and one car for the valet and the luggage. In the meantime she sat behind the tea table and talked to her guests. It was one of those painful occasions in which they all suddenly found themselves competing in anecdotes bringing in the names of royalty. The portrait painter began it with a story of life in the Winter Palace before the war—a story almost good enough to tell, even if it had not been about an emperor. But Mrs. Brenton, too, had lived in Arcady, and she intimated that almost anyone could stay in Petrograd; but the Austrian court—now that was something! In 1901, when she had been in Austria ——' And presently everyone was exercising his or her ingenuity to bring the names of their own special grandees into the conversation—which, of course, instantly ceased to be a conversation and became a tiresome competitive game.

They were interrupted by the sound of the Brenton motor, and Mrs. Brenton hurried down to the great hall to receive His Serene Highness -and found herself receiving only the equerry and her husband. The prince was lost. The equerry, almost beside himself with anxiety, explained that he had left the prince for a moment to inquire of the conductor the hour of their arrival, and when he returned to the compartment the prince and his bags were gone.

Intelligent telephoning revealed the fact that a young man answering the description of the prince had got off at the local station and had taken a taxicab. This at least relieved the fear that His Highness might have been kidnaped by exiled republicans from his native land, but did not entirely reassure them; for, as everyone kept saying to everyone else, the prince's English was not good, and who could he find in the countryside who could speak French with him?

The excitement was so intense that when Felicia and the prince drove up there was no one to pay any attention to answering the front-door bell, and indeed the door was standing wide open. Freckleson, the butler, was attending to the telephoning, the first footman was serving hot tea to the shattered equerry, and the second footman was showing the valet where to unpack the prince's things, so that no one saw the arrival.

Felicia entered the drawing-room unannounced. There was a faint interest as she opened the door; and then, seeing only Felicia, Mrs. Brenton finished her sentence; then, greeting her guest, added: "You find us rather upset, Felicia. . . . This is Colonel Razzoff, and Mr. Kay. . . . The prince is lost."

"No, I have him right here," said Felicia in her low unemphatic voice, and she had only to turn her head an inch or so over her shoulder to summon him.

"You have him?" said Mrs. Brenton, as if grand larceny had been committed somehow or another. "How in the world did you find him?"

Felicia was humble-minded, and not much interested in her own life, but neither shy nor slow-witted, and she found herself annoyed by her hostess' tone. "I thought you would be glad to have him found," she answered pleasantly; "but if you are not, I'll take him right back where I got him from."

But Mrs. Brenton did not hear. She had flung herself into the hall, where the prince was waiting rather timidly. He was afraid of Colonel Razzoff and wanted some protection before entering his presence.

"Oh, we have been so worried about Your Highness! Oh, my dear boy, how like your mother you are!" said Mrs. Brenton, and brought him into the room and introduced everyone to him, and he bowed and smiled and clicked his heels together, and insisted on being introduced to Felicia, because he did not know her name—only that she save him his life, as he explained, and then he sidled shyly up to his equerry and said appealingly, "Hello, Razzy."

Colonel Razzoff was rather an alarming person. Someone in the party said he was their ideal of a regicide, although, as a matter of fact, he was the most devout of loyalists. He was a large man with immensely long arms; he had coarse black hair that grew blade by blade like a poor lawn, and a bristling black and white mustache.

"I am glad to see you safe, sir," said the colonel, very stiff and menacing

"Don't scold me, Razzy," said the prince.

"I should not presume to scold Your Highness," said the colonel through his teeth.

The prince wrinkled his eyes and turned to the company. "He speaks me very sweet before you all," he said, "but when we are alone he scolds very horrible."

Everybody thought this amusing except Colonel Razzoff, who said stiffly, "I think, sir, if you will abide by my arrangements for your comfort you will be better pleased."

"But, no, Razzy," said the prince. "No, whenever I run away from you I have fun—what you call a good time." He pronounced it as if it were one word with the accent on the first syllable.

Mrs. Brenton took pity on the colonel. "Your Highness must remember how much responsibility Colonel Razzoff feels for your safety," she said.

The prince changed the subject. "My mother give you all her love," he said.

"Do tell us what happened to you, sir," said Betty, thinking it was about time that she, as daughter of the house, received a little notice.

The prince set down his cup of tea and repeated the story he had told Felicia—only, told in English, it lost some of its coherence and gained a good deal of unexpected piquancy. He continued it through their meeting: "I see this beautiful lady in her motor car. I cry to myself, 'Oh, were she but the angel to catch me up with her!' She stop, she speak to me. I almost fall down on my knees in the dust."

Redmond Orr, who had known Felicia all his life, suddenly turned and looked at her with new eyes and said to himself, "Have I been missing something?" Kay, the painter, noted that her head was set perfectly on its slender throat and the throat came straight and round out of the shoulders.

"Do you play golf, sir?" said Katherine Marly. Very rarely was she obliged to make the exertion of addressing a young man in order to gain his full attention. Usually she merely allowed her swimming deep blue eyes to linger upon him and he, as it were, fell in and was drowned at once.

"I learn," said the prince. "I take a lesson tomorrow morning."

"A lesson?" said Betty, surprised.

"I get a vow from Miss Marion that she will teach me," said the prince. He turned

(Continued on Page 98

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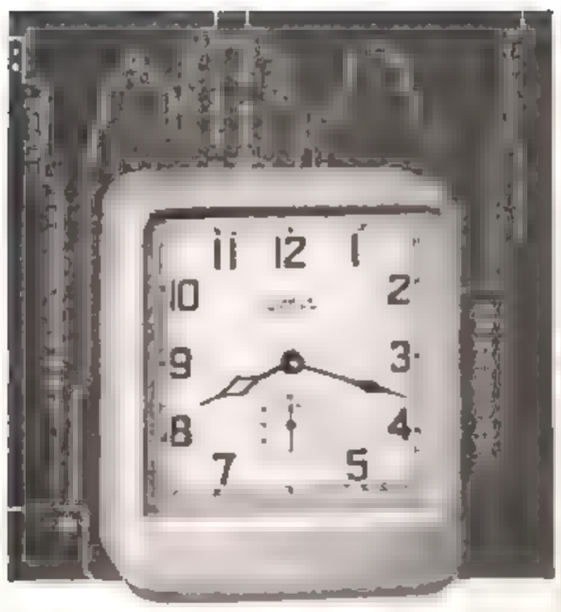

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Continued from Page 96

politely to Mrs. Brenton. "At least, if you do not want me to do anything other."

Mrs. Brenton assured him that she never wanted him to do anything other than what he wanted, and he nodded gayly. "That is what I want," he said.

Presently they all went upstairs to dress for dinner. The three girls stopped together in Felicia's room for a few moments. Betty said at once, "Well, my dear, what a hit you have turned out to be!"

She was not an ill-natured girl, and there was no envy in the tone, nothing but a little more surprise than was quite flattering. Having seen the prince, she now meant to have him for her very own—at least, she meant to have the choice of being Princess Carlo Eugenio if she wanted. But she still did not think that Felicia, dear, kind, retiring Felicia, would give her any real trouble.

But with Katherine Marly the situation was different. She was ill-natured at least, whenever she was not the main object of admiration. She too wanted the prince—wanted, at least, to flaunt him as hers and make him unhappy; competition from Felicia was something she could not, would not brook.

"What dreadful fortune hunters the foreigners are," she said.

"I don't see that he is," said Betty quickly.

Katherine smiled her slow smile that unfolded like a snake. "Don't you?" she said.

For an instant Felicia's self-confidence reeled under the mild amusement of that tone—of course it wasn't herself the prince had liked; it was her fortune—and then she rallied her intelligence. Not at all. Whatever had happened had happened at once, as they drove up to the house together, before he knew even her name.

Dressing for dinner that evening, she did something she had never done before—she rouged. She had had no moral scruples, but she had never before had enough interest in her appearance to take so much trouble with it. Besides, she had always imagined that Lawrence would disapprove.

Well, let him, she now said to herself. Easy, of course, to be independent when he was two hundred miles away in New York.

Betty stopped in her mother's room. "Well, mother," she said, "what do you think of this development?"

By "this development" she meant the obvious fact that the prince was interested in Felicia and not at all in herself. But Mrs. Brenton belonged to a type—or perhaps to a generation—which never admits that a man can be in love with another woman, and she answered: "You mean poor little Felicia making this play for the prince? I don't know what to think. I certainly don't want her to make herself unhappy about it, for I need not tell you, it's quite out of the question. Old Mr. Marion—I don't suppose you remember him—such a common old man, though quite a dear."

Betty, who always found it a little hard to keep up with her mother, asked, "You mean you don't think he has fallen for her?"

The possessors of any form of power always necessarily overrate the importance of that power, whether it be money or hereditary rule or education, and the possessors of beauty are no exception to this rule. These two beautiful women agreed, though not exactly in words, that it was ridiculous to suppose that any man would fall in love with a nice, kind, mildly good-looking girl like Felicia when a great brilliantly colored beauty like Betty was about. Betty, who had come into her mother's room prepared to take a back seat and watch the triumphs of her friend, went downstairs full of the aggressive determination to conquer.

On the stairs, however, her mother murmured:

"I believe I shall telegraph for Lawrence to come up."

"For Mr. Holmes?" said Betty. She remembered a great many occasions on which he had been telegraphed for—and had not come.

"It's such a responsibility," said her mother—"such a capacity for suffering—poor little Felicia—I mean if she should really take a fancy to this young man."

It was on this common note of pity that mother and daughter entered the drawing-room. No one else was downstairs as yet, and Mrs. Brenton had time to write a telegram for Freckleson to send. It read:

Could you come up tomorrow and spend Sunday? Am a little bit worried about dear Felicia. Do not mention it to her.

Mrs. Brenton had no conscious knowledge of Felicia's passion for Lawrence, but perhaps that wise observing sage, the egotist which controls everyone's unconscious mind, told her that this was a sure method to put a stop to any threat on the part of Felicia to her own plans for Betty.

For the prince was in love and did not care who knew it. On the contrary, he wanted everyone to know, and within a day or two everyone did. He had none of that shame about emotions that makes an Anglo-Saxon man conceal his passion from everyone but its object—and sometimes even from her, on the plea that his attentions might cause her to be talked about. The prince felt that one of the few benefits you could bestow upon a lady was showing the world how much you adored her. In the case of Felicia he was quite right, for, as he put it to Colonel Razzoff, she was like a flower that gives off its perfume only in the sun of admiration.

This is true of all women: in fact it has never been settled whether women are fallen in love with because they are attractive, or are attractive because they are fallen in love with. There are great works of art that have lain unnoticed in odd corners and storerooms of museums, unnoticed, until some great critic has said, "This is a supreme work of art." And then everyone has seen them for the first time. It was so with Felicia; the instant the prince's admiration singled her out, everyone else began to see that they had been passing over a very lovely and desirable creature.

And she herself was changed. The fact that the prince listened to everything she said, no matter to whom he was talking at the moment, made her say more. The fact that everything she wore and the way she wore it were subjects of deep and technical interest to him made her inevitably dress better and more carefully. The fact that everything she did was of supreme importance to him made her aware, as only an arrant coquette is aware, of the value of her actions.

The prince, like most royalties, was a courteous gentleman and had perfect manners when he wanted to, and he wanted to now. He did not neglect his hostess or his hostess' daughter or the other young lady with the empty blue eyes. He talked to them all in turn and paid them the compliments they deserved, but he also made it clear that he enjoyed talking to Felicia more than he enjoyed talking to them. When Felicia, feeling that she was taking up too much of the royal guest's attention, went into the garden for a few minutes after dinner with Redmond Orr, the prince sank into a sadness from which it was impossible to rouse him. It was not sulkiness, but grief—which passed like a shadow as Felicia stepped back through the French window.

The next morning, when Kay asked her to sit for him so that he could make a drawing of her in colored crayons, the same thing happened—only worse. The prince would not look at the drawing, nor yet would he leave the room. He sat with folded arms and bent head, like someone to whom a great wrong had been done, until at last he had an inspiration. He sought out Mrs. Brenton, and on the plea that he was dying of hunger, he induced her to set luncheon three-quarters of an hour ahead, thus putting an end to the sitting.

Felicia's lack of self-esteem was such that she would never have interpreted his actions correctly, but, in the language which only he and she and Colonel Razzoff understood, the prince would explain them.

Across the table, Felicia said pleasantly, "I'm glad Your Highness' appetite is so good." And he replied fluently in his native tongue: "As for me, I do not care ever to eat again, but I did not want that Englishman measuring the length of your nose and looking at you as if he wanted to eat you up."

Behind closed doors, after midnight, or early in the morning, breakfasting in one another's rooms, the three other ladies of the party discussed the change in Felicia.

"Who would have thought that mouse-like girl would be so flirtatious?" said Mrs. Brenton, in the thought and language of her own generation.

"Those quiet people are always sly," said Katherine Marly, and no one knew more of the subject than she did.

"I'm only too glad she's having a little fun," said Betty, who did not want to be pitied.

"Fun!" said her mother. "It's not very desirable fun—the attentions of a royal prince—unless, of course, by some wild chance he wants to marry her, which I should not think very likely. . . . I don't suppose you remember old Marion—one of the commonest old men."

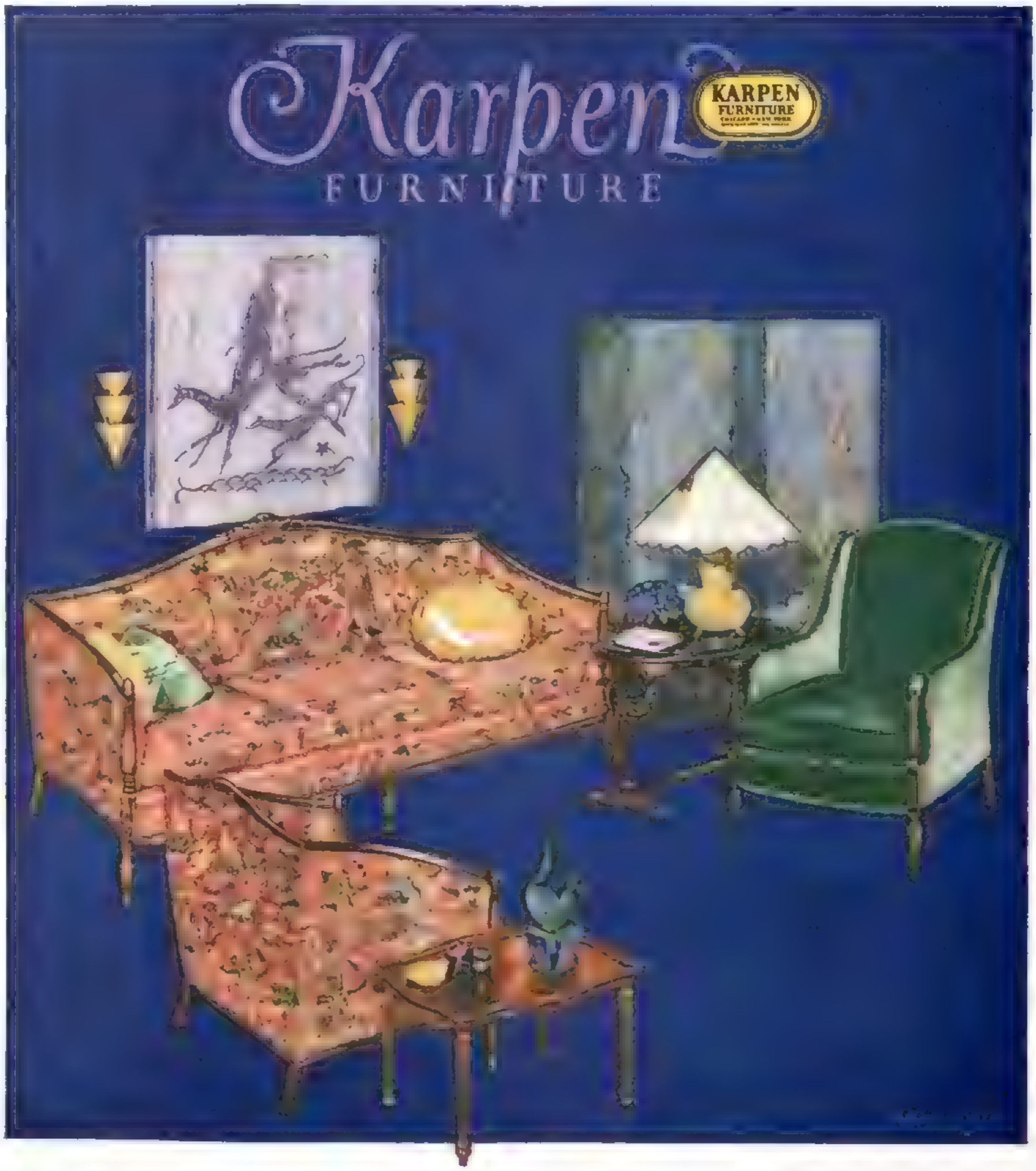
But the person who was really suffering was Colonel Razzoff. He who had felt his way through the subtlest distinctions and gradations of the courts of Europe found himself utterly nonplused by the social distinctions of America. Money he could understand, and that was what he had expected to find the only standard in the United States. Titles he knew thoroughly, having passed his youth as attaché in Vienna; there was not a quartering in all the Almanach de Gotha that he did not understand. England had always puzzled him a little, where there so often existed a distinction, even an antagonism, between fashion and the court. But it was left for America to confuse him utterly.

If he could have been completely ignorant as his friends at home were, all would have been easy. They believed that though all Americans were equally badly brought up, all American women were perfectly adaptable and could, after a little training, fill any position perfectly. He had never heard it said in Europe that America thought about such a thing as family, and yet he found they did. Only, what did it mean? He did not know and no one could tell him. He began to see for himself that there were social distinctions; but then they made matters worse, for, to his way of thinking, Betty Brenton, born of a family connected in the seventeenth century with an English barony, was not so well bred as Felicia, whose father, Mrs. Brenton assured him, had been a clerk in a grocery.

It worried him desperately, for it was quite clear to him that his young charge intended to offer marriage to this quiet dignified girl. The colonel and the prince's mother had had a frank talk before the journey started. Carlo, if he married, must marry money, but there was no hurry. Only, the old princess had a great fancy for Mrs. Brenton and had said quite definitely that if Carlo took a fancy to the girl—well, it wasn't quite what one had dreamed, but she wouldn't say no.

But what would she say to this one? Colonel Razzoff sent off a long message in code to the representative of his country in Washington and found he had just come down with typhoid fever. The *chargé* was a young and ignorant boy. The colonel decided to cable the princess, but in the meantime he set himself to discovering facts—that the fortune was colossal; that the possessor of it could not marry without the consent of her guardian until she was thirty; that the guardian had been sent for. . . . Was he coming? Mrs. Brenton would not be sure.

TO BE CONTINUED)



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THE BORDER JUMPERS

(Continued from Page 29)

likely I'm the first to turn rustler as the foreman of an outfit—which he could have all of it, land, stock and all, just for the asking. Our little bunch turned three-year-olds the next spring and would be dropping their calves. I led the outfit on the spring round-up.

"The first bunch we gathered, some four or five hundred head of stock, was, of course, mostly C. J. stuff; but there was two-three head of J. T. P. heifers in it—Carlos' and mine. One of 'em didn't have a calf at her side. Now I was determined that that little bunch of two hundred head was going to throw a 100 per cent calf crop. Some of the boys was holding the herd while the others was working it. I eased in and cut a C. J. cow with as pretty a calf as you ever set eyes on. I dabbed a noose on the little rascal and stretched him. 'I'll brand this one myself,' I says. When I turned him loose here is a calf with a J. T. P. brand, twisting his tail and running alongside of a C. J. cow.

"A couple of the boys took a squint at this and looked at me curious. 'That's funny,' says a new hand. 'Not that it makes any difference both brands being his own—but he's sure careless in reading his brands. If the old man sees that mismated couplet he'll be laying it on some of the boys for being blind in both eyes.' He was going on reciting some more when an old stove-up puncher that's been with the C. J. for many a year cut him off. 'Don't be such a damned fool,' he advises.

"The boys did a right shrewd bit of guessing amongst themselves. Anyway, I saw a considerable sprinkling of similarly mismated mothers and offspring that I hadn't any hand in branding. The upshot of it was that there was plenty of J. T. P. calves running the range, so that even if we had a bad drought year and considerable mortality among calves, those two hundred head of heifers was just naturally predestined to pull through with a 100 per cent calf crop—or better.

"It looked like Carlos' and my little outfit was a-going to prosper from the start. I hadn't laid eyes on him since he left the ranch that time to come out here and find work some eighteen months back. Then some louse did for him. There was all my high hopes hanging in the air. Once I was sure that he wasn't coming back and that no one knew how it happened, I just socked the tomahawk in the war post and made some mighty evil medicine about pulling down the playhouse of whoever did it. So, you see, this crusade of mine ain't any idle whim, but something that's real deep-seated."

"That's bad," Hornet said. "Here's hoping that you get within range of him. What makes you think you'll locate this party in some border town? You can count on me to turn him up if I get half a chance. You think he's a whisky runner?"

"No," said Carson. "I know he's not. Why?"

"Well—I am; and you elected me as guide for this personally conducted tour. So it looked like maybe you was gunning for someone in the liquor game. If that's his business, it hadn't ought to be very difficult to get a line on his present whereabouts and activities."

"And why not?" Carson inquired.

"Well, liquor handlers work more in the open than any other branch that operates outside the law.

"Now what line of trade does this prospective victim of yours engage in?"

"My friend was in the Immigration Service," Carson informed. "So it seems logical to assume that the party who did him in was someone violating the immigration laws—namely, an alien smuggler."

Hornet emitted a low whistle. "H'm—a Chink runner, eh? They're a close-mouthed lot. They have to be. The Immigration Service haven't got near the men they need, but such as they have got are on the job and know their business. They work at it too. You let a leak get out about a Chink runner and the immigration men are on him like a duck on a June bug. I've run into some of it in my day, naturally, but it was always accidental. Nobody ever loosened up and told me about it. But I'm only in the big end of my game—getting big shipments across. Retailers take it off my hands from fifty to a hundred cases a shot and pay cash. Some of the boys in my organization might have a line on this Chink-running layout of yours. I'll quiz some of the boys and find out what they know, soon as you tell me the details."

"Don't you," Carson admonished. "I don't aim to get you into a jam. Right now I'm just trying to link up their general plan of operations and make sure that I know who all are connected up with that particular mob. And I thought maybe you could give me a line on their identities as I chanced across them."

"And just why do you hope to see some of them here?" Hornet asked. "Do they work out of here?"

"Mostly out of Elnagorta, eighty miles east of here," Carson informed. "At least that's my guess. But Elnagorta is such a little hamlet, not over a hundred population, and with only one dirt road running down to it, that a stranger can't loiter round without causing comment and maybe tipping his hand. I thought likely that some of them would turn up here and I could make some discreet inquiries."

"And have they turned up?"

"Only one," Carson said. "That rat-faced party that just now came in—sitting over there by himself. That's alias Jones, of Los Angeles. Do you know him?"

"Well, some," Hornet said. "Just by name. He goes by the title of Jarrat. He may be a race-track hustler when the races are on at Tia Juana. On the other hand, he may be your meat. I see him round the border towns quite a lot. Didn't we see him the other day in Mexicali?"

"Yes; and I heard him say he was coming here."

"I'll try to get a line on his means of livelihood," Hornet said.

"Don't bother," Carson instructed. "I know that now. But I don't just know what his particular job is in the general plan."

His glance strayed again to the girl. Both she and her companion were looking his way, but their gaze drifted away as if they were engaged in a casual survey of the room. Carson wondered if his regard of the girl had been so pronounced as to be observed by them, and he felt a wave of irritation at the knowledge that a face, no matter how lovely, should intrigue his imagination to the point where it required almost a physical effort to refrain from regarding the girl constantly. Jarrat rose and drifted out.

"Let's go to bed," Carson suggested abruptly.

"Bed!" Hornet exclaimed in mock surprise. "Well, I'm ready any time. We whisky runners have to get our sleep in order to be fit for our jobs. But I haven't been getting mine since I've been trailing with you. We'll have one more beer and turn in. I'll signal the waiter an S O S."

"There!" Carson said. "Now I've got it!"

"Now you see it, now you don't see it," Hornet remarked. "What bit you, Larry? You're staring like you'd seen a ghost."

"No; a butterfly," Carson said.

"Oh!" Hornet comprehended. "One of them elusive thoughts. And that time you caught it. What was it?"

"S. O. S.—so's your old man—so's this, that and the other thing—S. O. S."

"Same initials," Hornet conceded. "I must have touched something off."

"And the worst of it is that he plain flat told me not to fumble the signals," Carson bewailed. "My mental equipment, Hornet, is away below par."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," Hornet soothed. "And why did it strike you he was tipping a signal anyway?"

"Hornet, if we should meet in strange company after all the years and you failed to recognize me, but at odd moments quoted a few Shaksperean or other alleged classical bits, all purporting toward one thought—or with apparent lack of thought—I would consider it a mite strange."

"Worse than that—downright uncanny. But if this baby had something on his chest that he wanted to convey to you, why didn't he spill it?"

"Probably because he didn't want to see me killed out of hand," Carson surmised. "He couldn't have been wanting help for himself, since, near as I can make out, he's the chief of operations. But he was hopped up a considerable and his companions was chary of his conversing with me alone for fear he'd spill something that might tip their hands. They're too hard-bit a crew to take his orders when he's doped up, if they think going against them will be safer. And he figured that they might think it safer to rub me out knew they would if I acted suspicious one little bit. It wouldn't do for me to go away and start surmising out loud to folks about what a strange cow outfit it was. Maybe he was warning me to watch my step. But why would he do that when he's financing the whole play? But you can't tell what a hop head will do. That's why they watched him so careful. Maybe it is. It seems someway that it might go deeper than that. I can't figure it out—not quite."

"How can you figure a hop head out anyway?" Hornet asked. "Not if he's far gone, you can't; so why bother your head?"

"It'll come to a show-down before long anyway," Carson said. "I'd just as well let it rest."

"I take it," said Hornet, "that you've messed into this matter a considerable deeper than what I had imagined. Watch yourself, Larry. A mob like that wouldn't have to make sure about your case. Even a suspicion as to what you're up to and they'd rub you out in a second. They'd start some gun that you'd never seen on your trail and he'd get you. . . . Well, we'll have that last beer and turn in."

Again the teasing loveliness of the girl's face drew Carson's eyes. This time she was looking at him, but hastily averted her gaze.

"Do you know what this Cherokee Tanner does for a living?" he asked.

Hornet, who had been thinking, came suddenly back to the present. "What's that? Oh! Tanner? I don't know just what he does. He's mostly down in Tia Juana during the season, and sometimes at Mexicali. Sport with plenty of money, seems like. He's an easy spender and rolls pretty high. He may have a string of ponies for all I know, or maybe an interest in some gambling or dance-hall concession. I see him at the races and bucking the tiger in the Foreign Club."

They rose to depart. Cherokee Tanner and his companion, their table being located nearer to the exit, rose at the same time and proceeded into the outer air just ahead of Hornet and Carson. A few paces from the door the couple halted so suddenly that Carson almost collided with the girl. Two men had accosted them and one of them exposed a shield.

"Listen, Tanner," he admonished, "we've got the facts on you about running dope through into Vancouver and across the Canadian line into the States last year. We've been working out your trail. The Canadian Government is looking for you too. Now here you are in Mexico. We can't pick you up down here, but if you

Continued on Page 105

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Science has achieved in this new tire a new set of standards. Up-to-date . . . abreast of the times. To be truly modern in every respect your car *needs* this tire of three scientific advantages.

1. One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls
2. Geared-to-the-Road — Road-Shaped Tread
3. "Uniflex" Cord Construction

1. One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls

Gone for all time is fear of cracking joints and the destruction that followed with old ways. Now the husky Miller tread reaches all the way around the tire with the One-Piece tread from toe to toe. *All joints and hinging centers are eliminated—no chance whatever for cracking.* Actual road service on hundreds of thousands of cars *proved* the *scientific correctness* of this new Miller design.

2. Geared-to-the-Road—Road-Shaped Tread

The broad, road-shaped contact surface of the Miller exclusive Geared-to-the-Road tread runs *even with the road.* With light or heavy load—the entire width of this famous tread is *on* the road—taking wear evenly—and therefore *slowly.* Thus Miller banished uneven, spotty tread wear—the outstanding cause of short tire life. Not satisfied to stop there—a third unique result was obtained.

3. "Uniflex" Cord Construction

Insures uniform flexibility of all parts—completing a perfectly balanced tire. Built to resist curb and rut jolts—recovers from blows to normal shape with the quick, lively action of real rubber—leaving One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls, Bead and Uniflex Cord Carcass secure and intact. Thus the common cause of internal wear is eliminated—and miles added to the life of all Geared-to-the-Road tires.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY
of N. Y.
AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.

Miller REG U S PAT OFF *Scientifically Correct* **Balloon Tires**

GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD • MILLER KNOWS RUBBER

The Centennial-1876

The Philadelphia Centennial was held to celebrate the first hundred years of America's independence. It was an international trade exposition where leading products were exhibited and seals awarded the winners in each class. ¶ This was the forerunner of similar expositions where exhibitors, recognizing its great commercial value, have given their best to gain the much sought approval of both judges and public. ¶ It is this incentive for recognized leadership which has been one of the fundamental causes for the constant improvement in products of American workmanship.

APPROVAL

THE seal of public approval is priceless. It endows a product with a character which only merit can earn.

Wherever civilization flourishes and modern transportation and industry hold sway, Red Seal Continental Motors have gained unqualified approval.

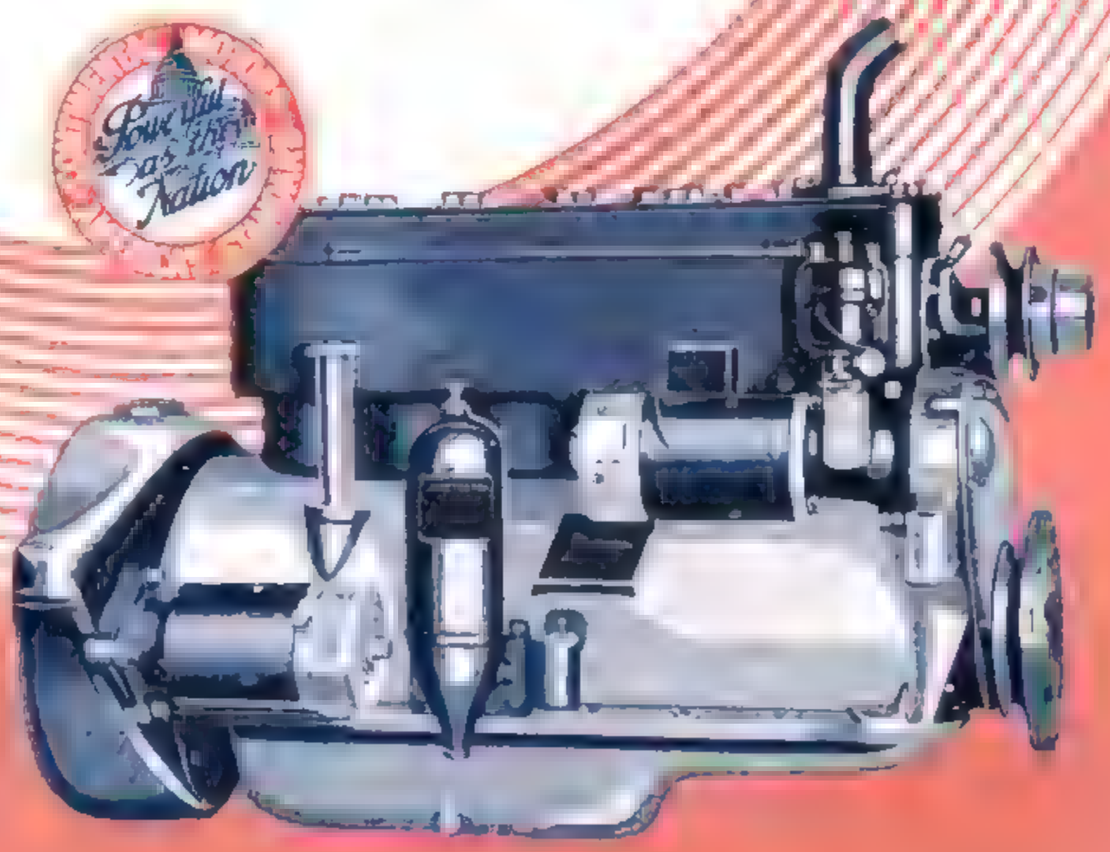
Continental accomplishments rest upon a granite rock foundation of unprecedented knowledge of gasoline motor building. Chief among these accomplishments is a production record which no other engine manufacturer has ever approximated—the designing and producing of hundreds of models and millions of motors.

Such an achievement is primarily the result of Continental's advanced engineering and manufacturing methods, made possible by an experience in years which mounts beyond the quarter century mark.

Unrivalled resources, expressed by demonstrated ability and wealth of facilities, have gained for Continental the recognition of pacemaker in this swiftly advancing industry.

CONTINENTAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Offices: Detroit, Mich., U. S. A. *Factories:* Detroit and Muskegon



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Commercial
Industrial Marine
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Continental Motors

THE LARGEST EXCLUSIVE GASOLINE MOTOR MANUFACTURER IN THE WORLD

COLD BALKY MOTORS need these *better* Piston Rings

STARTERS grind and growl without results. Batteries run down. Then you get out the crank. Don't blame it all on the weather—it's often due to lack of compression, caused by inferior or wornout piston rings.

A gasoline mixture can explode *only when under pressure!* The higher the pressure, the easier it is to explode—and the lower the pressure, the harder it is. That's why poor piston rings make motors hard to start—even in summer—and *doubly* hard in winter.

You'll save your temper—and money, too—by having a complete set of PERFECT CIRCLE Piston Rings installed in your car now. The same infinite accuracy which stops *Blow-by enables PERFECT CIRCLE *Compression* rings to build up maximum compression in a motor and contributes to easier starting. It also increases power and cuts down crankcase dilution.

Any repairman will respect your judgment when you tell him to install a complete set of PERFECT CIRCLES *now*—for he knows that PERFECT CIRCLES are the choice of 140 manufacturers and all the leading race drivers.

**Blow-by* is caused by inferior or wornout piston rings which permit explosion gases to blow past the pistons and into the crankcase. From there they penetrate the body of the car, bringing smarting eyes and headaches. Blow-by is always accompanied by excessive cylinder wear and crankcase dilution.

Made by the Perfect Circle Division of Perfect Circle Co.

THE PERFECT CIRCLE COMPANY
HAGERSTOWN, INDIANA

"I'll bet I've turned that motor over a hundred times and she hasn't fired yet."

"Maybe your compression's no good. That always makes 'em hard to start."

Oil-Regulating Type, 60c
Pat. March 29, 1910; May 2, 1922

Compression Type, 30c

For each cylinder of your motor, you should have one PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* ring and two PERFECT CIRCLE *Compression* rings. This PERFECT CIRCLE combination constitutes the finest in piston ring equipment; stops Oil-Pumping and Blow-by; gives increased oil-mileage, thorough lubrication and maximum compression.

PERFECT CIRCLE
PISTON RINGS

(Continued from Page 100)

don't want to cross over with us, we'll outlaw you in the States. Which will it be?"

The girl shrank back from the two men, turned to Carson as if about to appeal to him for protection, her eyes wide and startled. She placed one hand at her mouth as if to stifle a cry.

Tanner laughed easily. "You're all wet, you birds," he said. "You've got me mixed up with some other party."

"Mixed up with nothing!" one of the pair returned bluntly. "We know you all too well."

"You think you do, but you don't. Never in Vancouver in my life. I'm a retired oil man from Oklahoma. And I wouldn't in the least mind going back with you, but the border is closed now for the night and you know we can't cross."

"We'll fix that. We're Department of Justice men," one of the Federal operatives asserted. "They'll let us cross. It's up to you. Now or never."

The girl shrank back another half step and her eyes were lifted to Carson's. They were vastly more potent at close range than they had been across that crowded, noisy, smoke-filled floor, and a sudden current tingled through his veins. Hornet regarded this tableau through narrowed eyes.

"How about tomorrow?" Tanner asked affably. "Wouldn't that do as well?"

"Now or never," one man repeated. "It's up to you."

"But my companion," Tanner objected. "We had intended to go back across the line tonight, you know, but the closing hour slipped up on us unawares. I don't like to leave her here alone, and I can't have it appear that she is crossing the line under arrest."

"Any dame that travels with you can look out for herself," one officer returned, peering intently at the girl. "Your old one is in stir, Cherokee—Nell Broadline. They picked her up in Detroit trying to smuggle a brace of guineas in from Canada. That's one reason it took us so long to locate you. Didn't know you'd broke with Nell and we was watching her to get a line on where you was."

"Do you mind if I go back with 'em, Marion?" Tanner asked. "I'd rather. They've got nothing on me. You know they've got the wrong party. They're all wet. But if I don't go they'll make it look as if I'm dodging. You can make out all right tonight, can't you, kid, and cross over in the morning?"

"Sure," said the girl. "Cert. But you're a mutt to go. They got no business down here. Tell 'em where to head in."

But despite her bravado, there was a quaver of apprehension in her voice and she shrank back a trifle farther.

"I'll go," Tanner suddenly decided. "See you later, Marion."

One of the officers turned to the girl for a closer scrutiny. "It don't do any harm to check up on Tanner's little playmates. But you ain't got a hard face to remember. I'll keep it in mind."

"G'wan," the girl Marion said huskily. "Don't let 'em bluff you, Cherokee." She turned swiftly, almost colliding with Carson. As if giving way to a sudden impulse, she rested a hand on his arm. "Take me out o' this, will you, buddy?" she implored in a low voice. "Just for a few minutes so it won't look like I'm floating round alone. I don't want everybody in this camp to make what's happened."

VI

"SOMETHING phony about that play, Larry," Hornet said. The girl had announced that she needed a drink to steady her nerves before retiring.

"I'll buy a drink," she had offered. Upon their entering another resort she had excused herself. "Back in half a shake, kid. Got to touch up the little face and pretty myself a bit. I must look like a ghost."

It was while watching, narrow-eyed, her retreating back, that Hornet commented on the phoniness of the recent occurrence that had deprived the girl of her companion. "Fishy. It don't hold water someway. It come up too easy to be real. With Tanner crossing back and forth across the line three-four times a week, here and at Mexicali and at Tia Juana, when they could pick him up at leisure north of the border, just why would a brace of Federal dicks come down here, where they can't arrest him, and tip their hand? It don't look so good."

"Yes—odd," Carson agreed.

"Watch your step with that skirt," Hornet advised. "I don't like the size-up. If that pair was Federal bulls, then they ought to be spanked and discharged. If they're not —— Well, either way's a good guess. This wren was planted on us, it appears like."

"Maybe," Carson conceded. "But for why?"

"She may be out to make you," Hornet submitted.

"Me?" Carson queried. "And just what would she be wanting to do with me?"

"Likely on account of your checks appeal," said the skeptical Hornet. "Listen—before she floats back. A friend of mine in Tia Juana inquired who you was that I'd been playing round with so steady. I acted mysterious and allowed that you was my silent pardner who's going to back me in a big deal—a half-million-dollar play we're framing. I was real mysterious about the nature of it, naturally." Hornet permitted himself a grin. "He likes to act knowing and mysterious. I could picture him slipping round and talking out of the corner of his mouth, confidential-like. 'See that big handsome yap with Hornet Ellis? Well, there's a big deal on. He's a wealthy rancher and he's breaking in on a play with Hornet. A big deal, what I mean, running into millions. What at? Well, that's different. You couldn't expect me to tell all I know.' I knew he just couldn't help performing like that and I figured it might work out helpful for you, you seeming to want the inside on the queer ones." Hornet laughed. "I let you in for it, looks like. By now you may be suspected of anything from rum running to bank robbing in six figures."

"Can't complain about that," Carson said. "But how do you link that up with this deal?"

"Cherokee Tanner overheard what I said to that sharp, but not who I meant. I saw his glance trailing me back to where I joined you at the wheel. Then I observed him at the cashier's window, conversing, and they was looking across at you. I figured likely he was getting a line on you. Then up turns this cutie and starts playing twenty-one right across from where you was trying your hand at roulette; and right away you began misplacing your bets, your eyes being on her and not on the layout. Anyway, as we leave, and passing near Tanner, I calls back to some imaginary pal, 'See you in Calizoni next Wednesday,' I says. And sure enough, here it is Wednesday and here's Cherokee Tanner and this angel-faced squab in Calizoni. See? Then this play comes up and it don't look so good. Remember, Larry, that you're the wealthy young cattle baron and heir to many acres, cows and shekels, and that there's many a fair-faced frail that's on the make. Now I've told you, so play 'em close to your shirt front."

Carson nodded. Hornet's intimation, in common with that of the alleged Federal officers, was that the girl Marion was Cherokee Tanner's woman. The assumption nettled Carson unreasonably, even though his cool judgment would have rendered a similar verdict. His eyes swept the faces of those who thronged the place. Few, indeed, of the more respectable members of society remained on the Mexican side of the border overnight. There were hard faces and weak, some hawklike and predatory, some vicious, others hopelessly sodden—riffraff, the most of them. Why would a girl with a face that could carry her far on the easier and safer path to respectable affluence go in for the shady end of it? Was it her interest in Tanner—merely another case of a woman clinging to a bad one for love of him and adopting his ways? He had the grace to chuckle at himself for a fool to care one way or another. But his pulses gave a sudden leap at the sight of her making her way toward him.

The girl joined them at the table they had selected. Here, under the lights and at close range, Carson was able to analyze the beauty that had so intrigued him. It was of almost an Irish type, he thought—the smooth black hair, wide low forehead and dark lashes veiling eyes of violet blue and the skin that should go with such a combination, milk-white, with just a touch of creamy rose beneath its satin surface. Why the devil should anyone gifted with such a skin conceal it beneath a slather of make-up? For the girl had painted herself heavily while in the dressing room. Inartistically, too, which served to cheapen rather than to enhance her beauty. Cheapness was to Carson the cardinal sin. "She slapped it on the way one dabs paint on a barn," he reflected. Yet someway, despite her mannerisms and careless speech, he could not quite characterize her as cheap. Some underlying quality, which he vaguely sensed but could not define, seemed to defy that classification. Nevertheless, outwardly, the girl seemed to live up to the lavish smear of paint on her face.

The waiter brought their drinks. "Here's to prohibition," Hornet toasted.

"Yeah!" the girl scoffed. "Here's down with it, you mean. You birds are razzing me." She swayed her shoulders to the barbaric rhythm of the music, snapping her fingers and looking provocatively at Larry. Instead of feeling complimented, her manner enraged him. He felt that he should shake her till her teeth rattled and tell her to behave. But he did want to dance with her.

"Let's dance," he said abruptly.

The girl rose and stood swaying to the music while he rounded the table. She slid into his arms and they glided out onto the floor. She danced divinely, while indulging in an intermittent barrage of approved banter. "Some nifty hoofer, you are, Larry, I'll tell the world!" She had picked up his first name from Hornet and had addressed him familiarly as Larry from the first. "And I don't mean maybe. Be yourself, big boy! I'll say so!" Her conversation was interspersed with such stereotyped slang, which she apparently believed was the height of humor and scintillating wit. The girl was a complete mental washout, Carson told himself disgustedly.

And yet, in odd contrast to that verdict, there was the fact that from the first instant his arm had encircled her he had been conscious of her as a vivid personality, sensing about her a vibrant quality, as if he had stepped within an aura so highly vitalized as to seem almost electrical. That could not be entirely a physical manifestation. No matter what the feminine allure, despite the degree of physical perfection, no individual of moronic intellect could radiate just the sort of quality that Carson sensed in her. That must emanate from a compact intelligence of high order. It was

(Continued on Page 108)

The Missoula River near Missoula, Montana

MARTIN JOHNSON ADDS A
TO THE WORLD-WIDE ENDORSEMI

WRITES MOTOR CAR EPIC IN FOUR YEARS'
TRAVEL THROUGH TRACKLESS JUNGLES, ACROSS B
DESERTS, ON TOWERING PEAKS

FOR four years Martin Johnson, best known of all African explorers, used Willys-Knight motor cars in his latest expedition into the haunts of the world's most ferocious wild beasts. For four years the Willys-Knights which made up his motor caravan rendered unfailing service, frequently hundreds of miles from the nearest point of civilization.

Of his experience with the Willys-Knight, Martin Johnson says: "It is my first and only choice where the maximum of rugged strength and power is the prime requisite. Never faltering, never failing, the record of our Willys-Knights was that of most faithful service.

"The sturdy dependability of the cars saved the lives of Mrs. Johnson and myself when, driven by John Wilshusen, they traveled thirty-five miles through dense jungles, trackless bamboo thickets . . . up Mt. Kenya. I never would have believed the trip possible had I not seen the car make it."

(Signed) Martin Johnson.

The same type of unfailing sleeve-valve engine which powered Martin Johns cars through the African wilde which powers the hundreds of th Willys-Knight cars you see flas highways and fashionable boule the famous Knight sleeve-valve plest and most efficient auton ever designed, and the *only* t definitely *grows smoother with u*

Be sure to see the improved, f The celebrated Great Six now portant advantages of a larger engine, insuring even higher spe acceleration. And you have yo beautiful new color combinatio sembles of rare taste and artist too, harmonizing optional colo available. All at no increase in

"70" Willys-Knight Six, $1295 to $149 Six, reduced prices $1850 to $2695. Pri specifications subject to change witho

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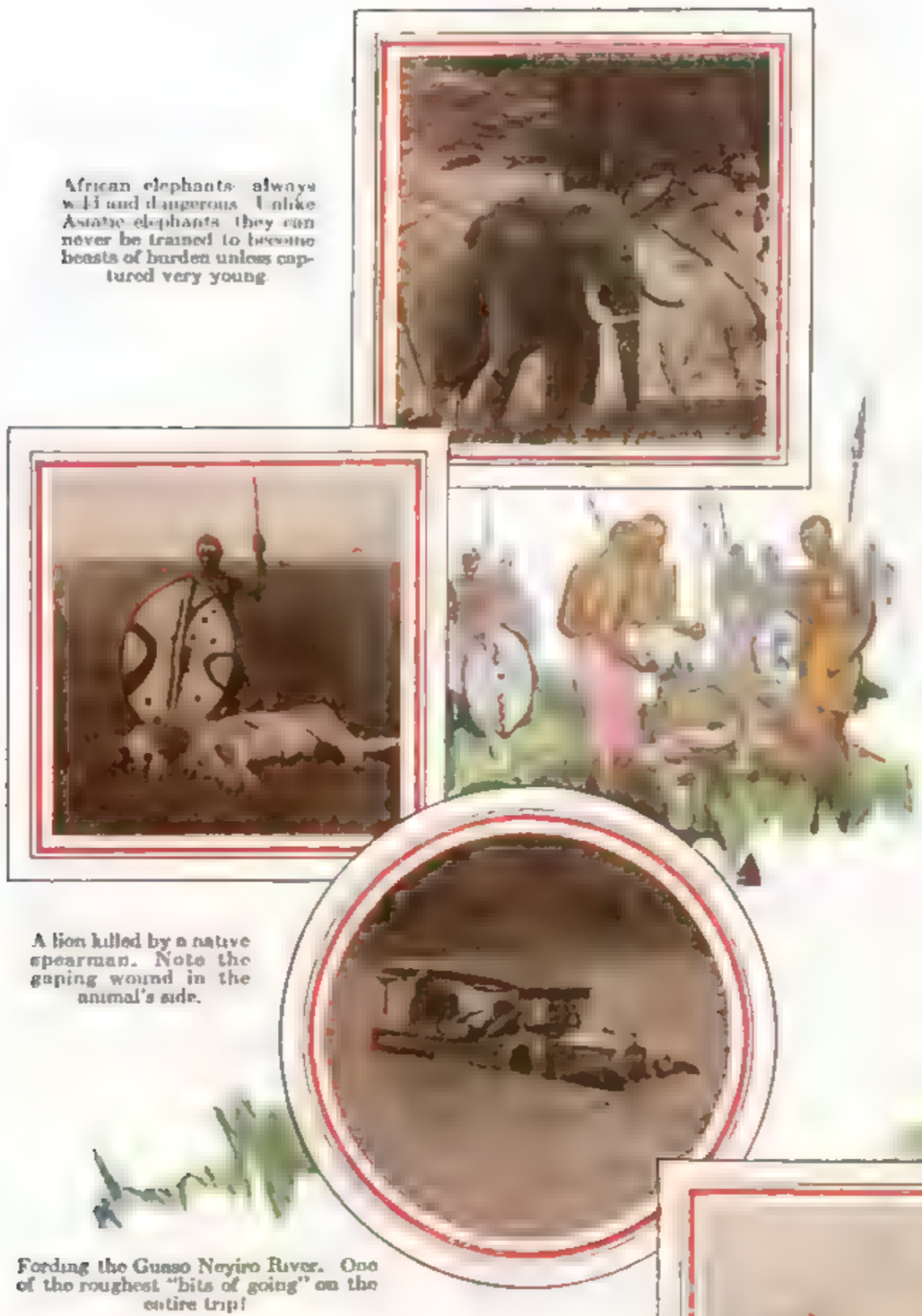

African elephants: always wild and dangerous. Unlike Asiatic elephants, they can never be trained to become beasts of burden unless captured very young.

A lion killed by a native spearman. Note the gaping wound in the animal's side.

Fording the Guaso Neyiro River. One of the roughest "bits of going" on the entire trip!

At the end of a chase after African buffalo, most dangerous of all African big game. Having few vulnerable spots, the buffalo is extremely hard to kill.

A large meal for a small leopard. The zebra has fallen victim to the ruthless law of the wild.

The giraffe, one of the most grotesque of all animals. His long neck enables him to crop the leaves from trees, but the length of his legs is a disadvantage when he stoops to drink.

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Mr. and Mrs. Johnson with the Willys-Knight, at Lake Paradise for the Kykuyu native ceremonial dances.

Head of African kudu. Mrs. Martin Johnson chased this rarest of African game several days before shooting it.

Flashlight photo of rhinoceros in his native element. An animal with short eyesight and decidedly dangerous temper.

One of the many new beautiful color combinations now available on the Willys-Knight Great Six. Upper body, black; lower body and wheels, spruce green. Striping, ivory and red. Upholstered in fine quality gray-green mohair.

WILLYS-KNIGHT

GRANDFATHER'S hand trembles a little, but the smooth-flowing Conklin Endura helps him with his writing, and the thought pleases him that he can leave his pen to one of the grandchildren and it will still be covered by the Conklin Endura unconditional guarantee of free service forever. The long mahogany Endura shown is $7.00. Short model, $5.00. Other Conklin pens—all prices, all colors, all models. Pencils to match.

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Conklin
ENDURA
Unconditionally & Perpetually Guaranteed

(Continued from Page 105

as if his surface consciousness disapproved of her while some deep inner recess of his being detected a fineness in the girl, a harmonious communion between their two subconscious selves.

This message was recorded upon some hidden cell, so obscure that it defied verification by his conscious reasoning, which, in the face of the evidence, repudiated the validity of what he felt. She lifted her eyes and he looked down into the violet depths of them, conscious of a swift impulse to kiss the smiling, half-parted lips, coupled with an equally swift inclination to shake her.

"You should scrub off some of that war paint where it's thickest," he said without premeditation, wondering, even as he spoke, what had possessed him to give voice to such an utterance.

The violet eyes widened in surprise, darkened in sympathy with some inner thought while the lips continued to smile.

"The old Puritan stuff, Larry?" she gibed. "Don't tell me the man has old-fashioned ideas about the painted woman! Not in this day and age. Be yourself!"

Carson laughed. "Not that paint is sin, if artistically applied."

"Go'sakes! If he isn't questioning my taste!" she said. "Maybe I plastered it a bit thick, at that, in my haste to get back to you, Larry. So scuse the abundance this once. Don't say you class me as the painted woman."

"Far from it," he said, wishing to alleviate any possible sting that his words might have occasioned. After all, just why should he blame the girl because she had not measured up to the standard that her beauty had conjured up in his mind? "Rather, it was because I felt that you were hiding behind it, which was a deprivation to me. Many faces are in urgent need of make-up, lavishly applied, to conceal deficiencies, and I thoroughly approve all such aids to Nature. But you have something rare and exquisite to offer on the altar of loveliness in the original. Why tinker with a lily by daubing it with house paint?"

The girl laughed and there was a gurgling note of sheer amusement in the sound. It flashed to Carson's mind that it was the first time there had been a hint of actual mirth, though she had laughed much.

"The face of the flower should be held to the sky, turning from east to west in slow lovingness, inviting the sustained ecstasy of the sun's goldness as the day rolls by," she said. "Is that it? How nice of you!" Then, as if recollecting herself: "Gee, boy, how you must have been reading a book! More power to you!"

Something clicked into place in Carson's thoughts. It was odd, he reflected, how one's speech sometimes varied according to the individual that was addressed. Yet it was natural and commonplace enough. Carson himself, in common with hosts of other Westerners, expressed himself naturally in the idioms and colloquialisms of the range when conversing with range inhabitants; but he slipped just as naturally and unaffectedly into a more conventional type of speech when conversing with those who expressed themselves in that manner. This duality of expression was so habitual that it was executed without consciousness on his part. For just an instant the girl had lapsed, in words and accent into speech that was out of character. He must try to betray her into another such lapse. This would bear looking into.

"What are you thinking about?" she inquired, when he failed to speak during a half turn of the floor.

"Butterflies," Carson said.

"Hear the man!" she teased. "Are you seeing things?"

"No, thinking things," he said. "Pretty and elusive bits of flashing thought—that evade capture."

"Pipe down, boy! Pipe down!" she admonished. "You'll hear bells ringing next."

Carson desisted from further flattery, permitting her to carry the burden of the conversation. When he did speak, however, he framed his words in slightly more conventional manner than formerly. He did not make the change too apparent, but even after returning to the table, he refrained from indulging in the jargon with which he ordinarily conversed with Hornet, using it now only upon occasion, infrequently. While sipping another drink he related an anecdote of his school career. Hornet eyed him curiously, tipping an eyebrow at him quizzically when the girl was not observing him.

Tolerably shrewd, this Hornet Ellis, Carson thought. But he had known that for years. The man had sensed instantly that there was some definite change of front in Carson, even though the latter had tried to make it not too apparent.

The girl, however, seemed unaware of any difference in Carson's manner; or if conscious of it, she attached little significance to it. Nevertheless, she lapsed more and more from her original style of conversation when addressing him. The remarks she exchanged with Hornet were still true to type. But there was a difference in wording and in manner of speech when she spoke to Carson—not very pronounced, perhaps, but a difference nevertheless. In the main, her speech was the same, but on occasion there were those slight lapses of which she seemed utterly unconscious; and her very lack of affectation argued familiarity in drawing such distinctions. An undercurrent there somewhere—something definitely pertaining to that difference between Carson's conscious classification of her as a mental washout, beautiful but dumb, as founded upon surface indications, and that sensing of her as a vivid magnetic personality. This last he was still unable to verify by logical process of reasoning.

"Go on and play, you two," Hornet said eventually. "I've got stiffening of the knees, so I'll pass my turn to dance."

The night was cool and the girl was attired in a trim tailored suit. As Carson's right hand slid round her preparatory to dancing, his fingers came into contact with a hard object high beneath her left armpit and he knew it for a flat automatic pistol reposing there in a shoulder holster. He hoped that she hadn't noticed, but presently, as they danced, her hand slipped up and rested upon his own gun, suspended in similar fashion except that it was lower and placed more to the front—easier to reach. She smiled knowingly.

"Ready for a run?" she cried gaily. "And such a nice boy too. What do you and Hornet Ellis do besides rum running, as the papers so aptly term it?"

"That takes up all our time," Carson said. "So you work in with Cherokee Tanner smuggling Chinks? Why don't you quit Tanner, get into good game? No money in that on a big scale—too much language."

"Well, there's stuff with still less talk than your merry cargoes of hooch stuff that's worth its weight in gold. But I can't tell you anything about it that you don't already know, because I guess you and Hornet have run more of it than a little. But you're wrong about Tanner and me. I don't know what his game is. Fact, I don't. He's just a friend I met a few weeks back. It gave me a relapse when those ducks jumped him. Honest it did. I like to dust of shame."

She had slipped back into her original role, rather trashy and entirely unoriginal in speech, true to type, also as Carson reflected the perfect dumb-bell outwardly. But there was nothing in the least dumbbellian in the adroitness with which on the second evening of Carson's acquaintance with her, Cherokee Tanner having failed to return to Calizoni, the impression that she was open to a lucrative partnership in adventure had been conveyed to him. Not by so much as a word that he could recall had she made open allusion to that effect. Rather it had been implanted in his mind by subtle suggestion.

Her first thrust had been the crudest of all—just by way of an opening wedge, Carson decided. Thereafter there had been no direct mention of the relative merits of smuggling liquor, aliens or opium. On the contrary, she had casually remarked to the effect that all men who indulged in any of those nefarious pursuits were weak in the head. They couldn't beat any branch of that game for long. Also, by discoursing upon irrelative subjects, she had made it clear that no game of any variety, harmless or otherwise, could be assured of ultimate success unless guided by the cunning hand and adroit mind of a clever woman, who, of course, would remain in the background.

There were court intrigues—the power behind the throne, so to speak—and woman's part in the realm of diplomacy, espionage, politics and war. Women, from long centuries of being dominated by the male, and lacking the physical strength to attain their ends by sheer brute force, had been put to the necessity of ruling by indirectness and circumvention, and naturally they were better equipped by heritage for all matters of simulation and intrigue. All wives suspected even slightly erring husbands, if one came down to petty details of domestic life, but how few really clever husbands actually entertained a suspicion of the wife whose conduct was actually flagrant? And so on, in all matters from puppy love to international complications. Man was not ordained to intrigue cleverly or adequately to conceal his dissimulation. Why, even in such sordid matters as crime there was an ancient adage in detective circles—"To catch a criminal, find the woman." But just recall how few women were ever found, unless the man's lack of astuteness led him bunglingly to rejoin the woman who was being watched.

On this second night, as they sipped their drinks between dances, the way had been cleared to make it easy for Carson to slide his hands upon the table, fix his companion with his eye, lower his voice and say with all earnestness, "Listen, kid, you string with Hornet and me and you won't want for diamonds and limousines. I'll tell you now ——"

Also the road had been left open for her to take advantage of the offer or to demand with indignation, "How do you get that way? Did I ever say a word that'd lead you to believe that I'd trail with a mob of crooks?"

And he couldn't repeat one word that she had uttered which would point to any such conclusion. Nevertheless—perhaps it had been conveyed to him by varying inflections of scorn rather than by the stressing of approval—he had gathered the idea that she thought hooch running was too messy on account of the bulk, alien smuggling too cluttered up on account of the number of humans that must enter into the equation, and that any man who was inclined to take a chance would be an eternal fool who wouldn't decide in favor of less bulk and more value. Naturally, the implication was that dope running was the only one of the three that a man with the brains of a chipmunk would engage in. Yet she managed to convey an impression that she disapproved of dope in all its branches, but not quite convincingly.

That subtle infiltration of ideas, suggestive of openings to disclose his hand, had not been conveyed by one who was a mental washout. He was certain of that. This Marion girl was a most consummate actress. Someway it seemed to him to think that she had dedicated both her cleverness and her histrionic talent to viciousness. She had degraded something that might well have been fine.

"Hold up, you poor sap," he admonished himself silently. "That's because she has the loveliest exterior this side of hell. If she was an ugly hag, you'd not be fretting a mite about how her cleverness and talent had been diverted into wrong channels. Take stock of yourself."

Anyway, she had no connection with the task that he had allotted to himself—his only reason for being in Calizoni. He gulped the last of his drink. Darn the girl!

(Continued on Page 113)

A Great Tire made even Greater

Announcing The New Mason Balloon *with* stronger carcass sturdier tread and ruggedly beautiful appearance

With average highway speeds now 45 miles an hour and up—instead of the 30 of yesterday—the motor car tire is subjected to the merciless punishments of sustained high speed!

To meet these new conditions Mason has developed and now announces an even greater Mason tire—

—its cord structure is sturdier, thanks to a stronger Hylastic cord, the result of a new double-process mill method—its tread is sturdier, with more rubber to make it tougher and longer-lived—its beauty has been enhanced by increasing the area and design of the tread—

—and as a result, the new Masons you buy today will give you *even longer wear* and *even greater riding comfort* than the Mason tires which have built the Mason reputation!

MASON TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY, KENT, OHIO

MASON Hylastic TIRES

ATWATER KENT RADIO

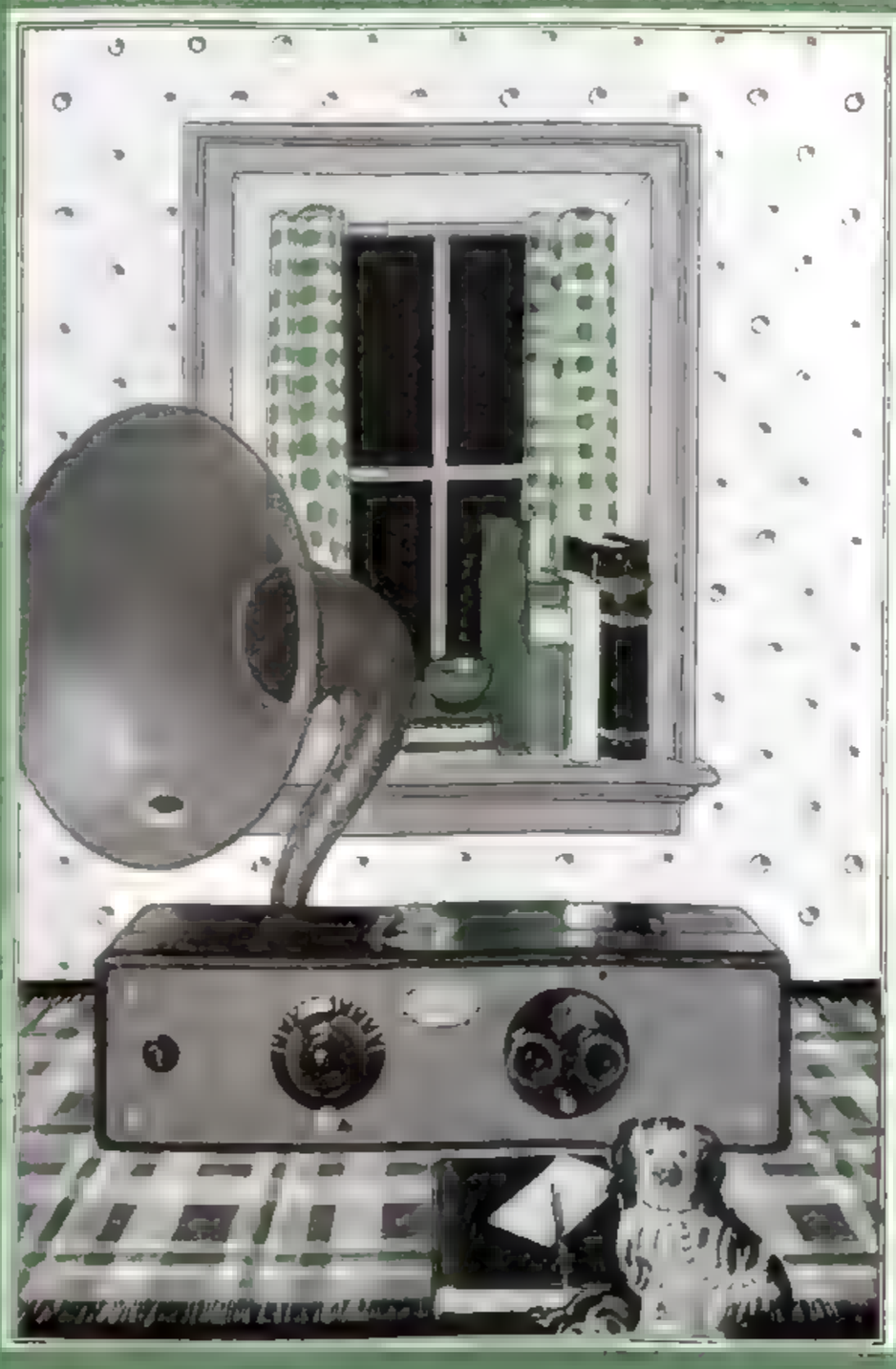
MODEL 55 six tube, ONE Dial Receiver. Crystalline finished cabinet, gold plated ship model name plate, decorative rosettes and power supply switch

NOW—*TONIGHT!*

Everywhere Atwater Kent Radio is the standard by which others are judged. "As good as an Atwater Kent" is regarded as praise indeed. Why risk comparisons when the preferred radio itself is just around the corner? Your nearest Atwater Kent dealer will gladly demonstrate and make an installation in your home—ready for you to tune in tonight.

ONE Dial Receivers licensed under U. S. Patent 1,014,002

ATWATER KENT RADIO



MODEL H RADIO SPEAKER. Entirely of metal. Crystalline finished in two shades of brown. With 9 feet of flexible cord

MODEL AA six tube, ONE Dial Receiver with antenna adjustment device. Unusual selectivity. Solid mahogany cabinet, gold plated name plate, power supply switch and vernier knob

STEADFAST

Only the experts know what goes on inside a radio set. But *anyone* can tell a good set by the even perfection of its performance. Day after day, Atwater Kent Radio invites goodwill by earning it. That is *one* of the reasons a million families have chosen it—and the second million are buying it NOW.

Prices slightly higher from the Rockies West, and in Canada

ATWATER KENT RADIO

MODEL 40 six tube ONE Dial Receiver. Solid mahogany cabinet, gold plated name plate, power supply switch and vernier knob.

TESTED

Judge Atwater Kent Radio by the trueness of its tone—singer, speaker or orchestra, it makes no difference. Judge it by the swift, uncanny sureness of its ONE Dial operation. Or its trouble-saving reliability. Or its beauty and compactness. Or its money-saving price. Judge it—today—by whatever you hoped radio would be. It welcomes *any* test.

Write for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio

ATWATER KENT RADIO

MODEL E RADIO SPEAKER. The result of nearly three years laboratory work. Faithfully covers the entire range of musical tones, from the lowest to the highest register. With 7 feet of flexible cord.

TRUE

The low notes make music richer. The high notes give it distinctive quality. If *any* notes are skimped, reality is lost—reality that gives character to music or the human voice. For reality that *cannot* be lost, try the new Atwater Kent Radio Speaker—Model E. You can pay more—but you can't *get* more.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
4701 Wissahickon Ave. A. Atwater Kent, President Philadelphia, Pa.

Colder weather is coming—*use*

ETHYL GASOLINE

You motorists who have enjoyed the benefits of Ethyl Gasoline in warm weather will get an even better car-performance from Ethyl this fall and winter.

Ethyl gives the *extra* power you need to meet the extra strain cold weather puts on your engine. It gives the *extra* pull you need for snow and slush and muddy roads. It cuts down gear-shifting and quickens pick-up in the season when driving is hardest. Most of all, Ethyl Gasoline "knocks out that 'knock'."

And if you own one of the new high compression engines, Ethyl will give a still bigger thrill.

Ride with Ethyl the year round. *It's the superior fuel for all seasons.* On sale throughout the United States and Canada at thousands of pumps which display the "ETHYL" emblem shown above. Fill your tank today.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION - 25 Broadway, New York City - 56 Church Street, Toronto, Canada

(Continued from Page 108)

Why should he bother his head about her one way or another? The instant his glass was emptied the girl summoned a waiter.

"I'll buy a little drink myself," she said. "Repeat, and don't forget the wallop."

"You've had enough to drink now," Carson said, and was completely surprised at his own utterance. And he noted, too, that the girl had sipped but a third of her own drink, yet had signed to the waiter to remove it.

"All right, if you say so, Larry," Marion acquiesced. "But that don't hinder you from having one more little nightcap on Marion." She rested her elbows on the table and regarded him with owlish gravity, her chin cupped in her hands. "You're different, someway. Most male humans are always crowding another shot into a girl whether she wants it or not. You know how it is."

"Yes, I imagine they do," he assented.

"You're a close-mouthed one, too," she announced. "I don't know one more thing about you now than I did when I first met you and Hornet."

"There's nothing much about me to know," he testified. "I'm a rancher, as I told you."

"And where is your ranch?"

"My main range is over east in New Mexico," he informed.

"Close to the border, I'll bet," she said, and winked at him knowingly.

"Moderately close," he conceded.

At first the girl had been openly flirtatious, almost ogling, as if she thought it would be expected of her. Carson, however, had declined to play up to that lead. The girl's powers of perception were very delicately balanced, he thought, for she had drifted easily into an attitude of free-and-easy comradeliness without a tinge of sentiment or flirtatiousness. Someway, too, he had gathered the impression that she was relieved at the change. When she had smiled up at him provocatively he had felt that the depths of her eyes did not amile—only the facial muscles. Now, however, when she laughed there were dancing lights in the depths of those violet pools as if the laughter emanated from within instead of being merely a surface manifestation.

Hornet had decided to prowl the place instead of joining them for the evening. Carson took the girl to the hotel before midnight, then wandered about the little border town in search of Hornet. The short main street was thronged with revelers of every nationality, saloons and dance halls doing a rushing business.

"Better not get too thick with that good-look.n' broad," Hornet counseled when Carson joined him. "I can't help but feel that she was planted on you. Those two Federal dicks, though, was real. I took pains to inquire. They haven't got any more authority down here than I have in Northwestern Siam, so I'm still at a loss as to why they'd pull such an ivory stunt as to jump Tanner on this side when they could have waited and nailed him north of the border. Incidentally, that skirt knows your friend Jarrat. I saw her pass him on the street today and her face lit up like she'd met an old friend. He didn't seem inclined to loiter for a palaver, however, and answered her brief, without more'n half coming to a halt as they passed."

"Did you put one of your boys on Jarrat?" Carson asked.

"Yeah. I set a shrewd lad to keep an eye on him, sort of. He'll report tomorrow. But you know what he is anyway. Haven't you got enough on this outfit to have them grabbed now?"

"It's like this: You see, I don't know just which one of this crew is my special meat; and I'm putting in extra time to find out their angles and just when all parties concerned converge at the ranch—which they have to do every so often. I want to have the swoop made when they're all there at home."

Hornet nodded. "Then whether you know the right party or not, you'll be satisfied that at least he's in stir with the rest."

"H'm—yes. And then, too, from certain symptoms, I suspect that in case of a raid, some will be left holding the bag while maybe one or two of the heads will slip through. According to the signs, the ones that ain't left holding the bag are my logical prey."

The next day at noon they met Jarrat. He passed Carson with no sign of recognition.

"I don't like that—his not recognizing you," Hornet said.

"Nor do I," Carson agreed. "It don't seem logical, someway, that my face wouldn't be as firmly implanted on his mind as his is on mine, after me almost falling in his lap that night at the Teepee. Seems like he'd recall me as a former guest at the ranch."

"And there's nothing certain about the fact that he didn't recognize you as the driver of the car in which the immigration men overhauled him that night," Hornet contributed.

"That," said Carson, "was one tactical error. I wouldn't have started out with Langhorn if I'd had any idea that our quarry was anyone from the ranch."

"No. Because if he did recognize you that night, it would mark you down in his mind as a secret agent for the immigration. And he'd know for sure that you susperted that something in your line was going on at the ranch. Of course you wouldn't stir up the whole service just on suspicion, but would work up your case first. In that event, the logical proceeding would be to rub you out before you'd gathered your facts and reported."

"That is what happened to Carlos."

"And it's likely to happen to you. If this Jarrat does recall you, and again recognized you as the driver but didn't let on, it's a safe bet he's got some bird that's right on your tail every turn, watching his chance to knock down your meat house."

"And your man says that Jarrat didn't do anything out of the way except that he talked to an occasional Chinese?" Carson asked.

"Yes. And there's nothing out of the way even in that. There's no law against it. You could hold a private conference behind the barn with every Chink in Calizoni every day in the week, and cross over the line every evening, but they couldn't arrest you for that."

"No. Jarrat must be the fixer. He seems to be the only one of the crew that prowls abroad much. He can work the border towns on the Mexican side and instruct such aliens as they want to handle to move on over to Elnagorta and get in touch with the guides. Don't know what he was doing that night he spurted past Langhorn, and it don't matter much. Maybe he was delivering a few border jumpers that didn't want to follow the regular cross-country route. Anyway, I'll flit tomorrow and watch that back country adjacent to the Elnagorta road."

"But tonight," Hornet said skeptically, "you'll entertain our girl friend Marion."

"Likely," Carson conceded. He confessed to himself that the girl exercised a queer fascination upon him; that he was absolutely content to spend interminable hours in her society. But it would end with his departure on the morrow. Out of sight, out of mind, he assured himself. Yet there was no denying the fact that even when she was out of sight she was still very much in his mind. But a change of scene would fix that.

That evening Carson took Marion out to dinner. Later they danced a few times. Again she afforded opportunities for him to defend or to denounce various branches of smuggling. When he failed to voice a preference, she rallied him upon the probability that he must be opposed to all of it, admitting that, in a mild way, she disapproved of it herself on general principles. Criminal aliens being smuggled in when crime was already organized and rampant, the jails full to overflowing and violence of all sorts on the increase. And dope was frightful.

Of course, from his association with Hornet Ellis, she knew he wasn't opposed to liquor running. She gave him another loophole there. It was amusing, wasn't it, to think what a shock crime statistics must be to the drys? They'd so confidently predicted that with the passing of the saloon, crime would sink to nothing and the jails would be empty. Instead, crime had increased enormously. Fifty murders in the United States in a year for every one in all England and Wales; one hundred and twenty robberies in all France in one year and approximately five thousand in New York City alone during the same period.

The panacea for crime prevention hadn't worked out, had it? She seemed to take it for granted that he felt that way about it. But what about the rest of it? Did he feel the same approval for alien smuggling and dope running? She'd never been able to figure them out for herself. What did he think? Were there the same extenuating circumstances?

Carson studied the matter as if about to deliver a weighty pronouncement: "Crime increase is the result of too great a multiplicity of laws that are not favored by the majority of the public; legal technicalities, inadequacy of criminal procedure, ease of obtaining bond, delay, retrial on flimsy pretexts and circus methods in the court room; the false notion that the rights of the poor downtrodden criminal should be safeguarded to the point of imbecility; the idea that the lawyer who builds a reputation for keeping criminals out of jail to prey upon the public is to be regarded as a leading citizen instead of as a public menace; too liberal action of parole boards and the use of the pardon system by governors to curry political favor; too long between hangings, and a host of other absurdities. Yes, on the whole, I'm inclined to believe that you're right."

The girl bubbled into laughter. "Gee, boy friend, I'll say you got the world beat when it comes to answering questions at length and telling 'em nothing. For a minute I almost thought you had told me what I asked. Some weighty little thinker, too, Larry, I'll announce to the world at large. Well, a man'll never get anywhere in this life if he isn't cautious in his answers, I always say. More power to you. So you think I'm right, do you?"

"Right as a fox," Carson declared.

"Just so you didn't liken me to a cat," she said. "Come on, that music's too good to waste. Let's dance."

Her nearness affected Carson as they whirled about the dance floor. He could not look down into those eyes and keep his reason on the track. What this girl's game with him was, he found himself unable to fathom. But since she had taken the shady trail, his interest in her could have but one ending. It would end in just nothing. That was quite certain. He wanted to stay on with her and dance interminably, but why drag it along when he was departing at daylight and in all probability would never see her again?

Weariness suddenly assailed his spirit. He had as well end it now and have done with it. Almost abruptly, he announced that in view of his early departure he had best collect some sleep, suggesting that he should take her to the hotel and call it a day.

She acquiesced, but once they had reached the open she demurred. "Let's take a turn about in the night," she urged. "I'm restless as a cat. Little fresh air may help to dispel it."

Carson assented and they strolled the length of the short main street. Then she turned off upon a side street. Presently they were strolling through a narrow lane flanked on either hand by scattered adobe houses that were surrounded by big overhanging trees—the old part of town, built long ago, when Calizoni had been a sleepy Mexican village and before prohibition north of the line had converted the border towns into hectic camps devoted to revelry. It was very dark. Carson glanced behind

(Continued on Page 115)

A Sure Way to Increase Tire Mileage!

Buy a tube of DUTCH BRAND "2-in-1" Tire Cut Filler for 50 cents. Look over your casings carefully and wherever you find a cut, however slight, clean it out and shoot some of the "2-in-1" Tire Cut Filler into the opening. This will make a permanent repair and prolong the life of the casing for hundreds, if not thousands of miles.

If your dealer is out of "2-in-1" Tire Cut Filler send 50 cents and your dealer's name to us and a tube will be promptly sent postpaid.

Another Necessity

You can now secure a complete outfit for repairing inner tubes and casings. The outfit contains a tube of "2-in-1" Tire Cut Filler, a tube of the popular "7711" RubberCement, a large sheet of finest laminated rubber patching stock for inner tubes and a specially designed, tempered steel "Patch-Kutter" with which to make beveled edge patches.

At your dealer's for 50 cents or sent direct postpaid on receipt of price and dealer's name.

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An electrical, household and mechanical necessity. Keep a roll handy for a thousand and one uses.

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RUGS

DEFY WATER AND WEAR

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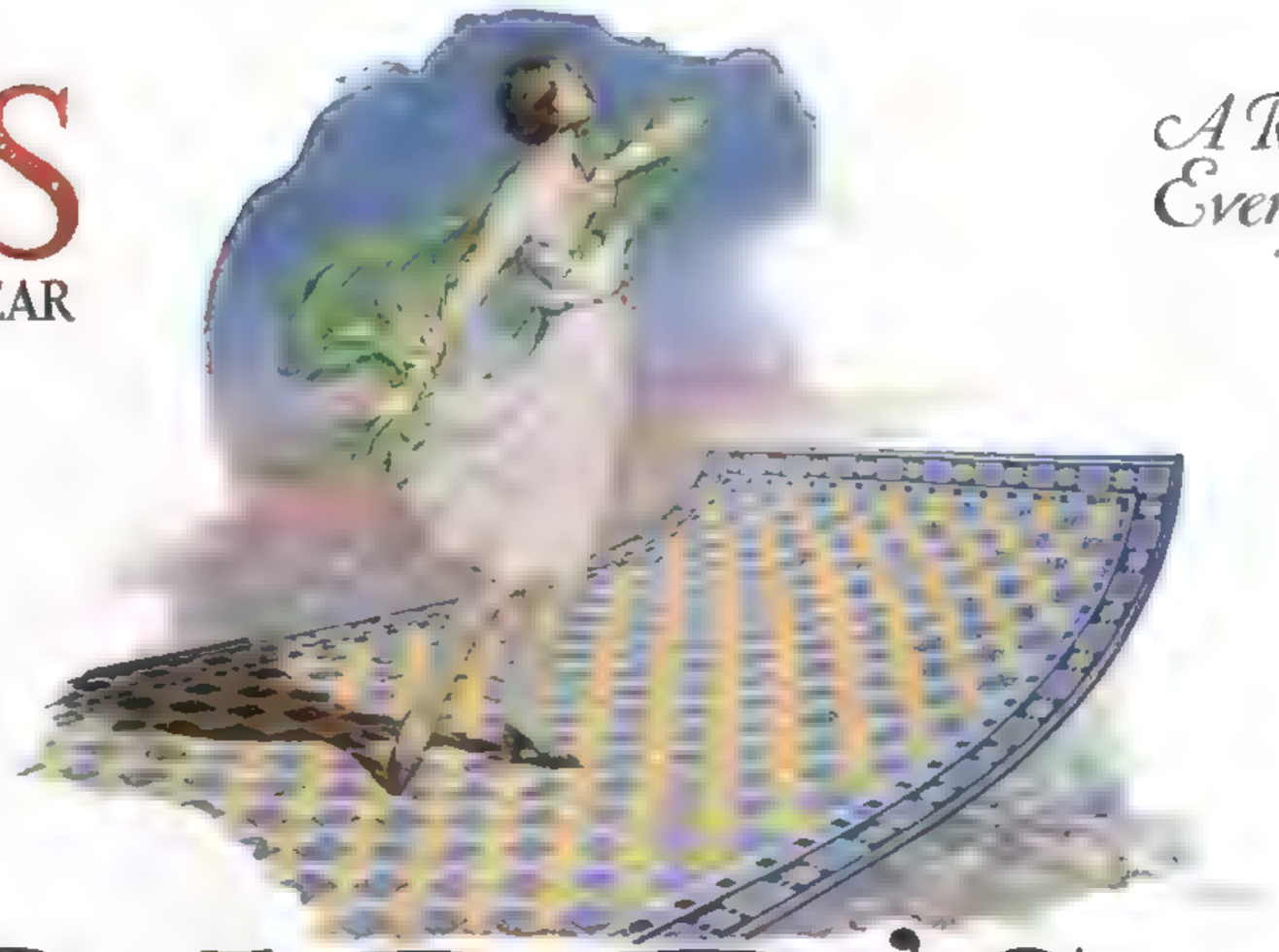

A Rug for Every Room

BIRD'S

MAGIC – because they take the drudgery out of housework—they are cleaned with a few whisks of a damp mop.

MAGIC – because their enamel like surface, built on a waterproof felt base, makes them wear, and wear, and wear.

MAGIC – because they lie flat without fastening.

MAGIC – because enormous production makes it possible to buy them in a variety of patterns and colors in room sizes from $6 to $18.

If every woman knew what every present owner knows, every house would have a Bird's Neponset Rug.

If any salesman says, "It's Bird's"—that's really all you need to know. Look for the patented red wax back

For cleanliness, beauty, and economy, you owe it to yourself to use Bird's Neponset Rugs or Floor Covering in every room of your home.

Beneath the Magic Rug extends a landscape dotted with Bird's Roofs.

Pleasant homes are roofed with Bird's Asphalt Shingles in all their delightful color variations of Art-Blends, Green, Blue-Black, or Red.

Farm buildings, warehouses and industrial plants are roofed with "Good Old Paroid."

There is a Bird Roof within the reach of everyone who is going to build or repair.

These roofs meet the modern demand for:

WATERPROOF ROOFS—made with time-defying asphalt.

SAFE ROOFS—they do not catch fire from falling sparks.

HANDSOME ROOFS—surfaced with colorful crushed slate.

DEPENDABLE ROOFS—132 years of manufacturing experience are back of them. There is a Bird Dealer near you who will help you select a suitable roof, or our advice is at your service.

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A Roof for Every Building

BIRD'S

ROOFS

DEFY WATER AND WEAR

(Continued from Page 113

him. A figure had turned into the lane, its movements barely discernible.

Turning his face toward his companion, Carson was able to keep one eye trained to the rear at frequent intervals. The figure was no longer outlined against the vague light that emanated from the main street. But there was an occasional flicker of movement, as if the man moved from one tree to the next. A second figure appeared for an instant. Then it, too, merged with the gloom. So Jarrat had recognized him as the driver of the car that night but had evidenced no recognition since.

Carson turned off into a branching artery, equally narrow and dark. He accelerated his pace until he had covered perhaps a hundred yards. There was something he must do before he was interrupted. He had decided upon it quite suddenly. He slowed almost to a halt and glanced behind him. There was no sign of movement in the rear. His mind, of late, had been an arena for contending groups of thought. Why had this girl, with surprising depths of intelligence and the cleverness to direct it with uncanny adroitness, pretended to possess a mere blank loveliness? Why had she, at first, sought to attract by cheap flirtatiousness a man whom she believed to be engaged in a most nefarious traffic—dope running?

At first he had known, as he danced with her and she looked up from his arms, that he could plant a kiss upon those tempting lips and suffer no more than an insincere reproof at the worst. He had refrained and she had slipped easily into the most nonflirtatious of attitudes. What did she want with him? He could see both ways along the narrow roadway. Yes, the thing must be done. He stooped swiftly and gathered her into his arms. The next instant his lips were pressed to hers in the most ardent of kisses.

For a second she seemed quite inert. Then, violently, she thrust him away, evidence that the momentary period of quiet which had seemed to betoken acquiescence had been occasioned instead by sheer surprise.

"No!" she said. "No!" She rubbed her lips furiously with her finger tips as if to remove something that clung stubbornly. "It won't come off!" she wailed. "It won't come off!" Then, anger transplanting concern, she spoke coldly: "You insufferable cad!"

It was as if she had been enacting a rôle and had been startled out of it.

"Yes," Carson said; "something like that, I suppose. But are you sure that that is quite the whole solution? Didn't you rather make a bid for it?"

"I!" she flared; then quieted suddenly. "Yes. What else could I expect?"

"I didn't mean what you could expect from me," Carson explained. "But what could you expect from yourself?"

She steadied herself, as if realizing that she had been playing a part and was in danger of stepping out of character. "Well, a girl's got a right to expect a guy to give her some respect. But it was silly of me to flare up. What's a kiss between friends? I'm sorry, Larry. You kind of startled me, I guess."

"Didn't I though?" Carson laughed.

Involuntarily, her finger tips again sought her lips with a brushing motion, but she said, "You sure did, boy. Maybe it's because I thought you were different, someway, on account of your not wanting me to drink so much and all. Most guys are always trying to tank a girl up."

He glanced both ways along that dark, narrow lane. There was no movement discernible in either direction. "By the way," he said, "at first, if I'd kissed you even while I was dancing with you, it would have been all right. You had primed yourself for it. What I mean is, it wouldn't have meant any more to you than if I'd whistled it to you across a forty-acre field. You'd have hated it, meaningless or not, but you had steeled yourself to deliver if it was expected. But when I caught you with your guard down, and you hadn't time to steel yourself, that was different."

"You're talking in riddles, big boy," she said. "A kiss is a kiss, however you take it."

"You know that it is not," he said. "You just proved it. That kiss was, in a manner of speaking, purely an experiment."

"Experiment?" she echoed blankly. "To find out if you liked the sample?"

He sensed someway, despite her seeming casualness, that that deeper self of hers was darting at him, white-hot and furious, for daring to consider her as an experiment.

"Rather the opposite," he said. "To determine how you'd like the sample. I wanted to observe your reaction to such an unpleasant surprise—when your guard was down. But I'm afraid it was a mistake. I'm somewhat sorry that I did it."

"Well, it's all right if you apologize," she said graciously.

"Oh, I'm offering no apology," he corrected. "No contrition here about its possible effect upon you—which will be negligible, if any—but rather in its effect upon me. The experiment worked, in that it made you step out of character, but it back-fired clear to my heels. Someway I hadn't quite counted on that. Mine won't rub off either, for the reason that its effect was inside."

Just then a dog barked from the direction in which they had been headed a few moments before.

"Let's go back the way we came," he suggested. The furious barking of the cur indicated that the figure that had been following had elected to cut round and wait for them at some point ahead. Carson started moving slowly on the return trip, glanced over his shoulder and—yes, he had been right. Something moved. Also, he scanned the darkness ahead. Were there two figures following, one behind the other? He could not be sure. He measured the distance to a huge palm just ahead and on the left. The figure behind was advancing swiftly. The girl drew abreast of the palm and Carson thrust her suddenly behind its heavy trunk and leaped behind it himself. Even as he made the move a gun roared spitefully and a heavy ball thudded home in the trunk. Instantly, Carson was peering round the right side of the trunk, his gun thrust ahead, while his left arm pressed the girl against the sheltering trunk of the palm. There was movement twenty feet away, a dull heavy thump.

"Don't shoot, Larry," a low voice instructed. "I dropped him. Beat it!"

Dogs broke into frenzied outcry in the neighborhood.

"Come on," Carson instructed the girl. "We'll get into a jam with the Mexican authorities."

They made good time down the dark lane, crossed the side street down which they had come, dodged down another narrow thoroughfare and strolled casually along the main street.

"You have enemies, I take it," the girl remarked—"and friends."

"I can't quite figure that all out," he said. "Haven't an idea who they were. Likely they were laying for each other and the first one mistook my identity. Hence his downfall."

He did know to a certainty that Jarrat, or one whom Jarrat had appointed, had followed with intent to shoot him in the back, and that Hornet Ellis had followed the fellow and slugged him on the head with his gun at a most opportune moment.

"No doubt," she remarked dryly; "that's why he called you by name." This was no girl to lose her head in an emergency, he thought. "It's a bad game you're in, Larry," she said. "Why don't you quit it? If you don't, they'll get you."

"I'm figuring to," he said. "And that's gospel. I give you my word that I'll quit it inside of a month. But as I was saying before we were interrupted, I wanted to try out an experiment. It back-fired. I have a premonition that it won't ever rub off." They had reached her hotel. "I'm afraid the vaccination took, if you know what I mean. In which case I've succeeded in making rather an ass of myself. . . . Good-by."

He turned on his heel and presently joined Hornet Ellis as the latter strolled nonchalantly down the street.

"You need a guardian," Hornet grumbled.

"Many thanks for intervening," Carson said. "But I'd have got him."

"Sure you'd have got him—and then you'd been in a sweet jam on the Mexican side. When you made that strategic retreat behind the tree I saw that you were fixed for him. But I couldn't know that before I started out. I aimed to hit him between the horns before he ever caught up with you, but I lost him on that flank movement you both executed and I come near being too late to prevent a serious fracas."

"'Twas Jarrat, of course," Carson submitted.

"Who else? I've been keeping an eye on that lizard. It seemed too good to be true that he hadn't recognized you. And your friend, under similar circumstances, failed to return."

"I've been keeping that little thing in mind and one eye on my back track pretty constant," Carson said. "I'd have got him—and aside from getting in a jam with the Mexican authorities, the news would have got to the rest of the mob. They'd have known then that I was onto them, the reason for my visit to the ranch and all, and they'd have closed up shop for a while. That would have played merry hell with my campaign. Hornet, your solicitude and the weight of your arm saved the day. I thank you most kindly. What'll happen when the residents of that locality muster sufficient courage to stir out and locate him?"

"Nothing," Hornet predicted. "He's in no shape except to put it down as a holdup without invoking the law. His kind won't have no truck with the law. Likely he come to and made tracks before they got to him anyhow. But one other thing, Larry: It's a good chance that girl's one of 'em and led you there to the slaughter. Take my advice and lay offa her."

"That," Carson agreed, "has come to pass in the natural course of events. The best of friends must part, as the old adage so aptly points out, and we've already parted. Tomorrow I leave, and it's very unlikely that I'll ever set eyes on the lady again."

Perversely enough, he found this prospect none too pleasing.

VII

CARSON peered down upon the buildings of the T. P. Ranch with powerful binoculars. Behind him was Big Bench and out in its center Apache Spring, which, for the past three days, he and Langhorn had used as a base of operations. He had haunted these rims religiously to spy upon the occupants of the ranch. The distance was too great to permit him to establish identities, but he could discern all movements. So far his vigil remained unrewarded. There had been very little activity. Two cars had departed separately four days before and neither had yet returned. The other automobile was parked, facing the little alfalfa flat.

"Slack times with them," he said. "But something will happen soon." He and Langhorn had stood watch in shifts throughout the past three nights to determine if arrivals and departures were customary between dark and dawn, but not so much as a single light had flashed on the desert below. The sun was dropping low in the west. Another hour and he would return to Apache Spring with both horses, water them, then return to join Langhorn. The immigration man was sleeping comfortably and his gentle snore reached Carson's ears.

A car came gliding over the road from Teepee Siding and pulled in at the ranch, wheeling to park beside the other car facing the alfalfa flat.

(Continued on Page 117)

THE UTMOST KINDNESS

THERE is no person, however unfeeling, who is not moved to kindness in the presence of the passing of another. This is one of the fine characteristics of mankind.

And a thousand times more do we want to be kind to our own loved ones who have gone ahead. We are so willing, so eager to be kind. But how?

The first obligation, the first wish, handed down from primitive days, is to protect the precious remains. That last earthly form must be preserved as long as possible despite the cruel elements.

And today this obligation is easily fulfilled even by those in the most modest circumstances. Thousands of families are providing this positive burial protection simply by securing the Clark Grave Vault

This vault is absolutely positive in its protection because it is designed according to an immutable law of Nature. And it is permanent because made of Armco Ingot Iron, or Keystone copper steel, 12 gauge thickness and of special quality which are in themselves highly rust-resisting. On the higher priced Clark Grave Vaults there is also a plating of pure cadmium (the greatest resistance to rust known to science) applied by the Udylite process. This process is exclusive on Clark Vaults.

All over the nation the Clark Grave Vault is being adopted as an essential feature of burial equipment, as necessary as the casket.

Leading funeral directors recommend it and give with each one a 50-year guaranty.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT COMPANY
Columbus, Ohio
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CLARK

GRAVE VAULT

This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

Nine Vital Superiorities

DODGE BROTHERS
Senior Line

NINE points of provable superiority over all cars selling up to $2500!

A powerful and arresting statement, yet every Dodge Brothers dealer stands ready to prove it.

No wonder this brilliant vehicle won instant rank among America's finest Sixes!

No wonder it flashes a thrilling challenge to the fleetest and smartest on the road!

See your Dodge Brothers dealer today and ask him to prove these nine vital points of Senior superiority.

(Continued from Page 115)

"That," Carson surmised, "will be alias Jones, otherwise Jarrat, returning to report that all's well for the next consignment of poor downtrodden aliens that's desirous of making a back-gate entry into the land of the free. I'll wake Langhorn up and amble for Apache Spring."

He trained his glasses on the line of the road for a final survey. Not so much as a dust cloud along its course to the far horizon. Then suddenly, four or five miles out in the desert, beyond the ranch and perhaps a mile to the south of the road, he made out several tiny dark specks as they crossed an open expanse that was largely clear of chaparral. One figure had already reached the road—how long before Carson could not determine. Those crossing the opening were six in number. They disappeared in the heavy growth of ocatillo that flanked the road for a mile or more—Carson recalled the spot well as the point where he had observed tracks on the occasion of his own first visit to the ranch a few weeks before—but none of them crossed it. He swept the country to the south of the road minutely with his glasses and eventually was rewarded by discerning a single figure some two miles behind the point where the others had disappeared. He waked Langhorn and explained the circumstances.

"We'll have to stick it out together," he said. "I don't want to miss any of the proceedings. The ponies will have to go waterless tonight. I want to prove to you that I'm not sending you on any wild-goose chase so you'll feel full confidence in marshaling the immigration men to strike when and where I designate."

They sat together on the rims as the last light faded out. Carson changed the location of the horses, tethering them near a cluster of mesquite. "There, horses, you can forage a nice meal of juicy mesquite beans even if you can't have a drink tonight." Then he returned to Langhorn. "It's hard to stick an alien runner unless you catch him downright red-handed, I expect," he suggested.

"And sometimes even then," Langhorn said. "But it's better than it was. When we grab a bunch of alien smugglers now, we try them under the Conspiracy Act. That's a big help. If a group of people conspire to break the laws of the United States, they're safe enough, as a rule, unless the law is actually broke. It may be all talk, parlor Bolshevik blather, and nothing come of it. Try 'em before any law is broke and they'll invoke the right of free speech.

"But you let just one of those conspirators commit an overt act—break the law—and then every one that conspired is guilty under the act. We took advantage of the Conspiracy Act to bolster up the weak spots and plug the loopholes in the immigration laws. We try 'em now for conspiracy, and sometimes we're able to cinch a crew of Chink runners that way. There's another help, too—the law that provides that we can give an alien a sentence before deporting him. Couldn't used to do that. All we could do if we grabbed a bunch of border jumpers was to deport them back to their own countries at our Government's expense."

"That's about all that happens now, ain't it?" Carson asked. "Deportation without making 'em serve a sentence first? And anyway, our jails are better than freedom in the countries most of this rabble hails from, so a jail sentence ought to be a pleasure to 'em as compared to getting sent home."

"But here's where that law providing for sentence prior to deportation plugged a gap that used to plumb hamstring us," Langhorn explained: "They'd make use of Mexican guides, the chief smugglers would, to bring the aliens up across country. Those Mexican lads just south of the border was already trained in such work. Whenever some Mex had a few dollars on hand and wanted something on the American side of the line, he'd send his son skittering up after it on a pony or afoot. The boy'd purchase whatever it was and dodge his own Mexican customs men going back. They knew the country like a book, was apt at the game and handy as Indians in the chaparral. All right. We'd pick up six or eight Chinese, say, with a couple of guides. Well, the guides are aliens too. See? They're Mexican citizens. All we could do to them was to send 'em back home. Far as any hardship in that—nothing to it. They could come walking back up guiding another bunch of Chinks the next day. Now, you see, we can follow the usual procedure of deporting the actual border jumpers without sentence. But any Mex guide or American smuggler that's become a Mexican citizen for the purpose, why, he's out of luck. Instead of just deporting him, we try to get the judge to throw the book at him—give him the limit."

It had been dark for two hours and still there was no sign of activity below.

"There'll be a car coming along in from Teepee Siding soon now," Carson predicted. "They won't go to the ranch on foot and leave their tracks in the road; just on the off chance that an immigration man would cut their trail and track them out, they won't do that. If their tracks end at the road five miles out from the ranch, there'd be nothing to prove that a car hadn't come in from outside to pick them up—just making use of this isolated road for the purpose—and take them out that way. Nothing to connect those at the ranch with it whatever."

"Likely," Langhorn agreed. He reverted to their former topic with a chuckle. "We devised a scheme that worked not too bad with some of those chronic Mexican guides. The law was to deport undesirable aliens to their own country, but didn't specify any particular part of the country. We grabbed some of those Mexican smugglers and instead of escorting them back across the border to do it all over again, we deported them right." The immigration man chuckled again in recollection. "We'd put 'em aboard ship and have them landed clear down at the south end of the Mexican west coast. What with the revolution in full swing and the natives mostly ignorant and suspicious of strangers anyway, and with bandits thicker than blackbirds, those same deported lads found themselves up against it hard.

"Not 10 per cent of 'em ever got back to their haunts along the border. We deported them to their own country, right enough, but it was almost equivalent to handing them a death sentence. They'd get shanghaied into some army or other, killed by bandits or get rubbed out by some suspicious native. That put something of a crimp in the business and for a spell there was a noticeable scarcity of Mexicans willing to indulge in smuggling aliens across the border."

A distant point of brilliance appeared far off toward Teepee Siding. Half an hour later it had become a tiny elongated shaft. It halted at a point near where those moving shapes had disappeared at dusk. At that instant a second light appeared below, a beam of radiance that pierced the velvet black of the country at the base of the hills—the lights of the two automobiles facing out across the little alfalfa flat. Three times these lights came on, with half-minute intervals of darkness between, and from out in the desert the lights of the waiting car blinked in answer. Then it moved on toward the ranch.

"Three raps from within, answered by three raps from without, meaning that the coast is clear. Advance, brother, and give the countersign," Carson murmured.

Langhorn was to stand the first watch, and Carson stretched out upon his saddle blankets, but before sleep claimed him his ears were assailed by a distant drone.

"H'm—it all happens on one night," he said, peering over the rims.

The droning purr grew louder. The lights below him flashed on again and burned steadily, lighting the little alfalfa flat. And presently into this lighted area a big white bird wheeled and alighted after a few tentative bounds. The lights went out. Carson slept but intermittently, rousing to peer over the rims at frequent intervals, but all was dark. The cool night air of the high desert country chilled him. Once he moved the horses so that the animals might reach fresh forage. "You can pluck yourselves a fresh mess of mesquite beans to while away the monotony."

As the advancing dawn lifted the shadows from the bottoms they could discern the three big touring cars parked, facing the little alfalfa flat, and out in the flat reposed the aeroplane.

The sun was just peeping over the horizon when a group of figures moved across the little alfalfa meadow, passed the plane and headed due north across the desert along the base of the hills. Carson counted eight. An hour later the plane took the air and headed in the same direction. Carson and Langhorn watched it out of sight, then rode back across Big Bench to the arroyo and up its course to Apache Spring. They prepared a meal and loitered in the grateful shade of the *barranco* as the desert sun rose high.

Langhorn was all for intercepting the aliens and their guides at once, then bagging the occupants of the ranch on the strength of what they had seen.

"Hold your horses," Carson reproved him. "This is my show. And there's special reasons why I want to learn every member of that outfit and bag them when they're all home at once, and I'll guarantee that we'll get 'em. Tomorrow I'm going to take a little *pascar* while you stay here. Too many of these chaps have you spotted for an immigration officer from working these roads. They'd be apt to recognize you, even out of uniform."

Carson sought his bed with the first shadows of descending night. "I can find it in my heart to wish that I'd refrained from staging that farewell experiment at Calizoni," he mused while enjoying a final cigarette.

That one delightful touch of fragrant lips obsessed his thoughts and intrigued his imagination.

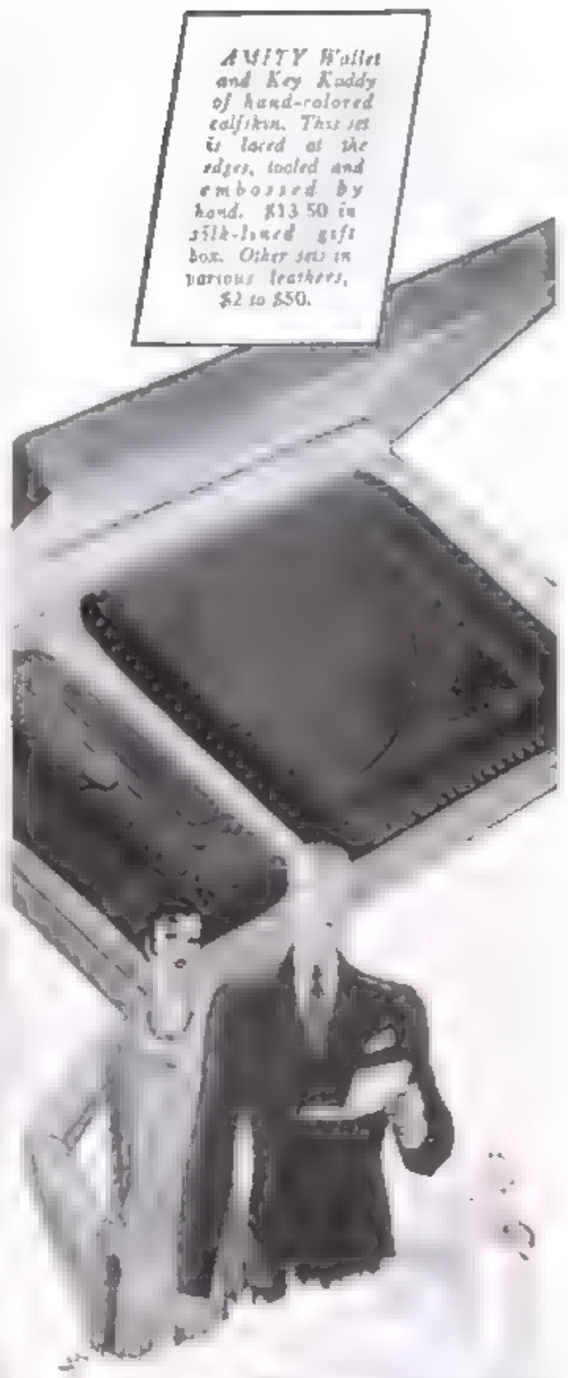
"Years back I used to fancy myself in love every so often—whenever spring came round again and the grass turned green. But by midsummer it would all wear off. Now am I imagining myself in love again, or just what does ail me? I certainly am putting in considerable time thinking about that Marion girl when I could be better employed at other speculations. It won't come off—as she observed. There's no sensible reason for me to keep thinking back to that—not one. But there it is. The instant my guard is down she comes romping in to occupy my thoughts. Then when I make up my mind to forget it, the very effort keeps her there. If I've gone over every word she said once, I've reviewed it a dozen times. What did she mean when she said this? And what made her say that? And the only thing that I've decided as for sure is that I'm one long-eared jackass to give another thought to it—which I won't."

But he did, nevertheless, devote another thought to the matter—several thoughts in fact. During that defenseless period when the mind hovers between wakefulness and slumber, his speculations about the girl of Calizoni were renewed.

"The devil!" he said irritably. "There it is again. I've been out on green grass too long—let a pretty face get me all fretted up. But it's likely I'll never set eyes on it again and wouldn't know what to do about it if I did. So run along now, Marion, lovely thing, and let me get some sleep." So he slept, and the face of the girl from Calizoni came to haunt his dreams.

The next morning he was astir before dawn. It was his intention to discover the destination of the men who had headed north across the desert. The nearest east-and-west highway to the northward, he had discovered by previous inquiry, was somewhere round sixty miles and the country between was waterless and uninhabited. But

(Continued on Page 119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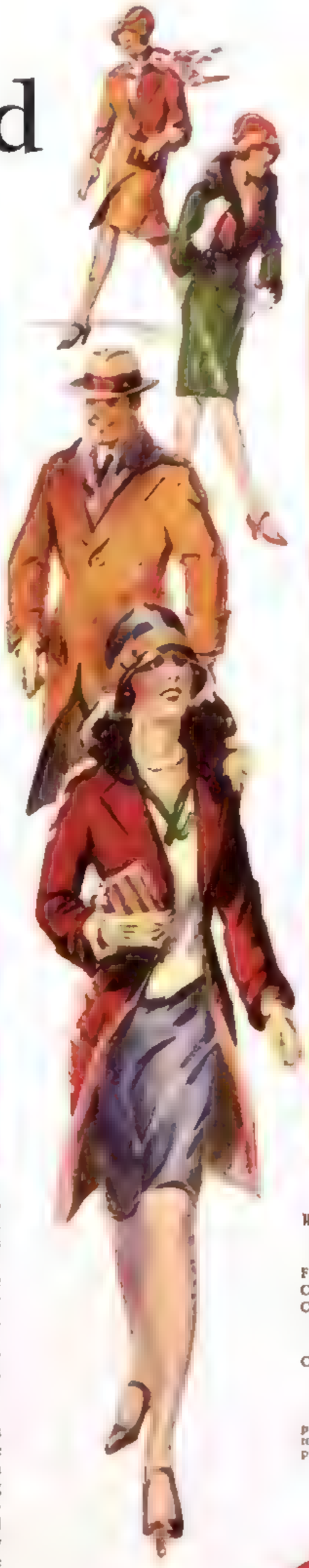

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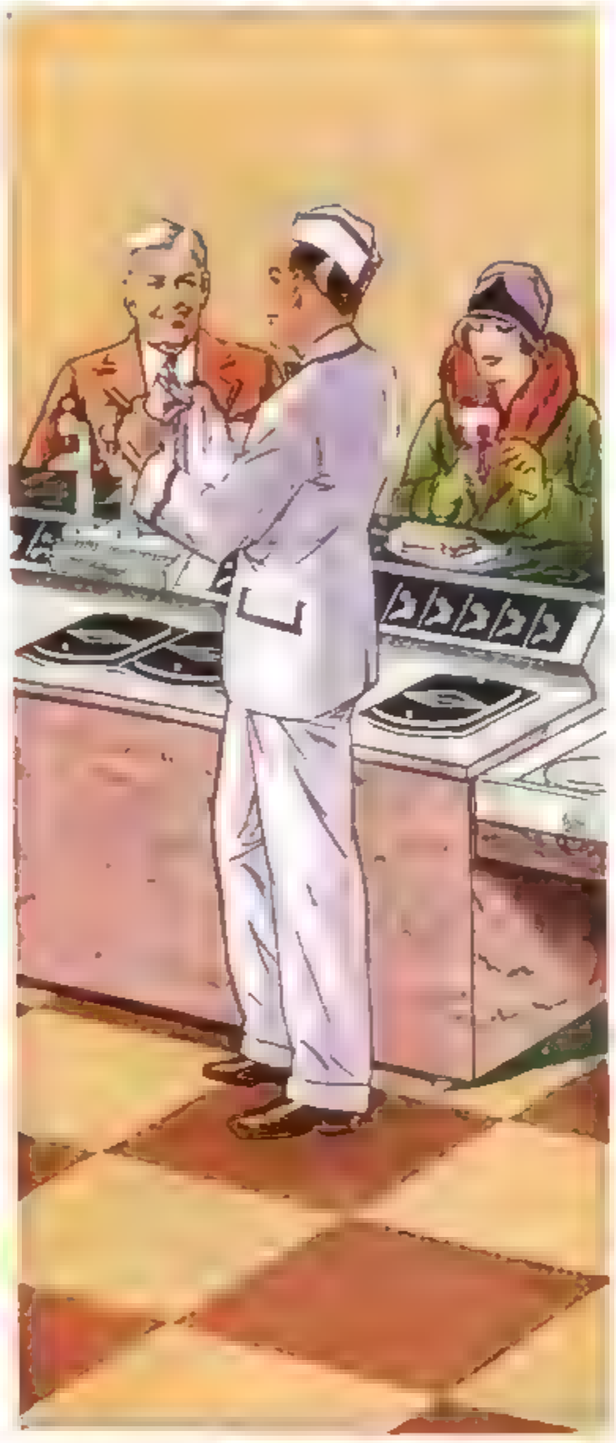

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(Continued from Page 117)

out there somewhere, perhaps halfway between Carson's retreat on Big Bench and the highway to the north, there was an abandoned mine. It had never amounted to anything. Two old prospectors had labored there for years and had worked out a road of sorts, merely by removing rocks through bowlder fields, cutting through an occasional patch of chaparral where it was not feasible to drive round it, picking down the banks of arroyos to provide crossing points, but in the main by simply following the line of least resistance where the nature of the terrain necessitated no road building whatever.

"They named that prospect the Hopewell," Carson said. "It was never anything but a hope, and if the well's dried up we'll make a dry camp tonight. You ponies will be hard pressed for water before we get back. But I've someway got a feeling that I want to see if that old road is being traveled."

He jogged steadily northward through choppy hills and rolling country, traversed broad flats and threaded arroyos—desert landscape all of it, and all of it waterless and with no stock ranging there. By midafternoon the two horses, the rider and the pack all were covered with a coat of fine white dust.

"I expect we've come far enough north to be pretty near abreast of the end of that stub road," he said. "The question now before the house is whether to cruise east or west to intersect it. We'd better post up this hill and take a survey."

Riding to the crest of a small hill, he dismounted and brought his glasses into use. Some miles to the east, across flat country, the roof of a frame shack was visible. Just before reaching it he rode out upon an alkali sink, now dry, its baked surface white as snow and dazzling to the eyes. Out in its center he observed strange marks and nodded with satisfaction.

The mine buildings consisted of a two-room board shack and a small tool house of similar construction, the latter open on one side.

These improvements, however, did not claim his chief interest. Standing there in the open was a tank truck designed to transport gasoline or water. It was not one of the usual extremely heavy affairs, but a relatively light truck, capable of speed, and the tank was of wooden construction, fashioned to fit the floor of the truck so that it could be removed and the car used for other purposes if desired.

He entered the house and found it untenanted, but there were two bunks ready for occupancy and the kitchen was supplied with food, dishes and cooking utensils. He repaired to the truck and turned the tap in the rear. Water gushed forth. Both horses nickered eagerly, and he drew off water in a bucket and permitted them to quench their thirst. Then he sauntered to the old dump. The shaft was rigged with a homemade hoist, a wooden windlass round which was wound a cable. The half of a steel oil barrel had been used as a hoist car by means of which the excavated material had been windlassed to the surface by hand.

"There've been a number of humans pranking round here and leaving their footprints in the sands of time—the time being no later than yesterday," he said, scanning the vicinity of the shack.

Carson dined, then lighted the kerosene lamp and read a magazine that he found in the house; but he was tired, and within an hour he turned out the light and sought his bed, to fall instantly asleep. Ten minutes later he waked with a prickling sensation at the roots of his hair. There seemed to be nothing to justify his sudden alertness, but he had learned not to disregard such messages. For a period of two minutes he did not move. Then he rose silently, gun in one hand and his little flash torch in the other. The door stood open and he moved noiselessly to it, thrust his head out cautiously and peered both ways along the front of the shack, then surveyed the immediate foreground in the starlight.

"I wonder now," he mused, "if some of these parties spotted me riding up and took to the brush to wait until I was sound asleep to stalk me. There's someone round"

He had waked with the feeling that he was not alone, and he had not yet discarded the feeling.

The north wall of the shack was windowless. He moved to the corner, his bare feet making no sound on the sand, and peered round it. A figure was pressed close to the blank wall.

Carson's gun hand crept round the corner and his automatic was trained upon the nocturnal visitor. He watched for a full minute before speaking and the figure did not so much as stir.

"Waiting to hear me snore and satisfy himself that I'm asleep," Carson decided. "He watched until my light went out, gave himself a margin and then came slinking up."

The man held a shotgun by the muzzle, its butt resting on the sand.

"Steady!" Carson admonished. "Slide your hands along the wall and reach up toward the eaves, buddy. And leave that shotgun sitting right where it is at, muzzle against the house."

"My word!" the figure objected. "This is an outrage!"

"Maybe," said Carson. "But not a fraction as outrageous as it'll be if you don't come to your milk. Now take three side steps to the right, face to the wall and hands aloft."

"I won't stand it!" the stranger asserted petulantly.

"Then you'll lose the top half of your head in nothing flat," Carson told him. "Better mind your Uncle Dudley. A shotgun is a real ugly implement and I ain't taking any chances on it. If you reach for it I'll send you to hell in a hand basket before you can bat your eye."

The man, still protesting indignantly, nevertheless obeyed his captor's injunctions and sidled along the wall.

"All right—just freeze there," Carson said. He stepped up to the man and pressed the automatic against his spine with one hand while he searched him with the other. "Don't squirm," he admonished, locating a pistol in his hip pocket and extracting it. "You might jar this off and lose two inches of your backbone. And now explain yourself."

"You should explain yourself, it seems to me," the captive stated. "Someone told me there was a shack up this old mine road. I'm an oil man and something of a geologist. This region has never been prospected for oil. I was out on a little tour—on a motorcycle with side car, you know—and expected to reach this cabin before dark and spend the night here, but the road was so rough that I didn't quite make it. My lights gave out a mile or more back, so I came on afoot. Then it seemed like the place might be occupied, with that truck out there, and I was rather timid about approaching—not knowing what sort of people might be here, you see, so I was listening."

"So that's the lay," Carson commented. He suddenly switched his flash light on the man's face. "Well!" he exclaimed. "An unexpected pleasure."

"Well what?" the man snapped irritably. "Why do you use that tone?"

"Well, here we are again, that's what!" Carson said. For he was gazing upon the dark, slender-mustached face of Cherokee Tanner. "We meet again."

"Do we?" Tanner queried. "Then I take it we must have met before. But you have the advantage of me. I can't see you with that devilish light shining in my eyes."

"Last time we met," Carson informed, "you were just being taken into custody. Come round and I'll strike a light."

"Oh! It's you," Cherokee said when Carson had lighted the lamp in the cabin. "I hadn't expected to see you here."

"The surprise is entirely mutual," Carson declared. "I thought you were in stir. Nice place you have here."

"Me!" Tanner exclaimed in well-simulated astonishment. "But, my dear fellow, I never set eyes on this place before in my life. I supposed, of course, that whoever drove that tank truck in here owned the place. Didn't you drive it here?"

"No. You drove it here yourself, as you darn well know, you dissembling son of a gun," Carson commented silently. But aloud he said, "I came a-horseback, sir, said she. And I aim to depart by means of the same vehicle. I'd never viewed this layout myself until a few hours prior to your own advent on the scene. The parties that drove that truck here must have vamosed about some business of their own."

"Yes, so they must," Tanner assented. "How did you happen to visit such a spot?"

"My purpose was similar to yours; only, I'm prospecting for gold. And while you came here in search of oil, I came in search of water."

He detailed to Tanner, as a few weeks previously he had related it to Blake and Paige, the account of the prospector who had been slain by Apaches years before and of the map that had been found sewed to his undershirt. "Lost-mine stuff, you know. Most of 'em are myths, of course. Some of the legends are founded on fact. I've been forced to go clear out to the Armajo Tanks for my water. I'd heard of this Hopewell plant and didn't know but what there was a spring or an old well hereabouts, or that maybe they'd tapped a vein of water in the shaft. It would make it handier for me by a considerable margin. But the truck wrecks my hopes in that direction. They're not going to truck their water in here and then affably invite me to water my stock on it regular."

"No," said Tanner, "probably not. Will you wait here until they return?"

"Not now," Carson returned. "My sleep refreshed me something wonderful. It requires only a few minutes' slumber to put me in trim. And it's cool riding the desert at night, so if you'll excuse me I'll pack up and travel." He was already rolling his bed.

"About that other matter—at Calizoni," Tanner observed. "Of course they twisted identities. Looking for someone else. I wasn't locked up for an hour." His explanation lacked detail and was not convincing. "Stupid lot, the police."

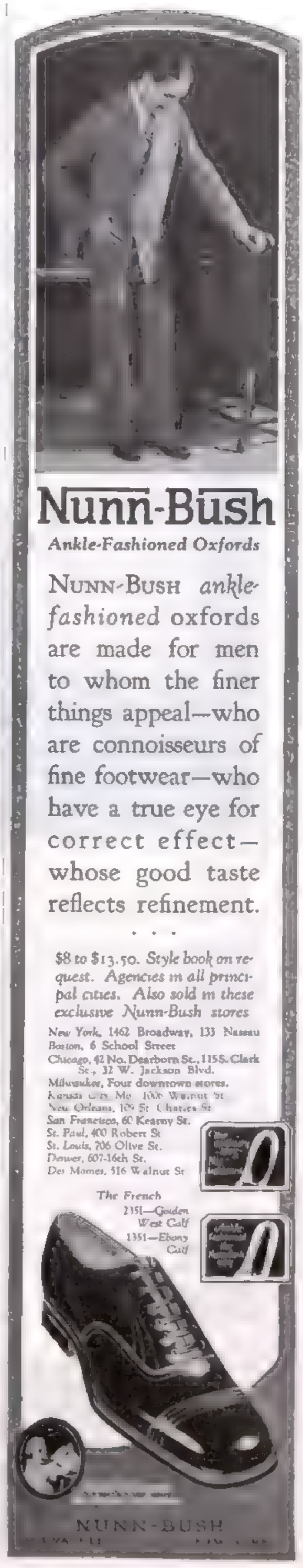
"Oh, very," Carson agreed. "Hope you don't mind my unceremonious departure. I'll leave your guns on the work bench."

Later, as he rode across the desert, after catching his horses and packing up his effects, he remarked, "After Jarrat, alias Jones of Los Angeles, made that try for me, I'm nervous about sleeping with strangers. I wonder now, Marion. You wouldn't have led me deliberate to the firing squad, would you, after I'd been so nice and everything? But otherwise, just why did you suggest walking abroad with me in the night? It begins to look as if you had been framing me for the slaughter. . . . So Cherokee Tanner is hooked up with that crowd."

Still, as an extenuating circumstance, there was the undoubted fact that Jarrat had fired indiscriminately at Marion, Carson and the tree at the instant that Carson's quick move for cover betrayed the fact that he was aware of the stalker's presence. Would Jarrat have taken a chance on killing the girl with that hasty shot if she had been one of the crew, appointed to lead Carson to some point where his demise could be effected in comparative safety? Well, it didn't matter now. And yet some way it did matter greatly, and he was unable to reason himself out of the fact that the thought of her treachery filled him with an ache so acute as to be almost physical.

But regardless of all that, there was one thing that did matter greatly—haste. Tanner's discovery of him at the old Hopewell would be one more bit of convincing evidence that Carson was spying on the activities of the Teepee occupants. They'd cease operations for a while if he failed to act with dispatch.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)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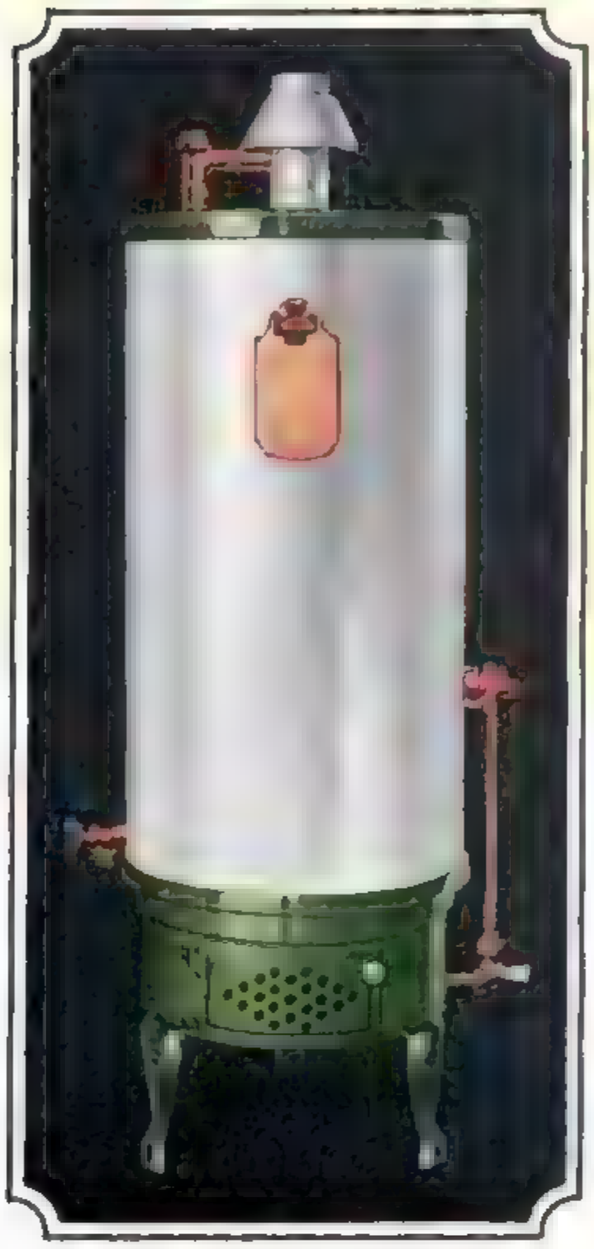

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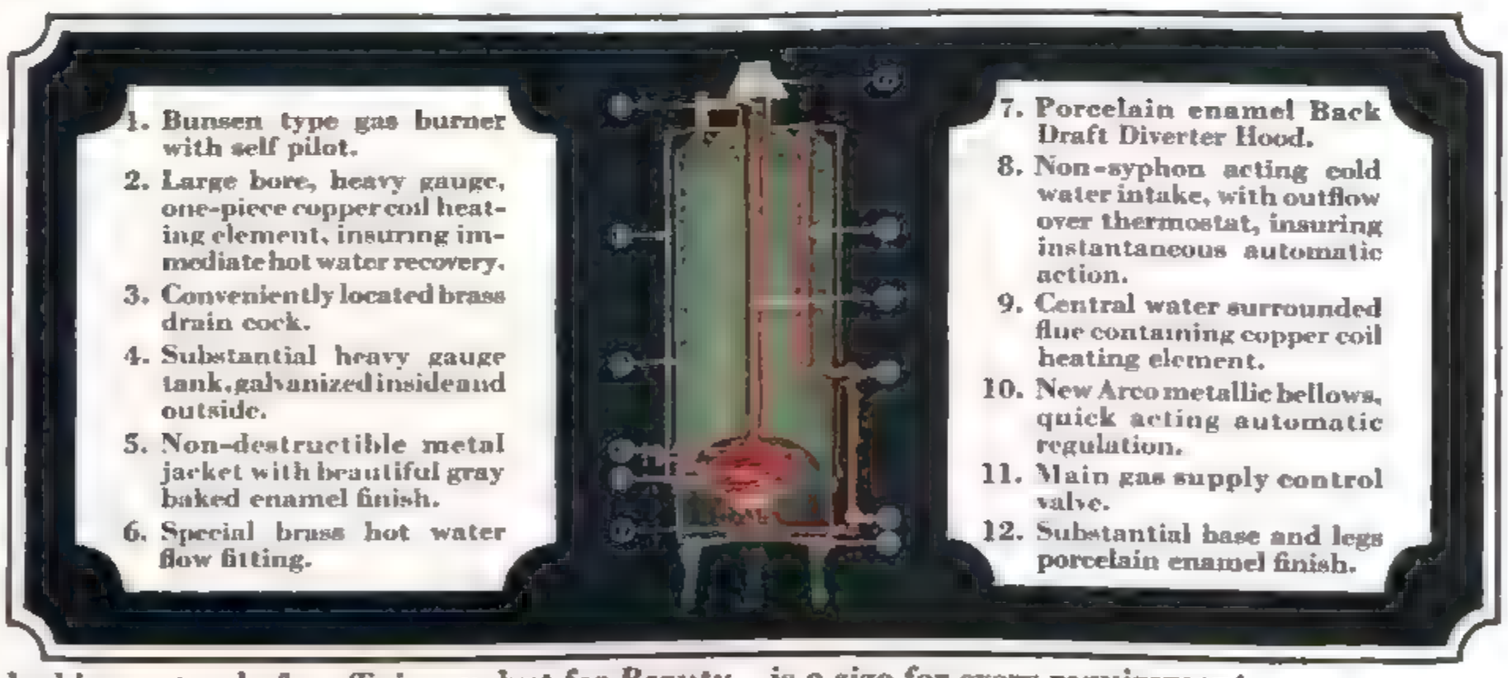

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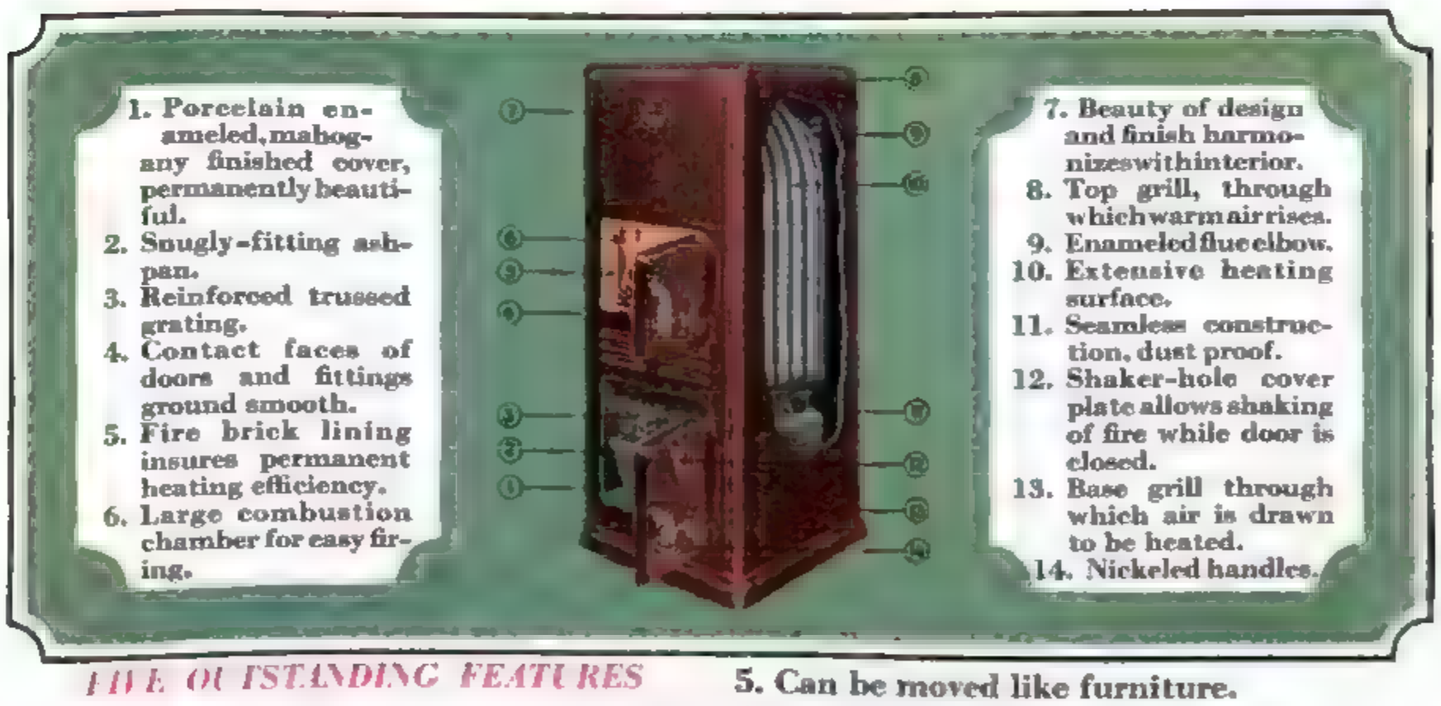
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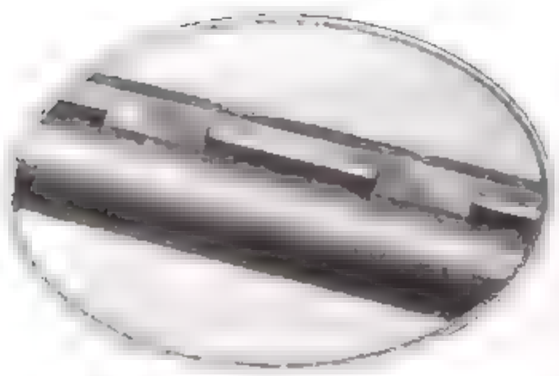

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THE CAPTAIN'S CORDON ROUGE

Continued from Page 23

"I can't tell you where I got it," said the Kid. "But I'll get you some after I get me a life preserver."

"You tell us now!"

"No," said the Kid, "you might spoil the game."

"You might fall overboard sudden," said Bull

"Sure," said the Kid, "I know it. That's why I want me a life preserver."

"Go on, Bull, let him get the chow. All we have to do is eat it then."

"Sure!" said the Kid. "I ain't trying to high-tone you guys none, but they told me I was to join a picked crew. I lived on a farm all my life, so as long as we're entitled to sheets and grub I guess I might as well do me some high-lifing. You don't know where I could get me a life belt, do you?"

"Listen," said Rory. "You get the grub. That's enough. Them soldiers has got all the life belts. You're in the Navy and this man's Navy don't use no life belts. Life belts —— Listen to him, Bull—life belts!"

"Sh-h-h!" said Bull. "Here comes that unfortunate accident to a tailor's shop."

Mr. Hotchkiss, the ensign, climbed briskly down the ladder from the promenade and came across the well deck. "Ho, Logan!"

"Shut up about the grub and the life belt," said Rory.

"Sure!" said the Kid. "I'll get one on my own and as soon as it gets dark I'll bring you the grub."

Bull gave a hitch to his waistline and climbed down to the well deck. "Aye, sir."

"Now then, Logan, Captain Stocker had two cases of Cordon Rouge sent aboard about ten minutes before we dropped down the Bay." Mr. Hotchkiss, in civil life, was heir to four automobile factories and had an intimate knowledge of champagne and champagne. The fact that two cases of Cordon Rouge were adrift had so preyed upon his mind that he never thought to enlighten Bull on the subject of what Cordon Rouge was. "Either his own crew took it or ours did. I believe it was one of his men, but I want you to come with me while we turn out the men's kits."

Ten minutes later they were standing on the well deck again. "All right, Logan, I'm satisfied. But I want you to keep an eye peeled for the stuff. If any of it shows up in quarters I want you to let me know at once."

"Aye, sir."

"Oh, and Logan, did Mr. Montgomery tell you? Each of your men is to be issued a life belt at once. You'll find extra ones aft in the Palm Garden. Inspection tomorrow."

"Life belts, sir? Did you say life ——"

"Yes—that'll be all." Mr. Hotchkiss turned on his heel and climbed carefully up the ladder to the promenade again—carefully, lest he crease his whites unduly before dining. Why couldn't the regulations call for white flannels instead of linen?

"He's got 'em again," said Bull to Rory. "The captain's lost a case of rouge an' we gotta wear life belts! What a swell guy this captain must be—a case of rouge! Well ——" He leaned down and bellowed at the glory-hole gangway, "Hey, Perkins, pipe the Kid on deck!"

"Rouge? God love us!" snorted the duke. "He'll be having us trim the signal halyards with lace next."

"Ho, Kid!" said Bull. "Grab yourself aft and snag out life belts enough for this here gang of lost souls. You'll find them in the Palm Garden, wherever that is, and don't get run down by no ferryboats gettin' 'em."

"Sure!" said the Kid. "I thought you guys were foolin' me. I'll get 'em."

Shortly after nightfall, the Kid crawled up the ladder to the foc'sle head again and winked at Bull. "Say," he said, "like a little snort of fizz likker?"

"What?" said Bull.

"Fizz likker," whispered the Kid. "I got some."

"Come here," said Rory. "Say, when they shipped you, you musta seen the recrutin' officer coming, but I think you got the makin's. . . . How much of it you got?"

"I got some," said the Kid.

"Listen," said Bull. "You ain't in Kansas now, boy—you're in the Navy, and you're tantalizing two of the oldest charter members. . . . Where you got this stuff?"

"I got it hid," said the Kid. "I thought we might need it, and they's no use passin' it out to everybody."

"Produce it," said Rory, "particularly quick!"

"O. K.—when I bring the grub. I read in a book once how high-lifers always drank fizz likker with their chow. We don't wanna miss nothin' while we're seein' the world through no porthole."

For dinner Rory, Bull and the Kid had lobster cocktails mixed with Julienne potatoes and filet mignon garnished with a slice of honeydew melon. For drink they had a magnum of Cordon Rouge. The world picked up then and there.

When the Kid finished eating, he wiped his mouth on the back of his hand and

(Continued on Page 124)

"Listen," Said Bull, "You Ain't in Kansas Now, Boy—You're in the Navy, and You're Tantalizing Two of the Oldest Charter Members"

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(Continued from Page 122)

looked at Bull and Rory. "Well," he said, "how'd that one go?"

Bull and Rory grunted and nodded their heads. "Now tell us how you worked it."

"Nope," said the Kid. "I have done it an' I can ring the bell again every night, but it's my racket. Am I elected?"

"You sure are," said Bull

"Fine! Just one little point." The Kid paused long enough to tickle a molar with a match stick. "I can get real money workin', but I aim to see the world quiet-like and easy." He squinted at them. "I'm the mess boy as long as I don't have to do no real work. Right?" Rory looked at Bull. "There'll be a meal an' a bottle of fizz every night I don't tire myself durin' the day doin' no exhaustin' work like carrying heavy things and chippin' no paint."

Bull looked at Rory. Rory spoke. "Listen," he said. "I seen a lot of your kind in my day, but you're about the wisest. You ain't goin' to last this here cruise out, Kid. Your brains is goin' to get muscle-bound and you'll trip over 'em for a fall."

"Do I work or do you eat?"

Bull spoke: "Look here, son, maybe you don't know it, but you're talking to two guys who hold the destiny of the United States Navy in their hands. You're gonna work as much as the rest work and we're gonna eat like we et tonight as long as you can work the racket. On the other hand, a couple of well-fed guys ain't gonna get as nasty as they might if they wasn't eatin' good."

"It's a bargain," said the Kid. "Shake. Now, then, I ain't had no wash in a couple a days. Where do I line into a bath? I mean a real bath with hot water and a tub, not that lousy spigot in the gangway."

"Go ask for a loan of the skipper's cabin."

"Nope, that won't do. Well"—the Kid scratched his ear—"I guess I'll find one somewhere and I'll let you guys know about it."

The Tenerita pulled out that night for France. During the next five days the Kid had a glorious time. He taught Bull and Rory how to slip into the blue-lighted passages, run a bath in the passengers' bathroom aft when the bath steward was eating and take it with a pleasant "Full up" when any of the army officers knocked at the door. He told them to ask for Mr. Montgomery or Mr. Hotchkiss when any of the army officers wanted to know where they were going. He snagged candy from under the barber's nose and grapefruit and apples from the chief steward's cabin. He even got advance menus out of the printer's shop and carried them to Bull and Rory before each evening meal. He went about with a serious preoccupied air when in the passengers' quarters and saluted smartly.

He got two bottles of Haig and Haig out of the sick bay while the ship's doctor was at luncheon and raffled them off to the boys in the hold, making thereby something in the neighborhood of forty-five dollars a bottle. He wrapped up his dirty underclothing, left it outside one of the officers' stateroom doors and got it when the steward brought it back clean. He borrowed a bathrobe from one of the ship's officers' cabins, sneaked into an empty stateroom after dark and put it on over his underwear. Then he marched into the barber shop for a shave, haircut, shampoo, singe and massage, and told the barber to come to Major Riley's cabin for the money.

He filled a life belt full of nails and threw it overside under the noses of the soldiers on the well deck. When it sank, they groaned. But the Kid merely dusted his hands and walked off. He invented the idea of asking the two ensigns questions in an innocent, round-eyed way to keep them running back and forth to their cabins for a look at their textbooks. But the evening of the fourth day, when the convoy came into the zone, he became morose and bored. That night at dinner he brought out two bottles of Cordon Rouge, and presently he brought out two more, and then again two. Bull and Rory tied him into his bunk finally and gagged him.

The next day was Sunday. The old army chaplain had a board nailed to the after promenade rail and brought out the regimental Bible. The men forgathered on the well deck below to listen to what they had to do to the Hun and what they mustn't do to Paris.

The Tenerita was leading the convoy in around Belle Isle in a long-drawn single file, with the Carmencita eight hundred yards aft, the Walsing behind the Carmencita, the Northern Light after the Walsing and the Galway bringing up the rear. The light cruiser Something-or-other had turned back two days before and the pea-green French destroyers hadn't sighted them yet.

The chaplain had got to the "remember, men, in the sight of God we are glorious crusaders, going out once again to cleanse the land of the infidel with the flaming sword of righteousness" part, when the Kid, with a head like a blimp and a tongue like a barnacle, stumbled up the ladder beside the port gun aft to relieve the gun watch.

"Gee, Joe, I feel terrible!" he said. "Wisht something exciting would happen." He tapped the breech of the gun. "Is she set?"

Joe grinned. "Why don't you try her and see?"

Without a word, the Kid pulled the lanyard. A sudden terrific silence fell upon the chaplain as the report echoed and the shell filliped between the Carmencita's funnels, tore over the Walsing's foc'sle head and threw up a column of spray far abaft of the Galway's overhang almost six thousand yards away. Ten minutes later the Kid was manacled and locked in the linen closet forward on a diet of bread and water, with a guard outside to see that he learned to love it.

Forty-five minutes later he was in sick bay with three drinks under his belt, a pillow under his head and a report under way which aimed to make him the man who won the war.

The way of it was this: Mr. Hotchkiss, at church call, was on the bridge. Mr. Hotchkiss' classmate, Mr. Kent, was on the bridge of the Galway at the same time. The Galway registered at four thousand tons, had officers' horses, wranglers and oil aboard, so there was no church call. Instead, there was a shout from the gun watch and three rounds rapid from the after gun. They missed. As the breechblock swung back for the fourth, a column of spray leaped up three hundred yards aft, with steel splinters on its crest and a blot of oil at its base. When the spray mushroomed down there was no periscope left. Mr. Kent got the word from the Carmencita's Sparks. The Tenerita's Sparks got the same word and spread the additional word that the Tenerita had fired the shot.

Mr. Hotchkiss looked at the Kid. "How," he asked, "did you spot it?"

The Kid stood on his other foot. "Well," he said, "I've got sort of a fever. Had it, sir, since I got up, an' I guess it sorta made my eyesight better or something. All I know is I took a shot at it."

"How do you feel now?" asked Mr. Hotchkiss, with an eye to being an officer for the moment.

"Rotten," said the Kid.

When he got to sick bay the doctor said: "Sorry, old boy, I'm out of good whisky. Had some Scotch, but I think the orderly must've made away with it. Here's some pretty fair rye, though." And the Kid took three snorts.

At three o'clock the Tenerita was tied up in the basin at St.-Nazaire. Bull and Rory leaned heavily on the after rail and spat long disconsolate brown streamers into the green waters. "Wal," said Bull, "I ain't never seen nothing like it in all my time. My nerves need a long rest."

"Yeah," said Rory, "they're gonna get it. You're gonna take a sea voyage—back."

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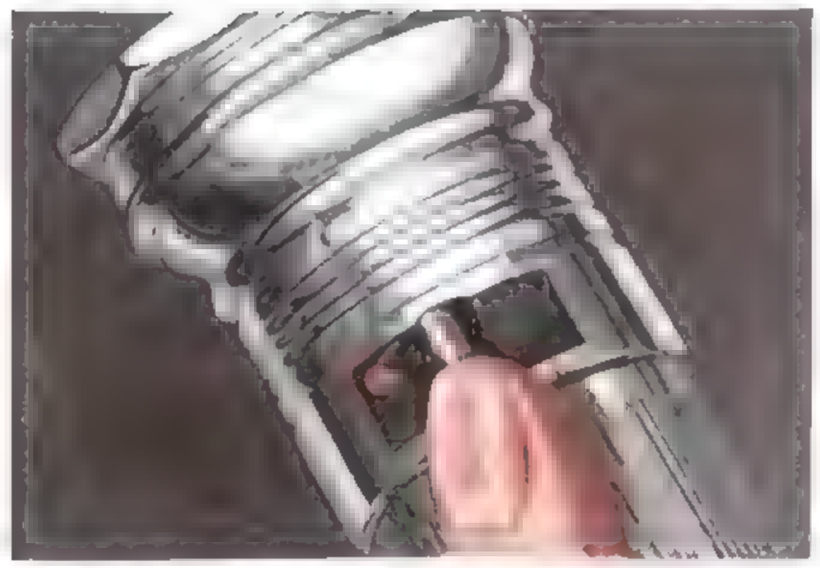

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BRAVO, TORO!

(Continued from Page 10

must have been too near the surface. And her smile was at the same time so sad, so joyous, so almost grateful, that he didn't dare think—couldn't think, in fact, but just stand there, gazing at her with all his eyes.

"Dear Pepé ——"

"Why, it's wonderful—like a miracle! Wait! Sit down with me a little while."

"No, no, it wouldn't do. People would think ——"

"Let them think. I might be your brother. I almost am."

She shook her head, looking about her timidly and drawing her mantilla closer about her face.

"Come with me instead, Pepé. Come home with me. We have so much to talk about. And I can show you—my little Juan."

He walked beside her, keeping close in spite of the crowd. He was still hat in hand. The soft brim would be spoiled forever in that tense, unconscious grip.

"Little Juan? I didn't know ——"

"Yes. He will be two years old tomorrow."

"You—you must be very proud and happy."

Her eyes were fixed steadily in front of her. "He is wonderful. He is like Luis—like Luis when he was a little boy. It will make you laugh."

"Luis must be proud too."

"Ah, Mother of God, so proud!"

He didn't understand. He might have thought he had heard a cry of pain and protest. But he couldn't think clearly. It was hard enough to talk quietly and naturally of things that were like knives in his breast. He could do it only by loving her more than he had ever loved her.

They turned down a narrow street into the dark vestibule of a peasant's *fonda*. From the stone steps that led up out of the turmoil of tethered mules and cattle, she glanced back at him.

"It isn't a home, Pepé. We wander about, you see. After tomorrow we shall be gone again."

He followed in silence. He knew the room of old. The whitewashed walls, the shining floors, the big white bed in the alcove, the poverty and grim cleanliness, were familiar to his experience. His eyes passed these things to the child, standing there so big, so strong—as she had said, so absurdly Luis.

It ran to meet Juana and she lifted it in her arms, holding it with its small dark face pressed against her breast.

"This is home," she said almost with defiance.

Little Juan peeped out laughing, and Pepé kissed the chubby, extended hand. He knew then by the rush of tenderness to his heart that he had accepted everything.

"He is yours, too, Juana."

"Yes," she said with an odd sternness, "he is mine too."

After a moment he asked for Luis. And she answered in the same tone, calmly, without expression:

"He is down at the Plaza de Toro. They are getting ready for tomorrow. You see, we go from town to town—wherever there is a *corrida*. It was Castro who got him his work here."

"I didn't know," Pepé stammered. "I—I don't read these things. Perhaps Luis is already the great *espada*."

"No—oh, no. It isn't so easy. Luis says the older men are jealous. They try to keep the new men out. Once he had a chance at Cuenca—just as *chulo*. But his cape work made them angry and they wouldn't let him go on, though the people were clamoring for him. Here he is just a *muletero*. He says it doesn't matter. One day his real chance will come."

Pepé nodded comfortingly.

"I'm sure that's true, dear Juana. It's written in his stars. One day the people will be throwing their hats in the ring for him—just as he said."

By chance he looked at her—suddenly, so that it was too late for her to hide.

"Juana," he cried out, "what is it? What have I done? What have I said to hurt you? Don't you believe it's true?"

"Yes, I believe it. I know it."

"Then why —— What is it? Won't you be the happiest, proudest woman in Spain?" He tried to laugh. "You'll have a fine carriage to ride in—you and little Juan—and one day you will come back to our village and everyone will turn out to welcome you."

She put the child down, caressing it tenderly. But even when she looked up her face was still ravaged.

"Pepé, then it will be for always—always. Why didn't I know? Why didn't you tell me, Pepé?"

"What could I have told you?"

She clasped her hands wildly.

"The horses, Pepé! The horses—the blood—the cruelty! Don't you remember little Don Jaime, Pepé? How we played together—how he loved us and life? I have seen him killed a hundred times. I have seen the sword go into his body—not killing him all at once, but slowly, hideously. I have seen him go down on his poor knees and the blood in his nostrils ——"

"Juana! You don't need to see these things!"

"I do. I must. He makes me. He doesn't understand. We are like two people who cannot hear each other. He thinks I'm ashamed of his failure. He is jealous because —— Oh, God knows! And I must take the boy with me so that when the day comes he shall see his father—so that he, too, shall become a great *espada*. I hide the child's eyes. And when Luis sees that he grows mad with anger ——"

She checked herself. He saw that she had only spoken out of a long, bitter silence. And now she was ashamed.

He took a step toward her. He kept his hands clenched so that he should not touch her. He could bear her happiness. It had been strong ground for him to stand on. But now that ground was slipping under his feet.

"Juana, doesn't he love you?"

"Terribly," she answered.

That one word stupefied him. He hadn't thought that love might be terrible. His own love had been different. It had hurt no one—not even his real self. He could only stand there helpless with a confused and baffled sorrow.

It was she who regained her courage first. She opened a drawer in the bare table.

"Don't let's talk any more about me, Pepé. Youth makes the bed on which old age must sleep. Let's talk about you. You are a great man now, Pepé."

"No, no! Only a poor one."

"Perhaps. But I have heard people talk. Even simple people drinking in the *fonda*. And I found this. Someone said you had written it, and I cut it from the paper. I kept it till I had learned to read it."

He took the scrap of paper from her hand. It was the poem he had written on the day of Conchita's death. The paper had worn thin and had been mended.

"You learned to read—for that?"

She smiled wistfully.

"I was very slow and stupid. A priest gave me a book to help me. I had to spell out each word. And even then I didn't understand. But now I think I do."

"Juana, I wanted to read it you—the night I went away."

"Why didn't you, Pepé?"

He laid the paper back on the table, saying in a low voice, "I knew it was of no good."

"It's true, dear Pepé. I wouldn't have listened. I was waiting for Luis. My ears were waiting for his footsteps. I was impatient with you. I thought you were weak and cowardly, as Luis said. I think now perhaps you are the bravest of us all." She added in a broken whisper: "You were always gentle with poor hurt things, Pepé—I ask your pardon."

Their eyes met. But he was not deceived by what he saw in hers. The little Juan clasped her hand and stood staring thoughtfully at the stranger, and when she drew him closer Pepé knew that he was already answered. And, indeed, he would not have spoken. For by the law of God which bound them both she was Luis' wife.

He turned blindly away.

"I pray that you may be blessed and happy yet, Juana," he said.

The door opened and Luis stood on the threshold, looking from one to the other. He wore rough blue overalls, dusty and sand-stained. But he had grown handsomer. The life that burned in him had wrought his body to an even greater perfection. He was hard and lean and supple as a panther. And there was something in his eyes which, for all their arrogance, touched Pepé like a defiant sorrow.

Pepé took a step forward.

"Juana and I met on the plaza," he said. "Juana brought me back to see you both."

The two young men shook hands. But Pepé felt in the tense, steely clasp not friendliness, but an ironical warning.

"Welcome. This is a poor place—not such as you smart writing people are accustomed to. But other days are coming. Is it not true, *niño?*"

The child ran to him. Luis dodged in mock *torero* fashion, and little Juan, foreseeing the movement, seized on him, crowing in triumph.

"Aha, little *toro*, you mustn't be so clever. You see, we begin early. He will have the advantage of a famous father. He will not have to struggle as I have done. What are you two staring at? Perhaps you don't believe that, eh? Well, you will see."

Pepé hung his head.

"I'm sure. Of course. You always got what you wanted, Luis. Well, I must be going. God go with you, Juana."

"And with you, Pepé."

He dared not look at her again.

Luis went down the stairs with him to the doorway. There they paused like people who have still something vital to say to one another. Pepé could feel the other's eyes measuring him with a hot intensity.

"So you have become a great fellow, Pepé, eh?"

"Not great, Luis. I have written a poem or two. And now I am working for a Madrid paper."

"Perhaps we shall meet again. Perhaps tomorrow at the *corrida*."

"No, not there."

"Not even to see Juana? And Don Jaime? That would be curious, wouldn't it?—the pair of us. Perhaps something might happen—something interesting."

Pepé had looked up.

"Don Jaime?"

"Yes. They kept him back a year. He is full grown; he is something to look at now, I can tell you. A strange fellow. When I drove him into the *toril* he recognized me. He put his muzzle into my breast like a big dog. But with the others he is dangerous. He will make a great spectacle. You should come, Pepé. Juana will be sitting in the best place in the *sombra*, where the *espada's* wife should sit. I haven't told her about Don Jaime. That will be a surprise. She pretends not to like the *corridas*. You must have put some of your thin blood into her, Pepé. Well, I am squeezing it out, drop by drop. And the day she sees me kill my first bull—so—with one thrust—and the crowd rise to me, it will be gone forever—and you with it."

"I never counted," Pepé said in a low voice. "Why do you speak so angrily?"

"I'm not angry. Why should I be? But I'm telling you to keep away from her. I don't choose to fight you for her a second time."

Pepé looked at the gaunt young face beside him. He remembered their lives together when they had been children. He remembered how Luis had given his bread to the beggar, with so much knightly grace that one had thought of the Saint Martin whose figure loomed out of the brown shadows of his altarpiece.

And Pepé was moved by an odd compassion and grief, so that he said very gently, "I never fought you, Luis."

"No. If you had I would have beaten you. I should never have had to think of you again. I will not think of you. You are like a poison. Be gone from here!"

Without a word more he swung round and went back up the dark steps. He was angry and unhappy—as he so often was—without knowing why. He had wanted to strike Pepé—uselessly and foolishly. The fellow wouldn't fight—wasn't worth fighting. And there was no reason. Juana was his wife. When she saw him, glorious in gold and scarlet, standing alone in the great arena, with the crowd rising to him like one man, the baffling cloud between them would be gone. No, he couldn't wait for that. When he got back into their room he would take her into his arms as he had done that first night on the ramparts, and he would feel her yield under the ecstasy of his kiss. He was a man—not like poor Pepé. He knew how to take and hold what was his.

But Juana was busy putting little Juan into his cot beside their big white bed and singing to him in a small, weary, uncertain voice. Luis waited for her to look up at him. But she would not seem to know that he was there, and he began to move about restlessly, like a man seeking an escape.

"That was a strange chance—your meeting." She did not answer. "He hasn't changed. Town clothes don't make a man. I asked him to the *corrida* tomorrow. But he wouldn't come, not even to see you, Juana. Perhaps he was afraid of fainting again. But I have two fine places for you and the *niño*—expensive places. But that doesn't matter; I shall be earning big money soon. And it will be the greatest *corrida* Toledo has ever seen. Why don't you speak? Are you tired with talking so much to your old friend?"

She turned at last, her eyes almost black with passion. "I'm not going, Luis. I can't."

"Not going? But I have bought the places! You must!"

"I can't—I can't! Don't make me, Luis!"

"So this is what Pepé has put into your mind, that poor wincing coward who can't give a blow for a blow! Well, you are my wife. One day you will be the wife of the greatest *espada* in Spain. And you are the mother of my son. I will not have you teach him to be a coward too."

"Luis, I have tried to tell you ——"

"You tell me things that mean nothing—lies—subterfuges. There is something else behind them all. You knew what I was. You were proud enough in those first days."

She clasped her hands in an agony of self-reproach.

"I was foolish. A girl in love. I did not understand—I had not seen. Have pity on me!"

"Pity? I am going to lay the world at your feet. I am going to give you everything a woman dreams of."

"Luis, you don't know what I dream of. Let us go back to the village, to our home."

"You talk like a madwoman."

"Listen, Luis. I will do anything; I will go tomorrow. Only not Juan—not the baby."

"Ah, you think it shameful that he should see his father dragging off the carcasses—like the common *muletero* that he is. Well, that is the path he must tread too."

"No—no!"

"You are ashamed ——"

"I am ashamed. Not of that. I cannot bear it, Luis." She laid her hand on her

(Continued on Page 130

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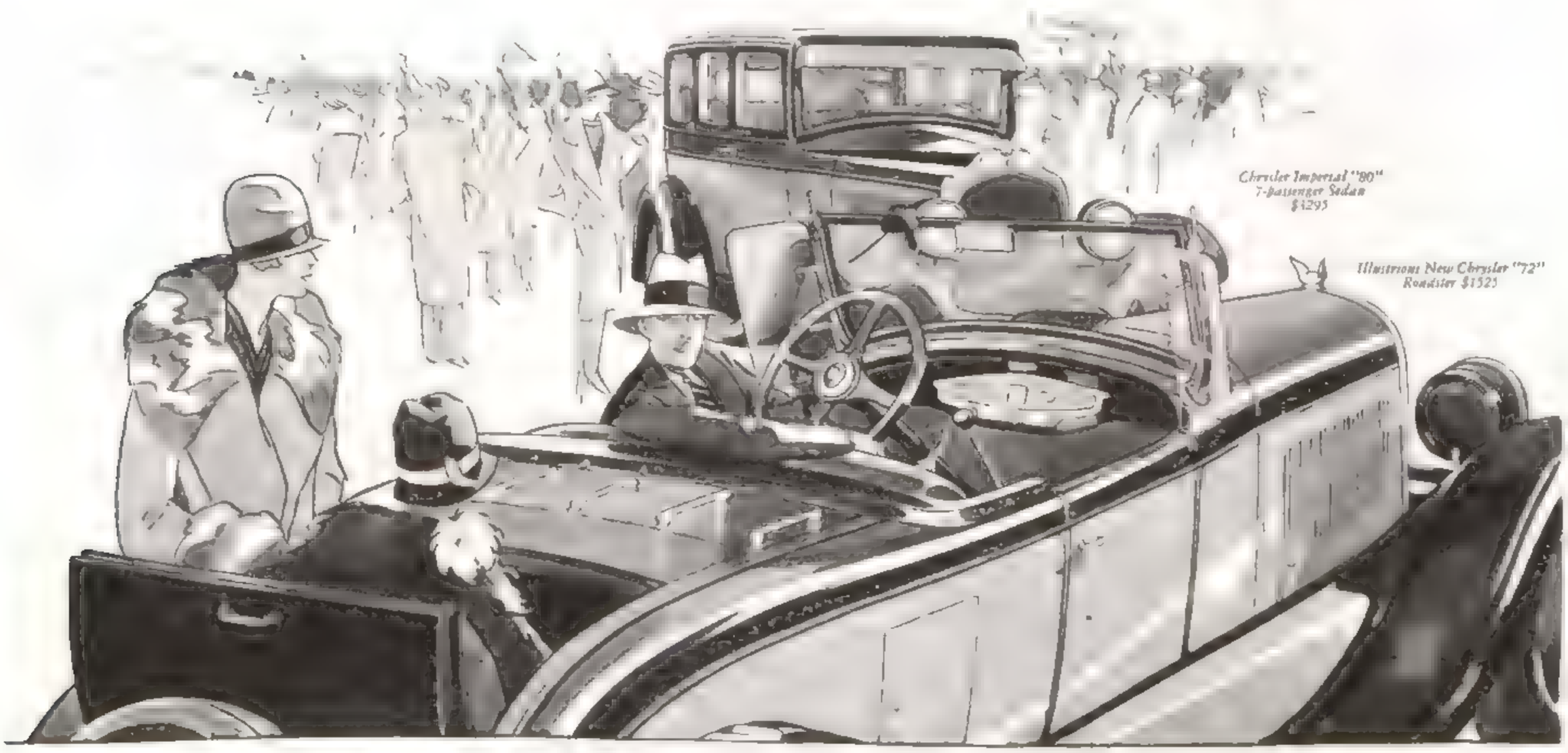

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(Continued from Page 127)

breast. "It is killing something in me. Each time something in me is done to death too."

But he did not hear her. His tormented eyes had lighted on the paper lying on the table. He seized it with avid fingers.

"What is this?"

Involuntarily, she took a step toward him as though in protection.

"Nothing—a poem."

"From Pepé? A love poem—to you, no doubt."

"No, no! Not that. He wrote it when Conchita was dying. He was so unhappy because of all the pain and death. Luis, if you could only read it ——"

He tore the thing into shreds. It seemed that at last he had the enemy's throat between his hands.

"You know I can't read. You are lying—you are making fun of me! If Pepé comes again, warn him that I will kill him! If you love him, warn him!"

She did not answer. She began wearily to spread the table for their poor meal. He watched her. He stood by the window, his arms folded, his head arrogantly lifted, his eyes hot with tears. He saw her hands tremble as she gathered together the torn shreds of paper, and his face became convulsed with a child's confusion and despair. Suddenly he flung himself on her and, tearing the fragments from her fingers, scattered them through the open window.

"Now it is gone," he stammered. "You are mine, Juana. Mother of God, you shall stay mine!"

He stood upright for a moment, tense with a brief sense of power and triumph. There was a mist before his eyes. Through it he could hear the shrill noises of the streets and more and more clearly the sound of a woman crying. The mist cleared. He saw her then, seated by the child's bed, with her head bowed and her hands folded upon her knees.

He stumbled toward her. He knelt. He clasped her about the waist, his face burned against her breast.

"I struck you, Juana. I did not mean it. I love you. Be patient. Now I am only a poor peasant. But one day I will be the most famous man in Spain. I will kill great fierce bulls in your honor—everyone shall see how I honor you. Love me, Juana, love me!"

But she could only lay her hand on his head, mute and helpless.

VI

THE bells rang. Through the high canvas awnings the subdued sunlight seeped down on the great procession of Corpus Christi. From the balconies that were hung with bright shawls and red rich carpets women, clustered together like dark flowers, waved and smiled discreetly to their friends crowded against the walls of the street.

The street was so narrow and steep where Pepé stood that the procession could move only at a snail's pace, with long halts and jerky starts, and when the Tabernacle of the Host passed, the people had barely room to kneel.

Behind two stately gendarmes on horseback came the religious societies with their garish banners; officers in full gala, kepi in hand, their stout breasts loaded with orders, their faces set in dutiful gravity; cadets with presented arms, their shakos hanging by a strap at the back of their necks, less grave, their subdued, mirthful glances seeking the balconies; priests in splendid vestments; children in quaint medieval dress; town officials, the ark itself drawn by crouching men whose red sweating faces peered out like dumb oxen from under the draped platform.

From a distance it had made a gorgeous, solemn spectacle. But now Pepé saw that the vestments were dust-stained about the hem and the lace cottas torn and the priests unshaved. The officers yawned behind their hands. And he thought again of a song that had been sung too often, and of a people, docile and weary, waiting for the new singer. He seemed to see the procession winding its way down to the arena where the day of the Lord would be celebrated by the slaughter of great bulls and horses grown old in toil and starvation. And he felt the hot blood rise from his heart not with anger, but with a passionate, protesting love.

Juana knelt opposite him. He had seen her by chance and followed. That much at least might be granted him. He did not mean to speak to her. But through the broken ranks of the procession he could see her. She knelt with bowed head and folded hands, and she seemed to him the embodiment of sorrow. Suddenly he crossed over to her, and as the great gold Tabernacle rolled past, he knelt with her. It was like a sacrament—the first and last that they would ever share together.

"Juana," he whispered, "don't go. Not today. They're going to kill Don Jaime. I had to warn you. It would break your heart."

He felt her shudder go through his own body.

"Thank you, dear Pepé. It is too late."

A hand laid itself on his arm. It was less like a hand than a steel vise. He did not need to look up. He did not need to hear the suffocated voice.

"Now I will make you fight me, or I will kill you like the crawling snake you are!"

Pepé did not move or answer. He thought quietly, "So be it. You will kill me then." But when he rose from his knees Luis and Juana had both gone.

VII

DON JAIME had no thoughts. But he knew thirst and hunger. He knew fear. For twenty-four hours they had kept him without food or water. And the darkness of the *toril* was deeper than the darkness of night. It was a close, suffocating darkness. When he had lifted his head to send up a thundering call of protest, the sound had beaten back on him terrifyingly, so that thereafter he had stood silent, the sweat gleaming on his red hide.

He knew that there were other bulls near him. He smelled them. He smelled their hunger and thirst. He smelled their fear. He struck the walls that divided them with his horns and heard their muffled answer. They were like fellow prisoners, questioning each other. They asked, "What is happening? What are they doing to us?"

But Don Jaime did not know. As he had no thoughts he could not think about the future. But he could remember. There again it was a matter of sensation. He remembered, for instance, the touch of Juana's hand, and the relief from pain that night Pepe and Luis had sat with him and tended him. He remembered terror and anger when at the *novillada* a crowd of merrymakers had chased and tormented him down the narrow, boarded streets. He remembered the pain when a boy, braver than the rest, had stabbed him in the flank with a knife. He remembered the sensation of holding the quivering body by one horn against the wall—a wonderful, soothing ecstasy—and how afterward, when a yelling mob had gathered round him, he had backed away from the motionless heap, calmed and satisfied.

And he had instincts.

He knew that something was preparing beyond the darkness. He smelled it—an indefinable new smell. He beat the walls with his horns. He heard the rustling and stamping of uneasy hoofs.

"What is it? What are they doing to us?"

All the afternoon the crowd came streaming down the hill. The dust rose in clouds. There were sellers of sweetmeats and cool drinks by the wayside, and loiterers who couldn't afford tickets, but who had the fun of seeing carriage loads of *espadas* and *banderilleros* and mere *picadores* roll past in state. They picked out the most famous of the *espadas* with a delighted yell.

"Aha! There goes El Passero. He will have the great bull from the duke's herd. The best bull of the year. It will be a wonderful spectacle!"

El Passero drove alone, like a prince. His close-fitting red-gold jacket shone gorgeously in the sunlight. He looked sullen and proud and indifferent. The cheers gave him no pleasure. He knew that if he didn't strike home at the first thrust they would be changed to hoots and insults. He was worrying about Pedro from Teruel—a new fellow who would be certain to make a bid for popularity at the risk of his neck. When one was young and had a name to make, one did that sort of thing. Afterward one grew careful and the people shouted vile things at you.

He would have to see to it that this Pedro didn't get a chance.

In the Plaza de Toros every place was taken. Even in the Palcos de Sombra the occupants were jammed suffocatingly against one another. Venders of tepid drinks trod on their feet as they scrambled past. People in the *sol* fidgeted on their hard stone benches and sweated and fanned themselves. A few cheap, garish shawls hung over the balustrades, and fat women in mantillas leaned over them and gazed down stupidly at the drab-colored crowd. The local band, blaring an interminable tango, was scarcely audible in the tumult of strident voices. But when a single trumpet sounded there was a silence of death.

The old peasant at Pepé's side touched him on the knee.

"*Eso es.* There is the president. He wears a straw hat like a foreigner. Aha, in my day ——"

Scarlet-and-yellow figures on foot and on horseback. They saluted, dispersed to their places behind the barriers. They moved stiffly, accurately, without enthusiasm, like marionettes. Two black-suited *alguaciles* trotted up to the president's box. The president threw down the key of the *toril*. But the man who tried to catch it in his three-cornered hat failed, and the old peasant whistled derisively between his teeth.

The trumpet again. The arena was empty now save for the *chulos* with their red capes. They stood close to the barriers, facing the black entrance to the *toril*, and waited. Suddenly a great sigh went up. And then silence again. A bull trotted out into the sunlight. He came gayly. He was like a boy released from school. But when he saw the great crowd staring down at him he stopped short and gazed back with a puzzled, stupid questioning.

"What is it? What are you doing to me?"

And the crowd answered with insults. He was a small brown bull—in the vast loneliness of the arena he seemed even smaller—and they saw at once that he was not a good bull. He was quiet and frightened. Even the flaunted cape frightened him and, after one timid charge, he turned away, his nose to the ground, snuffling for the rich brown grass that should have been growing in all that sunlight.

And the crowd groaned.

Four stiffly padded *picadores* on lean, grotesque horses rode into the arena. The horses, with their right eyes bandaged, had an air of horrible jauntiness. They fidgeted uneasily. A white mare, whose side was misshapen by an old wound, had to be led up, struggling and backing, to the quietly browsing bull. The bull looked up.

"What is this? What do you want with me?" And the *picador* leaned out of his saddle and with his long *garrocha* jabbed him clumsily between the shoulders. The crowd caught its breath. Blood was flowing darkly over the brown hide. Now, at last —

Pepé stood up in his place. Somewhere in that vast crowd Juana was seeing what he saw. He wanted to cover her eyes with his hands, to shout a warning to her. But he could not find her. And it would have been useless. She would not save herself—she would take her part in this martyrdom.

Down below in the inner ring, Luis, in his blue overalls, served the *banderilleros* with their darts. He looked up and saw

(Continued on Page 133

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(Continued from Page 130)

Pepé and stood still like a man suddenly turned to stone.

The brown bull put down his head. Even now he was tentative, yielding uncertainly to an old instinct. But he was very strong. The white mare, lifted clean off her feet, flung her rider headlong. She scrambled up and tried to escape, trailing her unspeakable horror, until she dropped panting, incredibly alive, and a *muletero* threw a cloth over the heaving, sobbing body.

And Pepé remembered how Juana had said, "You were always kind to poor hurt things." And it seemed to him that they were prisoners together in an alien, hostile world, and that he could not save or comfort her.

Seven bulls—black bulls, brown bulls, timid and angry bulls—all baffled, puzzled. They came on gleaming and vibrating with life and energy. They went out limp and hideous at the heels of a racing team of mules. And the crowd booed and cheered according to the manner of their death. None of them had died at once. They had turned and turned in a narrowing circle with the sword hilt between their shoulders.

And now the eighth bull. People drew themselves up in their seats. For this was the great bull of the *corrida*, and he was to fall to El Passero, who was the first *espada* of them all.

The old man at Pepé's elbow chuckled hoarsely.

"I tell you," he said, "bulls aren't stupid. Give them a second chance—teach them the game—and there'd be no more bullfights. Even now—once in a while—they learn too quickly."

Luis handed the sword to the great man. His heart felt hot and swollen. He had seen Pepé. He had seen Juana's marble face. And he had prayed at the altar of the Virgin: "This time, Mother of God, give me my chance, so that she may love me."

VIII

HE WAS dazzled. The smell dazzled him. He smelled pain. He smelled death—an acrid, stinging smell that burned his nostrils. He did not know that it was pain and death that he smelled. But it was as though an indecipherable message had been shot through every nerve of his body.

The people rose in their seats. They had never seen a bull like that. He was superb, beautiful. He seemed to blaze with the whole mystery of life. And he turned slowly, magnificently, regarding them. He turned until he faced the *chulos*, standing with their red capes against the barriers and waiting. Then he stood still, considering them with an odd, calculating steadiness. They were puzzled. Less certainly than usual, they advanced toward him. The boldest of them flashed his cape under the wide nostrils.

Pain and death. The sand was soaked with it. It rose into the sunlight like a foul miasma. Don Jaime took no notice of the red cape. He stood motionless, brooding. They grew bolder. And still he waited. The crowd began to laugh. All that strength and magnificence, and no more spirit than a sheep. But the old man at Pepé's side shook his head. "That is a strange bull," he said—"a strange, terrible bull."

And Pepé clenched his hands, remembering how they had played together.

The red capes flashed before Don Jaime's eyes. He had played that game long ago. He did not want to play it now. The smell engrossed him. There were ghosts, too, in this place. He saw them—dim, shadowy figures in the sunlight—horses and brother bulls, dappled with blood and gazing at him with glazed eyes.

The people rocked and screamed, "Coward! Shameless one!"

But the *chulos* looked at one another. The bull had not moved. He seemed to be looking at something beyond them. "Is he blind?" they asked. But they were afraid.

The first *picador* forced his horse alongside. It was queer how the contagion had spread. Both man and animal were trembling. The man, goaded by the angry shouting, leaned forward and drove his *garrocha* between the great shoulders.

Pain. A dark thin stream trickled over the red hide. Don Jaime turned. At last the message had come clear. He knew. He remembered Pamplona. He did not charge the horse. He charged the man nearest him, who, taken unawares, slipped. There was the sound of a dull flat impact. A thing like a black starfish turned a grotesque somersault in the sunlight and lay twisted and motionless on the sand.

And now the people sat silent, sweating. In a flash they knew what the *toreros* knew. This was a killer—a bull that saw straight—that thought, calculated

The old man rubbed his gnarled hands.

"I told you! I told you!"

Don Jaime knew. These men meant evil to him. He charged the horse of the nearest *picador*, but when the man fell Don Jaime did not turn aside as the other bulls had done. He paid no heed to the wildly flaunted capes. He gored the man where he lay, trampling him under the terrible hoofs.

And now he stood alone. The circle about him had widened. The *chulos* crouched against the barriers, gesticulating to one another and to the crowd, who screamed at them in an ecstasy of horror and joy.

"Bravo, Toro! Shameless ones! Get home to your villages!"

The men licked their dry lips. They could see the great red bull watching them. Young Pedro from Teruel waved his cape like a frightened child, and once more he charged. Not at the cape. The boy was flung back against the barrier and held upright, impaled by one deadly horn. All over the arena they could hear the crunch of bone and wood and the stifled scream.

Three men in ten minutes.

The first *banderillero* planted his darts. He turned and fled like a madman, his yellow legs twinkling with a horrible absurdity. He ran backward, dodging, his eyes seeking the barrier, his breath coming in short gasps. A *chulo* ran up, waving his cape. But Don Jaime seemed not to see him. He had shaken off the burning pain with one twist of the mighty shoulders. And now he did not hurry greatly. He did not follow his tormentor in his tortuous twistings. But he kept between him and the barrier. To the agonized spectators it was as though he played a game—wickedly, making heavy, brutish fun of the wretched man running hither and thither. And at last he caught him, within three feet of safety.

Men and women stood in their seats. They screamed at the *chulos*, who hung, wavering and baffled, by the barriers. They, too, had smelled death—their own human death—and it maddened them with rage and desire. This was the greatest bull they had ever seen. The man who killed him would be the greatest hero.

The *banderilleros* shook their heads. It was no use. Let the people scream. Better life than death. This was not the game they were paid to play. This bull knew. Somewhere this bull had learned. It was as though the ghosts of his tortured fellows ran shoulder to shoulder with him, warning and demanding vengeance.

"El Passero!"

The *espada* came on alone. He ordered back the *chulos* with a curt authoritative gesture. But those nearest saw the sweat on his dark face. They knew there could be no graceful preliminary passages. It was death at once for one or other of them. The two faced each other in the very center of the arena. And Don Jaime watched. The doomed man could have fancied that there was scorn and irony in that red gaze. He flaunted the *muleta* once and once only. The sword made a line of silver in the sunlight.

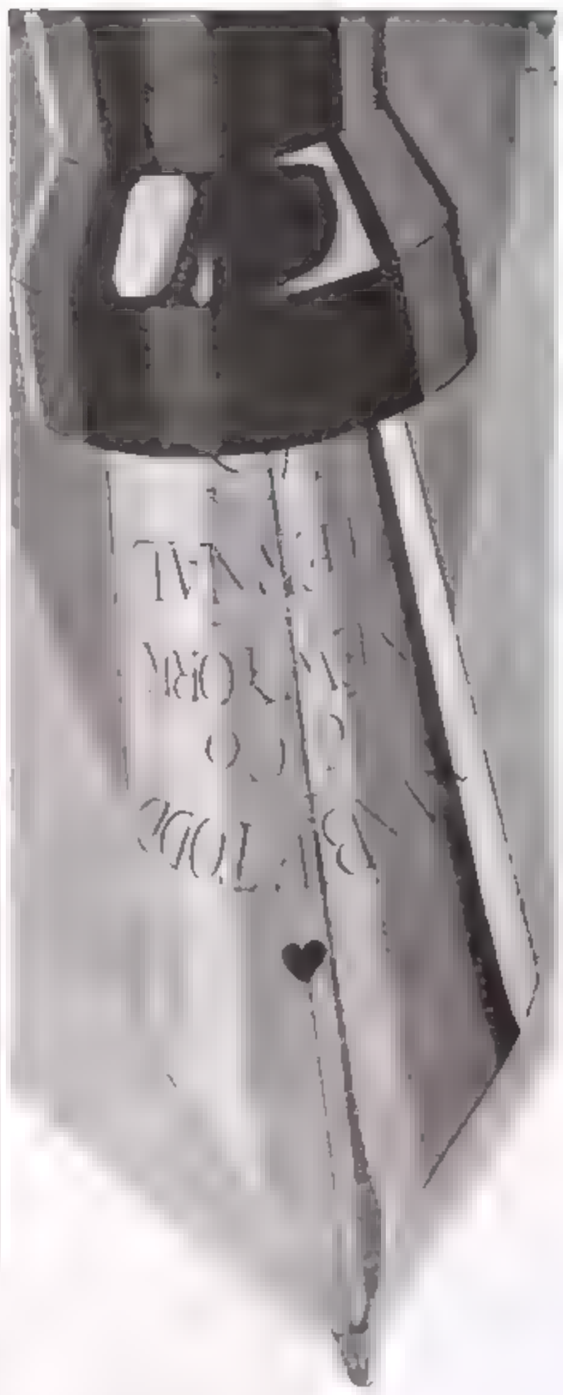
The old man hid his face.

"Mother of God ——"

And now there was only Don Jaime, standing alone in the vast arena, and the black heap ten yards away from him that did not move.

IX

LUIS swung himself over the barrier. He was in his rough blue overalls. But at last he carried the red *muleta* and the *estoque*



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WHEN you get down to the point, the nib of the pen, you get at the cause of success or failure as a writing instrument. . . . The artisan's skill—and skill alone—can make a perfect point. Not machinery—not tools—but the deft touch of the expert craftsman is the absolute essential to perfection. Such artisans are in the Swan workshops some for 40 and 50 years. They make "Swans" what they are—the finest, smoothest, easiest writing instruments in the world.

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PENS

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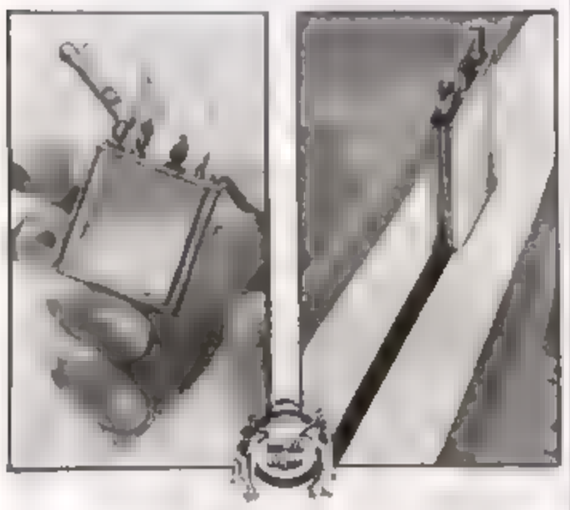

The Douglass Lighter

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in his hand. He did not look at Don Jaime, but walked coolly to the president's box and saluted.

"I am only a *muletero*," he shouted clearly, "but I will kill this bull according to the law and to the honor of my wife, who watches me."

The president, white and uncertain, made an assenting gesture.

The tumult beat down Pepé's cry: "No, Luis! Not you! Not you!"

The crowd shouted with joy. He was young. He was beautiful in his slender grace, in his young arrogance. He tossed his *beiro* over his shoulder. He advanced to meet the red death like a bridegroom advancing to meet his bride. And, indeed, he was full of a sweet joy and exultancy. The hour had come for which he had lived. His destiny was to be fulfilled.

Don Jaime stood quiet. He was weary. The sharp pain between his shoulders had hardened to a dull ache. The ghosts about him had grown dim. His rage was glutted. He wanted to be at peace.

Who was this man coming toward him with a step so familiar—who called to him in that low voice?

He lowered his head and the crowd gasped.

"Don Jaime—little bull—little bull——"

He scented the air. He remembered. He pawed the sand in recognition.

This was his friend. All was well again. They would go back to the great pastures and browse in the steady, peaceful sunlight.

Luis laid his hand between the lowered horns.

"Now, little bull ——"

Nobody heard him. They could only stare down in consternation at his madness. He called again, very softly. In those red eyes he had seen recognition like a spark that kindled. He was safe. He flaunted the *muleta*.

Don Jaime snorted. Here was the old game and the old friend. Though he was weary, he could play still. He charged—cunningly, so that as Luis rose on tiptoe, light as a feather before a strong gust of wind, the warm, terrific body swept past with not the breadth of a hair between them. Don Jaime swung round, tossing his great head. One would have said he laughed. The crowd rose in a black mass. And Luis laughed, too, back at them, showing his white teeth.

The old man mumbled.

"What is this? This is a strange thing. I do not understand. The boy has magic."

Pepé drove the nails into the palms of his hands. He knew the magic. He prayed. He did not know for what he prayed. He found himself whispering: "Little Don Jaime, take care! We are traitors to you—all of us."

The crowd rocked and swayed.

There had never been such a display. It was as though man and bull had rehearsed their parts. They played into each other's hands, showing off each other's tricks—the most graceful turns, the most daring passes. The great red bull was like a child now—a child playing at make-believe—tossing the red rag over his horns, snorting and pawing the sand with a blind ferocity that had had no counterpart in the silent, deadly calculation of his first onslaught.

The crowd laughed in ecstasy. This was the greatest bull, and this unknown youth the greatest *espada*. Tomorrow Spain would ring with his name.

The end was near. They clamored for it. They wearied—even of such perfection as this.

Don Jaime was weary too—and, as he had often been, puzzled, as though behind this game there was something hidden from him. He stood still, his great flanks heaving, his red eyes fixed interrogatively on the slender figure of his friend, drawn taut like a bow, with the silver shining blade held straight and level to the shoulder.

"What is it? What do you want of me?"

Luis gave a little nod. As Don Jaime lowered his head he leaped forward and then swiftly to one side. His sword had vanished. The people could see nothing but the hilt quivering between the bull's shoulders. They rose for the last time, shouting themselves hoarse. The men's hats and cloaks dropped into the arena like shot crows.

Don Jaime tasted death. It was in his throat. It poured through his nostrils in a dark tide. He did not understand this awful, choking redness. He did not understand this pain. He blundered to his knees, crouched in a quaint attitude of prayer and humiliation.

But out of the mist gathering before the red eyes something was rising—not a thought, but an instinct, old as death.

The *chulos* crept stealthily down upon him like vultures.

Luis turned. He held himself superbly. The shouting was glorious music in his ears. Daringly, he turned to where Juana sat. She would see now that he had not boasted. She would smile at him proudly and joyfully, as she had done in those innocent days when they had played together and love had lain like a sweet, unspoken thought between them.

He would not kill Pepé now. He had already triumphed over that tormenting, unsubstantial force. He was on the very crest of life.

He raised his hand high in salutation.

And to Pepé it was as though with that gesture he claimed her. He set his seal on her. He would take her soul in his hands and twist and destroy it.

"Bravo! Bravo, Toro!"

The old man was beating his fists together.

"Take care! Take care, I tell you!"

A woman screamed. And then a strangled silence. They were trying to shout and could not. Their voices were choked in their throats.

The great red bull was rising—had risen. He stood massively behind that triumphant figure like a statue of terrific, brooding vengeance. The scene seemed to have been caught into eternity.

Luis heard the silence. He was still laughing when he turned—too late. They saw him for a moment, upright, with his arms flung out in the attitude of crucifixion. Then the dead bull and the man were together, locked in a terrible embrace.

Pepé fought his way through the surging, panic-stricken mob. He was stronger than the strongest of them. For at last he had seen Juana with her child's face hidden against her breast.

TREAT US LIKE MEN

(Continued from Page 31)

Such a slogan just now is: "Treat us like men." This is the form taken by any protest against restraints—against all rules and regulations. I do not recall ever having heard this protest before 1918. My generation in college never dreamed of it, and this was not because we had any higher degree of confidence in our professors. We simply never questioned their right to rule. But today we hear the war cry everywhere; sometimes it emerges in an isolated case, sometimes it gathers volume to a roar that can be heard in every corner of the campus: "Treat us like men."

Shall there be rules governing attendance? The following extract from a student publication is typical of a hundred undergraduate answers evoked throughout the country when this question was recently given prominence:

> We are fully convinced that it is an obligation that an intelligent man owes to himself to cut, as often as seems necessary for the enjoyment of a course, the lectures of an uninspired and uninspiring professor.
>
> An overcut slip does not always indicate the shirker; it may reveal a student's attempt to save a subject from its professor.

It sounds reasonable. There are professors who are uninspired; there are some who are uninspiring—especially to the uninterested student. But I know of a university which a few years ago did, for upper classmen, abolish virtually all restrictions upon cutting. It was slyly assumed by some that the action would either stimulate or smoke out the poorer lecturers.

On this score the results were disappointing; for when the returns of the new system were checked up it was found that undergraduates did not cut the lectures of uninspired professors only. Indeed, you could not tell from the records which professors were uninspired and which inspired. Some, to be sure, suffered more cuts than others. But the results did prove that many undergraduates cut particularly all lectures that came at inconvenient hours — at eight o'clock, or on Saturdays or Mondays. At such times even the most popular professors suffered.

Another result also was rather striking. It was not the best but the poorest students who took most absences. For this reason the cutting privilege in that particular university was later restricted to men of high scholastic standing.

There are, however, signs of an increasing sense of responsibility among undergraduates. Harvard, for instance, felt justified this year in granting unlimited cuts to upper classmen, and the repetition of this experiment is being watched with interest. In many other colleges unlimited cuts are given to every undergraduate who maintains a high standing in his classes. The less studious man does not like this arrangement. He says, "Let me cut and take the consequences."

But this is the way he talks only when he wants to cut, and not the way he and his father talk when you are ready with the consequences.

This problem in the colleges is quite similar to that occasionally presented, of recent years, by radicals everywhere. Shall the factory be turned over to the workers and be run by a workingmen's council? Shall the colleges be turned over to the students and run by undergraduate committees? There are many earnest students who favor this latter arrangement. But they, like some of the radicals, forget that they are not the only interested parties.

State universities and endowed colleges are charitable institutions, founded for the deliberate purpose of giving away education.

That is why they have regents, trustees or overseers to carry out the will of the founders; and that is why these boards employ professors to dispense, and not to dispense with, education. Regents and faculty, even if they so desired, could not legally turn a campus into a country club or a Coney Island. That is also the reason why, even if they so desired, they cannot always abolish chapel, or some form of religious worship or instruction.

Yet there are undergraduates, beneficiaries under these trusts, who hold that they, the beneficiaries, should have all these powers, including the right to decide what shall constitute an education, what courses shall be taught and who shall teach them.

They probably do not know that in the universities of the Middle Ages students did have this right to hire and fire their teachers, and that the system did not last and was not satisfactory even to the students—to say nothing of their professors.

Waiving the question of curriculum, however, nearly all students insist that they should have complete control of at least noncurricular undergraduate activities and

(Continued on Page 136)

"YOU HAVE TO BEAT RUGS TO GET THEM CLEAN"

NOTHING very new about that, is there? You've heard it a thousand times. If you've ever kept house you know it's true.

Because it *is* true, it wasn't enough that The Hoover should whisk up dust and lint from the *surface* of carpetings.

No; so long as it was the deeply *embedded* dirt that did the damage, The Hoover must be designed to get that, too.

What better method of getting it than to apply the time-tested principle of *beating*—of jarring the buried dirt to the surface so it would be suctioned away?

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Such is the practical common sense behind the now-famous principle of "Positive Agitation," which is *beating* reduced to an exact scientific process

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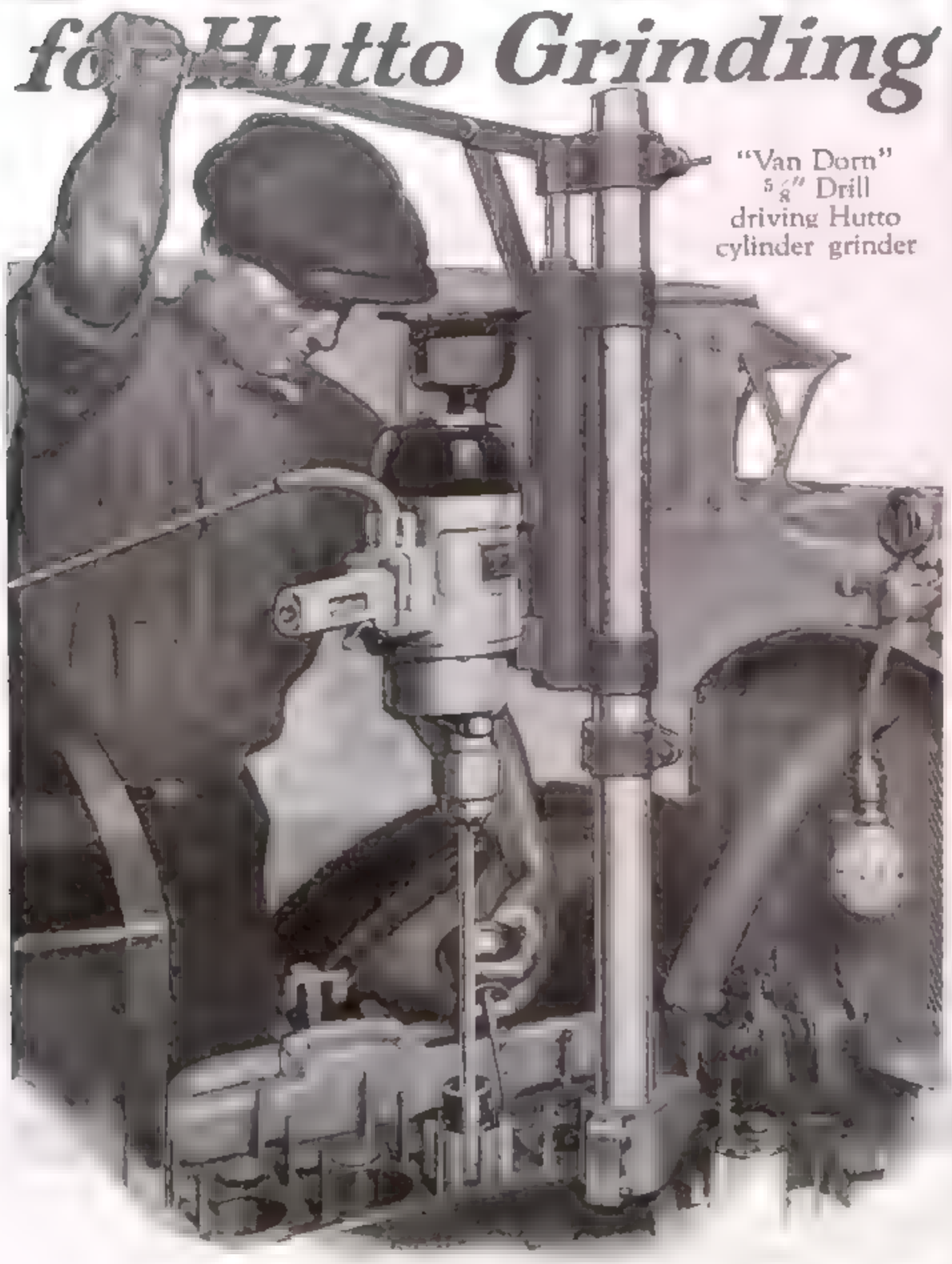

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"Van Dorn" ELECTRIC POWERFUL DRILLS

(Continued from Page 134)

conduct. This would, of course, imply control of athletics. Here history, whatever it is worth, is against the radical view.

In the early decades of intercollegiate competition, undergraduates did have such control. But college sports were never at so low an ebb. Graduate managers and faculty control were then eagerly sought as the one remedy for a situation which had become almost hopeless.

The unquestioned good introduced into athletics—the creation of departments of health, with trained directors and physicians; the introduction of medical examinations and physical training for all; the rules of eligibility in intercollegiate competitions, are the results of consistent, long-continued policies formulated and made effective, not by shifting groups of undergraduates but by permanent boards and continuing faculty committees.

These committees assume financial and executive burdens of a magnitude not appreciated by the public or by the undergraduates. For instance, in some institutions the total budget handled by these boards of control runs to half a million dollars. One big game in a stadium involves weeks of work by a permanent, trained and paid corps of assistants. To assume such responsibilities it is not enough that undergraduates should be men; they must also be business men. But even if they are, they will find their time and capacities so heavily drawn upon that they will have little time for their studies.

There are universities in the country today which have gone a long way in this direction. The most striking instance is, perhaps, the University of California, where the Student Association has been given nominal and perhaps even virtual control of all undergraduate activities. But even there, they are required, under their constitution, to appoint, in consultation with alumni advisers, a paid graduate manager.

But, some will say, aside from athletics the problem is simple. Let all other organizations be turned over to the particular group of undergraduates who are interested, and let that group operate without faculty supervision. In many colleges all such nonathletic organizations calling for any large expenditure of funds are administered by a joint committee of faculty and undergraduates. These activities include theatrical organizations, glee and banjo clubs, orchestras, debating teams, dance committees and publications, particularly such as are not self-supporting.

That Sense of Responsibility

Some of the most deserving of these, like debating teams, if they are to exist at all, must have support from others which make larger profits—just as in athletics, crews and track teams must be supported by the revenue from football. At one university the committee governing these organizations is responsible for an annual budget of nearly a hundred thousand dollars, and has learned by experience that, for safety's sake, it must carry over a balance of fifteen thousand. It is difficult to do this where you have a continually shifting personnel of undergraduates only, and where a new group with little or no experience yearly takes the place of the departing seniors.

Restlessness under authority is not something confined to the colleges, but is something quite human and deeply rooted in our natures. It cannot therefore be dismissed as a passing whim of the collegians of today. Undoubtedly much can and has been done in the universities to ease the situation, and I believe that the majority of college men today, especially upper classmen, show a higher degree of responsibility than they did twenty-five or even ten years ago. But I believe also that the most radical undergraduates, in view of the complexities of their problem, will reduce their demands and be content eventually with joint responsibility with faculty, regents or trustees.

The demand for a more self-respecting form of undergraduate government is, on the whole, a good sign and should be welcomed. In many cases, however, the demand, "Treat us like men," is not really a request for self-government. It is merely the latest form of protest on the part of young men who sometimes do not wish to be governed at all. Unlike our radicals, they have no thought of governing themselves. This is more especially true of under classmen. Such was the case of my friend, the sophomore, Wilbert, who defiantly raised that cry when he was up for violating the absence rule.

I saw him again, even sooner than I had expected, but this time he had changed his tune. With three other sophomores, he had been summoned on a charge of disorderly conduct and willful destruction of property. They roomed on the upper floor of one of the older dormitories and were reported as having torn down the banister, damaged the plaster and ruined the paper on the walls and ceiling below.

I explained the gravity of the charge: It cost the university nine thousand dollars annually to make good just such destruction. We do not always know who is responsible, but in this case we did and I may have laid it on a bit for Wilbert's benefit. The dormitory, I explained, was their home. It was like a man's club; and had the members of a man's club been guilty of such conduct and wanton destruction, they would have been ejected from the premises and compelled to resign.

A Choice of Treatment

This time Wilbert was not at all forward. He said nothing and fidgeted at that phrase, "compelled to resign." One of his classmates, a bright-eyed lad quite without guile, took up the defense: I must remember that it was not intentional. The four of them roomed on opposite sides of the hall. They had been working hard all evening and when ten o'clock struck they needed a little relief. It had begun by their throwing pitchers of water at one another. Probably some of it had splashed on the walls and ceiling. Then someone caught hold of the banister. It just gave way.

"So it was only a boyish prank?" I inquired. They all nodded enthusiastically. I assessed the damage—which in the old building was inconsiderable—and said that the bill would be sent to their fathers.

"Now, as for the rest," I concluded, "do you wish to be treated like men or like—boys?"

And even Wilbert, in this case, elected not to be treated like a man.

So it is in many cases where an earnest undergraduate, with Utopian theories, comes into contact with the tangled facts of our highly complicated world. And as hardened college officials of today listen to the young advocates of such theories, they are reminded of a little passage at arms between Catherine the Great of Russia and the French philosopher, Diderot. Catherine was, without doubt, a tyrant; but nevertheless she was fond of the great liberal, and they got along famously—up to a certain point. During one of his visits to St. Petersburg he spent many hours with her in earnest discussion of the evils of tyranny and the incomparable advantages to be found in a frank acceptance of the rights of man. Catherine the Great listened, entranced by the eloquence of her friend. At one point only she hesitated.

Finally she said to him: "Monsieur Diderot, you are a philosopher. With your theories one can make a very good book but a very poor business. You write on paper, which suffers everything. But I, poor empress, must write on the human skin—which is far more irritable and ticklish."

Most college presidents and deans have one thing in common with the Empress Catherine: They know many Diderots and they, too, have to write upon the human skin—upon the undergraduate's and upon his father's. Both of them, also, are highly irritable and ticklish.

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A COOK'S TOUR

Continued from Page 20

European would think of juggling his own platter. He will eat anywhere provided the service is good. The ground floor, the roof, the cellar or the sidewalk is good enough for him, and you will find restaurants hung on mountains like bird cages, hugging the gutters like a snipe shooter or even hidden away underground in the catacombs.

The type of café called the *réserve* is popular along the Riviera. There are hundreds of *réserves* along the rocky coasts where the Maritime Alps drop in dizzy cornices to the Mediterranean. These *réserves* are usually modest nose bags seating forty or fifty people, and their specialty is the shore dinner. The lower Corniche road hugs the sea-all along the route, and the *réserve* owner has to build his place between traffic and high tide. The result is that you see hundreds of these little places balanced on the sides and tops of wave-washed rocks. I never felt safe in one, as it is too much like dining on a greased gangplank. Many of them are not built any too strong and often the foundations are collections of loose rocks without cement. A house of cards is a permanent edifice compared with one stuck together with cigarette papers and chewing gum.

All the *réserves* dish up fine cooking, but I think first prize for the fanciest dressed couple goes to the Royal Réserve, on Cap Ferrat, between Villefranche and Beaulieu. The Royal Réserve is run by Monsieur Caramello, and he lets you know it. He is all over the place like a setting hen on a china door knob. Caramello is one of the famous chefs of the Riviera and could be the richest if he chose to be. His *réserve* is a little glass-inclosed pavilion about the size of a one-car garage and holds but twelve tables.

You cannot drop down to St.-Jean Cap Ferrat in a touring car and expect to eat at Caramello's, for all reservations must be made in advance by letter or telephone. He is a little round-shouldered man with thick spectacles, and he bustles all around like a poll watcher at a Chicago election. He superintends the kitchen, carves the roasts and waits on tables. In spite of his activities he is mild and unobtrusive, with a pleasing personality. His life is dedicated to food, and even as I am writing, Caramello has closed his Cap Ferrat place and is on his way to open his summer establishment in Aix-les-Bains.

And All for Forty Cents

When Caramello selected his site for the Royal Réserve, he picked a spot about the size of a boundless postage stamp. There was room only for a dozen small tables and absolutely no space for a kitchen. So he built his kitchen on the other side of the Avenue du President Wilson, which is not an avenue at all, but a goat track winding down to sea level. All the food arrives at the table piping hot, but it is an amazing sight to see waiters scurrying across the avenue carrying steaming tureens of soup and roasts, dodging from side to side in an effort to avoid sideswipes from motor cars, bicycles and touring dogs. Can you visualize a New York waiter rushing across Fifth Avenue with a tray of clam chowder for a patron in the Union League? Many attempts have been made to flatter Caramello into a bigger place, but he sticks to his rabbit warren.

This is one spot in Europe where you get what you pay for. Caramello has no big overhead, and as you gaze out of the window you realize there is little underfoot. A good breeze would have the same effect on the Royal Réserve as a broken string has on a toy balloon. Caramello specializes on hors d'œuvres *le Baron d'Agneau Maison* and *langouste Américaine*. I always thought that hors d'œuvres meant a nibble at some worried-looking olives, a snap at some sickly celery and a harpooning of hopeless sardines. I was to learn different at Caramello's, for there hors d'œuvres are more than a snack or an appetizer. They are almost a career.

I didn't suspect anything much when Caramello brought over a few large platters containing sliced celery root, potato salad and Italian mushrooms. That's a pretty good start for any dinner, so I took my legitimate share of them. Not too much, but just enough to balance the menu price of ten francs—about forty cents—for the course. When a tray of ripe olives arrived I thought that Caramello was giving me a little extra service, but I started to feel slightly stuffed when *salami* salad, pickled eels and marinated mussels arrived in the order of their importance. That's a lot of merchandise for forty cents in any man's money.

Three platters of sliced tomatoes, mixed pickles and large sardines were next in line, and they made me suspect that Caramello was putting on a few extra lugs because company had arrived. My plate began to resemble a loading wharf in Norfolk harbor. There was everything piled on it except a bale of hay. Egg salad, herring, pig's feet salad, snails, anchovies, pickled onions, red beets and redder cabbage arrived on eight enormous porcelain trays, so I took a look at the menu to see if my eyes deceived me or whether my teeth were false. My first impression was correct, for there it was: *Hors d'œuvres, dix francs*—forty cents.

Hors de Combat From Hors d'Œuvres

In my time I have skirmished with small bodies of outlying hors d'œuvres. But this was the first time I had ever met the main army. If Caramello was trying to defeat me, he didn't have a chance. I was determined to stick to the finish and go down with my napkin nailed to my chin. A wiser man would have surrendered when he saw waiters dancing across the Avenue du President Wilson with platters of cold sausage, green Bologna and lobster salad, and I would have preferred to meet the enemy one at a time instead of in squads. Next were Spanish pimientos in olive oil, some queer-looking fungus, which should have been in museum bottles instead of on the table, and *macédoine* salad, which consisted of green peas, carrots and string beans, all chopped up in oil and vinegar.

I was glad to see that the next assignment of lobster salad and *rougets*, a little red fish, seemed to be the end of the hors d'œuvres. That's where I was as wrong as the boys who thought the earth was flat. That was only the finish of the cold dishes. A new stampede of waiters swarmed over the boulevard and I was soon knee-deep in hot hors d'œuvres, hot steamed mussels, sizzling sausages and torrid French beans sprinkled with nutmeg sauce.

There were thirty varieties in all. I think I forgot some cold artichoke hearts, chopped fine. Don't overlook the fact that all the salads I mentioned are flanked with cold sliced tomatoes. The only thing missing was caviar, which sells separately at fifteen francs, against three dollars in New York. I learned that the display of appetizers was no holiday exhibition. You can get them at Caramello's any time for ten fluctuating francs.

You do not have to eat them all, for it is not compulsory. I simply made the mistake of all tourists, for overindulgence in hors d'œuvres takes the edge off the dinner which follows. Yes, sir, I still had to eat dinner after stowing away enough forage to have taken Lee's troops through the Shenandoah Valley.

There is no attempt in the Royal Réserve to run up an expense sheet on you. Caramello takes pride in his cooking, and you would break his heart if you didn't eat all thirty varieties, which cost no more than if you merely sampled one. He is so proud of his superb assortment that he had his picture taken among them and he looks like an old grandfather flanked by twenty-nine dishes of hors d'œuvres with the thirtieth porcelain grandchild clasped lovingly in his arms. Do not think that I am trying to advertise a friend of mine. I went in, ate, paid my bill, had never seen Caramello before and certainly never want to meet his avalanche of hors d'œuvres again. I was glad when it finally came to a dead halt, for I thought that it might go on for weeks and weeks.

There are many chefs along the Riviera, but I picked out Caramello because he embodies them all. He works later than any of his assistants and is up at four in the morning to do his marketing in person. He busies himself eighteen hours in the day for just one daily luncheon, for he serves neither breakfast nor supper in his diminutive arsenal of food. He selects his fish, vegetables and poultry, and has an argument over each one; for the displayed price means nothing to a European shopper, who knows very well that the first price quoted is the words and music for an entire opera of haggling.

We will say that Caramello wants to purchase, among other things, some nice hearts of endives. The market is out in the open, the only protection being tattered canvas awnings hung on rickety poles. Caramello scouts among the 200 carts in the market square, each one backed up against its farm cart, and presided over by the farmer's family, from granny down to the dog. Caramello walks past the endive exposition, but is too smart to halt the first time. He strolls around and comes back, taking a quick sideways glance at the endives, but does not stop. This is what is known in New York and Hollywood slang circles as copping a sneak. He then stops at the third or fourth cart away from the endive sector and picks up some apples, potatoes or fish carelessly and then discards them. Each pick lands him nearer the endives, and he finally handles a bunch of them just as listlessly as before and tosses them back. He starts away and as he is walking he asks, "*Combien?*" How much?

"Non, Non!" "Oui, Oui!"

Before the endive lady can answer, he says, "*Non, non, non. C'est trop*"—No, no, no. Too much.

Now a price hasn't been mentioned yet, but that doesn't stop Caramello from chiseling it down. If there are to be any fortunate breaks, he wants them, and puts in the first bid. He is open to offers, but they have to be his own. Once again he asks, "*Combien?*"

"*Un franc,*" says the endive lady, who is big and fat and has a couple of spare tires under her face that might have been chins in her palmy days. "*Un franc, grande occasion*"—One franc, big bargain.

"*Non, non, non, non, non!*" replies Caramello, stuffing in a few extra *nons*. "*Cinquante centimes*"—Fifty centimes.

"*Oui, oui, oui,*" says the endive empress; "*oui, oui, oui.*" But she holds out a heart of endives from the other end of the cart. They are withered and almost boiled by too much exposure to the hot suns. "*Oui, oui, oui, cinquante centimes.*"

That bunch doesn't please Caramello in the least. His reply is a row of negative *nons* and, "*Pas celui-ci mais celui-là*"—Not this, but that—pointing to the fresh endive.

In return he is barraged with a shower of *nons*, and the whole farmer's family goes into executive session behind the cart, everybody talking at once and the dog interpolating some barking advice. Caramello shrugs his shoulders and turns away. Then the endive dowager gets in her shrug, great care being taken that the two shrugs do not occur at the same time, otherwise one would neutralize the other.

After some nonelastic arguing, Caramello continues to the next cart, which has

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no endives, so they know he will be back. They go about their business, and sure enough, Caramello drifts in with the next tide. This time he hasn't got a chance of reducing the price, for he is a hooked fish and knows it. He pleads, begs and exhorts, hollers robber and shouts wolf, but he is lucky if he doesn't leave with the scrubby endives in his possession at two francs a heart.

Prices in French markets are like monkeys on a stick. The customer and dealer have a grip on a string and the one who yanks last wins the contest. It is a good place to learn how to say no in French, for they can rip off a yard of *non-non-nons* in a split second.

Caramello repeats this operation at every cart, sometimes losing and sometimes winning. He is after the best and the dealers know it. But that doesn't prevent him from bargaining until his face is as blue as a gun barrel. When you hear an argument like that you are listening to the uppermost shrill of the human voice. Caramello finishes his purchases by seven and is back at his *réserve* by eight. From then until noon he is busier than a beaver in flood time. Here is a man who is actually heart and soul in his work, who allows no other hand than his to touch the food and whose face reflects the moods of his customers. If you beam satisfaction, his own face lights up like a tree on Christmas Eve. If you refuse a morsel, he cries.

Much Lost in the Translation

Although there is no campaign, I vote for him as the ideal *restaurateur*. I selected him from a good many, because I know, even though he should see this article later on, it will not affect him in the slightest. His *réserve* holds twelve tables and he will never add to them, no matter what pressure is brought to bear. Furthermore, he cooks *langouste Américaine* like mother used to order. A *langouste* is the papa of a *langoustine*, which is a baby lobster without claws. The papa has no claws either, which makes the *langouste* a lobster that seems to have agreed with the disarmament plans of the Peace Conference. It is a lobster without crown fenders. It is prepared and tastes exactly like lobster, and looks like an American crustacean that has lost two fights. It is no stranger to America, as it is found in Florida waters. The recipe is the same one I copied for Diamond Jim Brady in Paris almost twenty-five years ago, which I revealed in my last series. I really don't mean to claim credit for publishing a startling secret any more than a stray cloud can claim a citation for floating aside to reveal the sun. French cuisine is no novelty in America, thanks to Savarin, Vatel, Escoffier, John Baptiste Martin and Delmonico. All our hotels are influenced by Brillat Savarin's philosophy of food.

Caramello gave me his recipe for *le coq au vin*—chicken with wine—the national dish of Auvergne. Here it is in his own language, which I have translated to retain his quaint phraseology: "Take the youngest chicken out of the poultry yard, and after having flamed it, cut it as if you were to have it stewed. Salt, pepper it. In a clay stewpan put a very little butter, a branch of rosemary, have it browned piece by piece, commencing by the legs."

That's *le coq au vin* without the *vin*, and is the way you will have to prepare it at home. Here's the way they gobble it up in Auvergne: "Take the youngest chicken, but the very oldest bottle of red wine—a good glass is enough—baste very often without stopping the ebullition, close the pan hermetically, put it on the oven at great fire in order to have the bottom of the inside to form glacé, let it reduce. At the moment of serving, put in some butter to thicken the sauce. After having tasted it, put in the juice of a lemon."

The entrée for the luncheon looked like the second joint of turkey, and I was much surprised to learn that it was the fore quarter of a very small baby lamb. This is Caramello's prize dish, *Epaule d'Agneau Maison*. The most important thing about the preparation is that the lamb be very small, for the recipe is simple: "Place on a clay dish small young lamb shoulders, salt, pepper, a good bough of rosemary. For each person, two spoonfuls of broth, roast them at a quick fire, baste them very often. At the moment of serving, put in a little fresh butter and a few drops of vinegar."

Le rognon Caramello, or veal kidneys: "Take a nice veal kidney, leaving a little grease on it, have it browned rapidly in order to leave the water inside. Take a little frying pan with shallot butter, tarragon mustard, walnut sauce, salt, pepper; cut the kidney in very thin slices and let it boil strongly three or four minutes in this sauce; pour some champagne in it, flame it, let it reduce and add the juice given in the pan, add parsley, cherfil, rosemary and other spices; a little lemon juice. Cooking has to be done very quick."

Walnut sauce is really a meat sauce, for all the famous condiments have a strong solution of pickled black walnuts in them. Cherfil is a delicate herb something like parsley. Rosemary dominates in Provençal cuisine, is dropped into everything six days a week and possibly into the collection plate on Sunday. I was speaking to Caramello about his *réserve* and his apparently sincere love of his work. He replied:

"When in 1918 my choice had been brought on this house, it was for me a school. After having arranged it myself, I have taken the initiative of suppressing luxury and buy wares of the very best quality in substitution of all luxury. I bring to my guests my best care in the same time as very reasonable rates. All my hors d'œuvres have my particular attention. If I could, sometimes I would garnish the dishes with gold pieces. Alas, there are none left!

"My little lobsters—ah, every morning they are fed with live fish in order to keep them alive and to serve them to my guests. They eat very much, but are themselves always delicious to eat. It is childish to make pancakes on condition to have fresh-laid eggs and Britanny's butter, which arrive to me every day. Taste my pancakes is to adopt them. All my old cognacs come from the oldest noble French families."

Ending in a Blaze of Glory

Every luncheon winds up with *les crêpes Caramello*, his own variation of *crêpe Suesette*, a kind of razor-blade pancake made from a batter of flour, eggs and milk and cooked in the same manner. However, it winds up in a blaze of glory, for a liqueur is added, a match is touched to it and it flames up like a haystack on fire. There are six *crêpes* to a set, each one incinerated in a different cordial. There is no special attraction about this dish, as it is something like chewing an intoxicated doily. Caramello used cointreau first, grande marnier second; benedictine, chartreuse, crème de cocoa and kirschwasser followed in order. You can get the same effect by pouring glue on a blotter and allowing it to ferment under a violet ray. I never did care much for stewed doormats.

The hotels of the Riviera are much like American resort hotels—no better, no worse. The cuisine is nothing extraordinary, although Gilissen, of the Majestic, at Cannes, prepares *langouste* very well. Here is the recipe, written in the words of its maker:

"Take a nice lobster of about two to two and a half pounds, and having ordinarily cooked it, let it get cold and then cut it in two and take out the flesh very carefully. Prepare a lobster butter, make a good American sauce, pass it through a muslin and thicken it with the lobster butter and fresh cream in order to obtain a nice colored unctuous sauce. Cut the lobster flesh in slices and place them again in the *carapace*, in which you will previously have placed a light bed of sauce. Place slices, intercalating between them light slices of truffles. Cover it with the rest of the sauce, color it, serve on the *napperon*."

I don't know what an unctuous sauce is, never heard of a *carapace*, "intercalating" is a new word to me, but I think a *napperon* is a napkin. Outside of that it is a good recipe for the shape it is in. If prepared properly, there is no doubt that it will be unctuous; but if you foozle your approach, it will probably be mendacious or something. Gilissen is considered an authority on his subject so I will not dispute him.

You can have the Carleton at Cannes, the Negresco at Nice and the famous Ciro's over at Monte Carlo, but I'll take Caramello's, by the side of the road on Cap Ferrat. Humbert, manager of Ciro's, used to work for my father in New York, and I renewed an old acquaintance in Forest, head barman at the Grand Hotel, Cannes. He was one of our barkeeps in the old days of Rector's.

The Kings at Cannes

He steered me to his brother, who is head barman at the Cercle Nautique de Cannes, made famous by King Edward. This was my only chance of crashing the gate at this club, for its membership is limited to royalty. When I got in I walked softly and breathed carefully, for I knew I was in on a rain check. It was founded in 1865 by le Duc de Vallombrosa for the encouragement of yachting. Its presidents have been kings, and Jenny Lind, Carlotta Patti, Paderewski and Kubelik have all strutted their stuff within its sacred precincts.

Although the French Riviera was launched by Lord Brougham almost a century ago, it didn't gather speed until Edward patronized it when he was the Prince of Wales. Edward set the pace for fashion in those crinoline days, and Americans and English followed him around. He was the original bell cow of European society, and where he went, everybody else stampeded. He was made président d'honneur of the Cercle, which made Grand Duke Michael of Russia very angry. Mike wanted to be the whole hog or none. He resigned on the dotted line and opened up the Union Club right next door and made himself president for life.

The Grand Dukes of Russia had all the money in the world in those days, for grand duking was going great in that era, which was some years before the Soviet decided that all Russian royalty should do its yachting down at the bottom of wells. When Mike started choosing up sides he found that he had all the grand dukes with him, but that Prince Edward had all the kings on his team, so there wasn't a chance of the game going into extra innings. At the present time the Kings of England are automatically honorary presidents of the Cercle Nautique, while the Union Club closed its doors some years ago. Although I didn't eat there, owing to the fact that my family tree is still a bush, I managed to snitch a menu. Caramello had the Cercle Nautique beat both ways from the ace. I don't think you can call this sour grapes, because I didn't get close enough to a grape to taste one. If you don't arrive at Cannes in a yacht, then you are strictly dog meat. I saw ex-King Manuel of Portugal there. All he has left of his crown are the calluses on his ears.

The principal item on the menu of the Cercle seemed to be artichokes. I have never accomplished much with artichokes, as all you can do with them is to pull them apart and throw them away. But they are very popular all over Europe and you must eat them if only for the exercise you get from jerking them to pieces. An artichoke is something like a Christmas bundle—mostly wrappers.

The restaurants run in conjunction with the gambling casinos are the biggest on the Riviera. The one at Cannes seats 1000 people. There are two at Nice, the Little and Big Casino. I never could understand just what relation food bears to gambling,

(Continued on Page 143)

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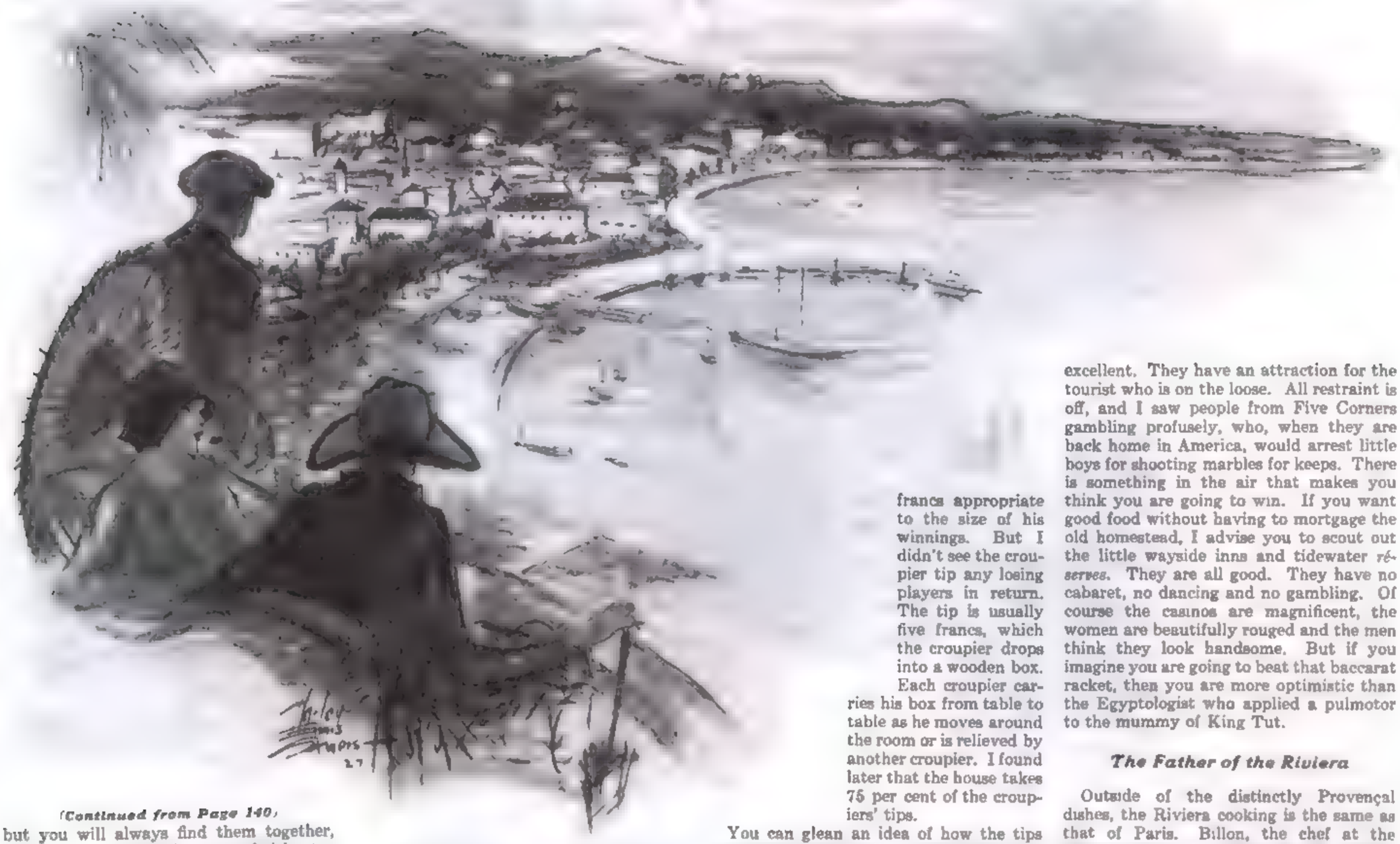


(Continued from Page 140)

but you will always find them together, even if it is only a cheese sandwich at a Saturday-night poker game in Perth Amboy.

I have yet to see the gambler who enjoyed his food. Their temperament, nervous and dyspeptic, makes the gamblers light feeders. Your appetite evaporates with your losses. When you win, you lose your health. This goes also for the heavy plungers on the stock market. You never saw the loser in a poker game who wanted to adjourn for luncheon. And when it is time to go to bed, it is a well-known axiom that winners require more sleep than losers. The saddest sight in the world is the hour of dawn, when the winners have all gone home hours ago and the six losers are still picking at one another like minnows in a dry aquarium. The only food they want at that time is plenty of chips.

Food and wine were free in the old days of Davy Johnson, Honest John Kelly, McKenna, Louis Ludlum, Daly and Canfield. You could get vintage wines, caviar, the choicest cigars and a variety of food from the buffet. The casino restaurants charge their patrons for food and charge them plenty. The Casino extorts fifty francs for an eight-day membership card or 300 francs for the season. If John Kelly knew that you wanted to gamble at his place, he not only would charge no admission but he would send his private limousine after you. If you were sick he would send for an ambulance and carry you up to his wheel in his arms. He figured that he got all his running expenses back the minute you started guessing at the wheel—and he was right.

The only American gambler I know who charged for his meals was Canfield; and then only at his place in Saratoga. All food and service in his New York house were free. A patron, dining in his Saratoga establishment, took exception to the high prices, remarking, "You certainly soak us plenty for this grub, Dick."

"I know I do," was Canfield's reply. "But you can have this restaurant if you want to operate it. I lose $60,000 on it every season."

Canfield was telling the truth, and don't forget that the Saratoga season is the shortest in the world. He had to win back that $60,000 loss in the month of August, which fortunately has the full assortment of thirty-one days. Possibly "unfortunately" is the proper word.

The Casino at Cannes serves a nice luncheon for thirty-five francs. But that's the cheapest thing in there. Dinner is *à la carte*, and with wine, will figure about 250 francs a plate. You get professional entertainment, and there is a dance floor for people who think that the Charleston is dancing. I will say that the Casino feeds 1000 diners at a clip, the food is served hot, and it requires a good organization to do that.

The Height of Optimism

There are sixty men in the kitchen and 200 captains, waiters and busses. But the eating is merely the fattening of the unshorn lambs. After the entertainment, with beautiful exhibitions of fireworks on gala nights, the guests file two by two into the gambling salon. Once there they are filed one by one. The owner of a casino, not including the Prince of Monaco, who is outside of France, is really a concessionaire, for he kicks back 65 per cent of his profits to the government, which shares all his winnings and none of his losses. Then there is another 15 per cent that goes into the coffers of the municipality, which shares in the harvest without helping to sow the crops. That's 80 per cent gone already, and if you know anything about cities the world over, you will know there are two hands on every outstretched arm. I should think that if a concessionaire gets away with 10 per cent of the gross he is doing well. Anyway he manages to get rich on the residue.

I didn't play, but looked on in an effort to figure out baccarat and *chemin de fer*, for I had never seen them played before. One thing I noticed was that the winner of a coup usually tipped the croupier a number of francs appropriate to the size of his winnings. But I didn't see the croupier tip any losing players in return. The tip is usually five francs, which the croupier drops into a wooden box. Each croupier carries his box from table to table as he moves around the room or is relieved by another croupier. I found later that the house takes 75 per cent of the croupiers' tips.

You can glean an idea of how the tips accumulate when I tell you that some years ago at Monte Carlo they amounted to 12,000,000 francs for twelve months, at a time when the franc averaged ten to a dollar. In other words, the gambling public lost about $1,000,000 without even having had the pleasure of gambling with it. Then there is the *changeur*—the man who changes your big bills. He expects his tips also. His job is to break your big ones into little ones, which you proceed to lose little by little, for there is a saying, well known to A. E. F. crap shooters, that a long sickness is a sure demise. The punter, or player, has about as much chance as a pigeon in a pie. They cut him up in more ways than a kid can cut a pin-pac.

The dining room, singing, fireworks and dancing are merely the soothing prelude to the big hoorah. But I will hand the Europeans credit for their finesse and build up. The way they remove the teeth from your pocketbook amounts almost to painless dentistry. This doesn't change the result from being just as effective as having been accomplished with a chunk of iron pipe wrapped up in a music roll. Naturally a restaurant run in connection with a gambling salon is not the perfect dining room. Not one of them boasts of a specialty, and all of them are eclipsed by little fellows, like Caramello, who serve the Provençal cuisine.

But the concessionaire has enough intelligence to serve his food before the losing begins. I didn't see anybody rushing back from the baccarat tables into the dining room. The traffic was all the other way. It is amazing how such places can exist in a country which bans the roulette wheel as being too hazardous. The Prince of Monaco has the monopoly of the wheel and he has to count up his winnings in a threshing machine. When they back out of Monte Carlo they are walking on their heels. I don't claim the prince could squeeze blood out of a turnip, but I will bet that he could make it perspire no little.

The cooking in the casinos is fair to middling, the food is good and the attention is excellent. They have an attraction for the tourist who is on the loose. All restraint is off, and I saw people from Five Corners gambling profusely, who, when they are back home in America, would arrest little boys for shooting marbles for keeps. There is something in the air that makes you think you are going to win. If you want good food without having to mortgage the old homestead, I advise you to scout out the little wayside inns and tidewater *réserves*. They are all good. They have no cabaret, no dancing and no gambling. Of course the casinos are magnificent, the women are beautifully rouged and the men think they look handsome. But if you imagine you are going to beat that baccarat racket, then you are more optimistic than the Egyptologist who applied a pulmotor to the mummy of King Tut.

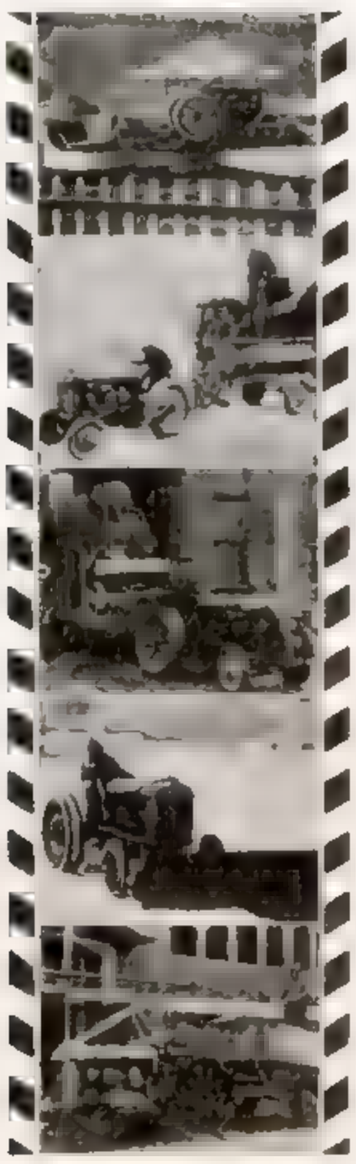
The Father of the Riviera

Outside of the distinctly Provençal dishes, the Riviera cooking is the same as that of Paris. Billon, the chef at the Grand, Cannes, is also the chef at the Pavillon Armenonville, Paris. He goes north for the summer season. The other crews of the Riviera hotels go either to Deauville or Trouville for the summer. Still others migrate to Dieppe and the French watering places. You may travel all over France and never lose your original Paris waiter or chef, for they are also nomads who follow the spending crowds.

A hotel is a hotel whether it is in Chicago, Palm Beach or Tierra del Fuego. The best feature of the Riviera is a chance to dine out on the slopes of the Maritime Alps in the sunlight. All the *réserves* have terraces overhanging the Mediterranean. There is a beautiful spot at Villefranche between Nice and Monte Carlo. You perch out on a flat spot on the hills and look down upon a beautiful bay upon which is riding a fleet of destroyers looking like water beetles. In fact, the view makes you feel like a roach looking over the edge of a billiard table. And when the destroyers break out the American flag, you don't feel so far from home.

To the east is Monte Carlo and to the west is Nice and Cannes. No matter where you go on the Riviera, you are always between two gambling casinos. Farther west is the little port of St.-Raphael, famous for two of Napoleon's visits. The first was in 1799, when Nap landed on his triumphant return from Egypt. The second was when he left in 1814 to embark for Elba. Although Cannes had dedicated a statue to King Edward as the father of the Riviera, the honor is Napoleon's, for he built the Corniche Road, which links up the resorts. Napoleon's idea was gambling, but not in casinos, for he built this apparently everlasting road to carry troops, guns and caissons into Italy. There are now three Corniche roads, one above the other on the mountainsides. Take any one and you will have a pleasant journey, provided you are not on an iron-bound schedule of hotels and are willing to take your chances of dropping in on unsuspected and delightful inns like Caramello's.

THE FORDSON



THE Fordson Industrial Power Unit is speeding up production and reducing costs throughout all industry. Its great economy, reliability and low first cost have brought about its application to numerous industrial uses.

Wherever pulling, pushing, lifting, loading or belt power are needed . . . or several of these operations required on a single job . . . the Fordson has proved invaluable.

In the industries listed below you will find a suggestion for the profitable application of Fordson power to your own power requirements.

Amusement Parks: Running and transporting amusement devices, mowing and rolling lawns and parkways.

Building Contractors: Running material elevators, mixing concrete, hauling materials, excavating, compressing air and handling heavy materials.

Building Movers: Furnishing power for moving buildings and transporting equipment.

Concrete Contractors: Running concrete mixers, loading, hauling and shoveling materials and equipment.

Country Estates: General road maintenance, lawn mowing and rolling, general hauling and farm work, snow removal.

Excavating Contractors: Digging excavations, ditching, backfilling, hauling dirt and transporting equipment.

Coal Dealers: Hauling, shoveling and loading coal, and shunting cars.

Golf Courses: Mowing and rolling greens and fairways, general traction work and pumping water.

House Cleaners: Furnishing power for vacuum cleaners and hauling the cleaning outfit.

Iron and Steel Mills: Lifting and loading heavy castings, hauling trailers, interplant hauling, shunting cars, pumping, compressing air and providing emergency or permanent belt power.

Irrigation Power Plants: Power for both pumping and ditching.

Lumber Dealers: Yard loading and hauling and retail deliveries by trailer.

Lumber Mills: Fordson operates complete small mill, or provides locomotive for heavy hauling. Runs highlines, winches, hoists and loaders.

Machine Shops: Lifting, loading and pulling heavy castings, as well as furnishing belt power for many operations when needed.

Manufacturers: Interplant hauling, lifting and loading, road hauling and general handling of heavy materials.

Merchants: Road deliveries in either wholesale or retail business by trailers.

Mines: Removal and hauling of ore with Fordson locomotive; hoisting mine cars; hauling supplies over difficult roads; removal of snow; operating air compressor.

Motion Picture Producers: Difficult hauling of heavy "properties" and scenery on the "lot" or to the "set."

Municipalities: Caring for parks, municipal golf courses, sweeping and washing streets, garbage disposal, removal of snow, and general transporting of equipment.

Oil Producers: Drilling and pumping wells, erecting derricks and transporting equipment.

Paving Contractors: Hauling materials, shoveling sand and gravel, crushing stone, mixing concrete, pumping water, rolling asphalt, grading, scarifying, plowing, and transporting equipment from job to job.

Quarries: Handling heavy stone blocks with hoists, pulling skids, road hauling of stone and equipment, compressing air.

Sand and Gravel Pits: Hoist power for drag lines, shoveling and loading gravel and sand, pumping water, road hauling.

Railroad Yards: Transferring freight, handling rails with crane, loading and unloading cars, driving piling, electric welding on a fast emergency rail repair outfit.

. . . AT WORK IN ALL INDUSTRIES

Road Contractors: Grading, shoveling, ditching, backfilling, hauling dirt, scarifying, scraping, pumping water, compressing air, crushing rock, screening gravel, rolling, loading and hauling equipment.

Stone Working Plants: Lifting, carrying and loading heavy blocks of stone, compressing air, belt power work on operations at some distance from main plant.

Subdivision Operators: Grading streets, shoveling, leveling, ditching and backfilling, pumping water, crushing rock, screening sand and gravel, plowing, mixing concrete, moving houses and hauling the materials used in paving or building.

Theaters: Hauling and handling heavy scenery.

Timber Operators: Operating high and drag lines, loading logs, pulling loads of timber as locomotive, on rails, clearing brush and snow, general road hauling of equipment.

Trucking Companies: Road hauling with trailers, loading and unloading.

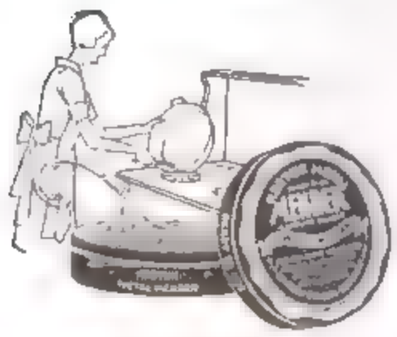
Warehouses: Loading and unloading and hauling of heavy materials.

Even here we have included only a partial list of Fordson operations in industry. Thousands of ingenious yet simple applications have been made in individual cases and have proved extremely practical and profitable as well.

Fordson engineers are ready and anxious to help you adapt Fordson power to your work. Write us of your power requirements, or get in touch with your local Ford dealer. Let us show you how similar businesses have met the same problem with the Fordson Industrial Power Unit.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

The Solder for every class of user



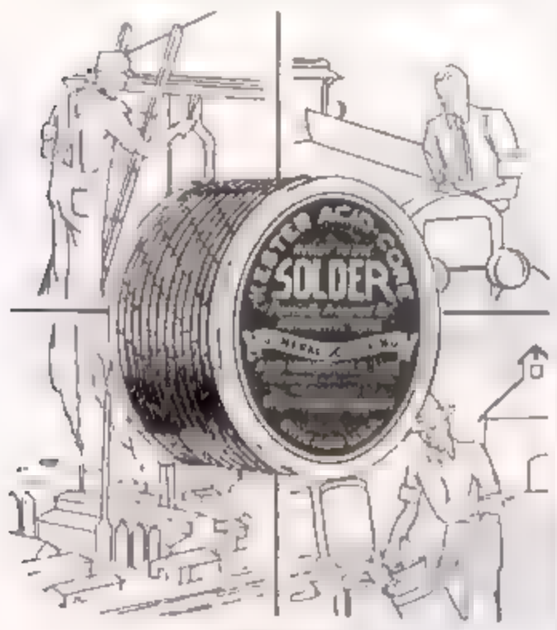
Householders

With Kester Metal Mender you can mend and put back into service many useful and convenient articles of metalware. It's easy to use. Try it yourself. Millions of cans sold. Your dealer can supply you

Radio

Kester Radio Solder (rosin-core) is a combination of solder and safe flux for radio. Approved by Radio Engineers. Makes hook-up and repair work easy, safe and permanent. Don't take chances.

See your radio, electrical or hardware dealer.



Repairmen

Kester Solder in either acid or rosin core will make each job more profitable for you. Put up on one-five-ten- and twenty-pound spools. The larger the package the greater the saving.

Manufacturers

Kester Cored Solders are made in virgin tin and lead alloys and range in diameters from .040" to .250" and in ribbon type. Eight major fluxes are used. Kester Solder lends to economical, cleanly production. It gives flux control.

We are authorities on solder and fluxes and have been for 28 years. Our Research and Experimental Laboratory is at the disposal of the industrial trade. If you have soldering problems or wish to improve your soldering operations, address Research Engineer, P. C. Ripley.

KESTER

EASY TO USE

SOLDER

CHICAGO SOLDER COMPANY
4211-01 Wrightwood Ave., Chicago

Gentlemen: Please send me sample of your: (Check which sample you wish to test)

☐ Kester Metal Mender ☐ Kester Acid Core Solder
☐ Kester Radio Solder ☐ Kester Rosin Core Solder

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
Dealer _____

PROPHETS OF PROFITS

(Continued from Page 47)

up and down stairs and all over the departments of a big store, in and out of other stores, walking the avenue interminably to watch windows and people—in short, to be a cross between a supererrand girl and a private secretary—her enthusiasm for learning the business of being a style adviser rapidly cooled.

Dressing the part is an important part of one's job, but the cost of looking what you preach comes out of no one's pocket but the style adviser's own. Department stores expect a great deal in the matter of personal chic from the woman who holds that particular position, but nothing is furnished gratis. However, it pays to be smart even though it's expensive. Buyers have a discouraging way of using a lack of personal taste in a fashion adviser as a weapon against her.

"How can Miss S possibly tell me what to buy for my department when she doesn't know how to dress herself?" they often scornfully demand. Yet buyers themselves, even the phenomenally successful ones, are seldom the pattern of sartorial perfection. I have often been surprised at the excellent taste shown by a buyer in her selection of clothes purchased for her department and the lamentable dowdiness of the things selected for herself. By carrying conviction with the style authenticity of her personal wardrobe, the fashion adviser is able to disarm a large part of the usual hostile criticism.

The Early Birds

Every morning the windows must be surveyed with an exacting and coldly critical eye by the style adviser. If there is anything out of place, anything that strikes a discordant note in the style theme, she must forthwith order it changed, rearranged or extracted. The daily layouts of the store's advertising are scanned for inept phrases, incorrect descriptions of a style trend, for faulty style effects in the artist's sketches, before they go to the newspapers.

All too frequently an artist will turn out a drawing of a frock that will comply with the style standard of the store but will kill the whole effect by adding a hat, fashion right in itself, but assorting illy with the frock, or which will have its origin in the artist's imagination, its like having never been on sea or land. Again, the artist may place the skirt length too high or too low, may give the figure a bob that has no place in any fashion picture, or a loose flowing line to an evening wrap designed to snuggle the figure closely from the hips down, thus utterly defeating the style idea the advertisement will have been intended to foster.

It is to forestall mistakes of display on the selling floors, in the advertising rooms and in the windows that frequent style conferences are now held in all the large department stores. It is not enough for a style adviser to have brought into the organization the latest style news; she must demonstrate to the whole executive staff from president down just how the news should be applied throughout the selling departments. All the ready-to-wear and accessory buyers are required to be present at these meetings, over which the style adviser presides. The window decorators must be there, the staff artists, the copy writers, the advertising manager and the head of the foreign office, who receives style goods from abroad. These meetings are held at regular intervals, usually twice a week in the average department store. In the more style-conscious stores they are held oftener.

Having grasped the wisp of an idea which she feels confident can be made to grow into a substantial vogue, the experienced style adviser does not even let the sun go down without acquainting her organization with her discovery. If she feels that her style hunch is of supreme importance she will hurry back from a race meet, a tennis match, or a dog show, and call a meeting of buyers, window-display men and advertising managers, lay her news before them and together, without the loss of an hour, they will map out a comprehensive plan for its exploitation. Scooping one's competitors is as much a part of the successful style adviser's job as it is of the successful newspaper reporter's. With the whole world of retailers and manufacturers hotfoot after style ideas, dilatoriness in exploiting a prestige bonanza for public consumption spells sales loss. Style goes stale with a disconcerting rapidity. The store that gets to a style note earliest hops off with the nice fat publicity worm.

Many a style adviser has evolved a precious prestige idea out of her consciousness, carefully nursed it into concrete sales form, had it almost ready for spectacular presentation to the public, only to wake up some fine morning and find it gracing the advertising pages of her most active competitor. A distinctive style having been played up in the publicity of one department store is lost to all others as advertising material. It may be carried in their departments, even used in their windows, but professional pride forbids its use in newspaper advertising—its most valuable publicity form.

Style merchandise must be shot through the department store's machinery with the minimum of delay. In some stores at least one, sometimes several windows are given over to the style adviser for the rapid working out of her publicity schemes. A separate window decorator may be assigned to the task of collaborating with her in the carrying out of her ideas. She must always be able to get advertising space within twelve hours of the time when a style idea has dawned upon her consciousness. A special artist and a talented copy writer must be available for immediate action.

A woman advertising manager of a New York department store has been a large factor in the success of her organization as a style factor because of her seemingly uncanny ability to get space in the daily papers for a piping hot style note at the moment it is, so to speak, hot off the griddle. I have known the style adviser or a buyer to come to her at 4:30 P. M. of, say, a Wednesday afternoon with a style scoop and by 5:30 P. M. a sketch would be ready on it, the copy written, and Thursday morning's papers would plant a new sartorial notion in every urban and suburban shopper's mind.

Into the Discard

Whenever possible the style adviser presents her ideas before the council meetings with as much background as possible; that is to say, if she has discovered a style note that is a radical departure from anything that is already being done, it is much wiser for her to put her idea before the executives, who will eventually have to advertise, display and sell that note, in a setting that will lend it every possible appeal. Many a good style idea has been laughed out of court in these executive sessions because an indiscreet style adviser has failed to give her idea form, prestige and verisimilitude in the minds of the council. If she is wise and experienced in the ways of these bodies she will present her style hunch in concrete form rather than attempt to describe an idea to people who are too often unimaginative and sometimes downright inimical, for before any style can be sold successfully to the public it must first be sold to the whole executive staff.

A style adviser brought home from Paris a sports frock that possessed all the elements of a popular vogue. There were points in it that seemed a bit revolutionary to the uninitiated eye, and it took some days to persuade her associates of the value of the frock as an advertising idea. After a whole precious week had been wasted in argument the frock was sent to a manufacturer and copies ordered. A spectacular advertisement was prepared and held for release the moment the copies came in from the manufacturer. Everything was in readiness to spring what looked like a sensational success. The dresses came in on a Monday afternoon. All was set to run the advertisement on the following Wednesday morning. The window decorator and the style adviser had collaborated on a feature display that was to be one of the most striking things that the store had ever done. A very expensive special background had been built. On Tuesday morning the newspapers of all the important dailies carried a smashing advertisement of a neighboring firm with the same frock as the feature, identical to the last button. Terrible was the gnashing of teeth in the offices of the first firm. Bitter were the wails of anguish and there was a goodish bit of weeping on the part of the style adviser who had worked so hard for a coup. The expensive advertisement had to be killed, the window display thrown into the discard. The copies could, of course, be sold, but the value of the idea from a publicity standpoint was completely lost because of a few days' delay in acting upon it.

Through Unseeing Eyes

Perhaps it seems a bit foolish to the layman, this placing so much stress on the exploitation of this or that suit or bag or hat, but one single suit, one bag or one hat may hold for the manufacturer that makes it or the department store that introduces it profits running into the tens of thousands of dollars. The store that dillydallied with the dress just mentioned sold but fifty copies of the model while the competitor that acted quickly sold eight hundred.

Miss M, the keen style adviser for X & Y's, sent home from Europe a suit whose extreme simplicity deceptively masked a portentous style movement. Casual buyers could see nothing in it of vast import. Miss M cabled the merchandise manager of the store to which it was shipped:

Blue twill suit shipped Berengaria today most important style feature. Arrange special advertising and window display immediately on arrival.

Detained in Paris, she was not on hand herself to sell the importance of the new idea to the executives at home. A perfunctory advertisement was arranged carrying no illustration, and the suit fell flat. The manufacturer who copied it insisted there was nothing in it—that it wouldn't appeal to a wide public. Miss M returned and found that her pet style scheme had been wasted on her firm. She was unable at that late date to breathe the breath of life into her idea, even though she still thought extremely well of its chances to live. She told her troubles to Miss S, one of her close friends who was buying suits for a competitor. Miss S recognized that there were distinct possibilities in the suit, knew that it had been badly advertised, and decided that there was still a lot of money in it if it was exploited properly. She sent a shopper to X & Y's with orders to buy one, took it to her own manufacturer, had fifty copies made up and featured them under the copyrighted label of the firm. Photographs of the suit worn by the most famous flapper-type model in America were prominently displayed in the windows together with copies of the suit. Before the short spring season was over the discerning buyer had sold six hundred and fifty of the suits at $49.50 on a 50 per cent mark-up. The manufacturer who had copied the suit for Miss S sold thousands of the copies throughout the United States.

The same adviser happened on a shoe design that she recognized as holding possibilities of wide popularity. The buyer of

(Continued on Page 149

Don't Give Mouth-Germs a Bath- KILL THEM!

Have no mercy on the germs that infest teeth and gums, causing pyorrhea, tooth-decay, receding gums, tainted breath. Don't just give them a bath. Kill them! A couple of dashes of ASTRINGOSOL on a tooth-brush, and properly used, will do the trick. More than a mouth-wash—a germ-killer. Harmless to you. Deadly to mouth-microbes. A wonderfully breath-purifying mouth-wash, too, when diluted to your taste. Invigorating. Delightful. It sparkles in the mouth. Economical. Lasts many times as long as ordinary mouth-wash. Use ASTRINGOSOL at least twice a day. Visit your dentist twice a year. Fill in the coupon for a three-day supply of ASTRINGOSOL.

Made by the Makers of Zymole Tooth Paste

FREDERICK STEARNS & COMPANY
Established 1855
WINDSOR, CANADA DETROIT, U.S.A. SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

ASTRINGOSOL

DOES MORE - COSTS LESS - TASTES BETTER

For a free three-day sample of ASTRINGOSOL write name and address on this coupon and mail to Dept. 30, Frederick Stearns & Co., Detroit, Mich.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Photograph of a Belmont, Mass., home painted with 40-40-20

Brilliantly White When First Applied
Brilliantly White Throughout Its Long Life
—that's 40-40-20 Paint

The supreme tests of a white paint are its endurance and its ability to hold its color against Sun, Wind and Rain.

Science has perfected a paint that successfully combats these destructors of man's handiwork—a dazzling white paint that does not darken—a paint that is brilliantly white when first applied and that stays brilliantly white during all of its long life.

The development of **40-40-20 paint** has been called the greatest advance in paint making in the last hundred years. It is made in ready mixed form in beautiful tints as well as in white, and in paste form for the professional painter's use. **40-40-20** costs no more than other quality paints.

The New Jersey Zinc Company does not make this paint. It is made by more than 130 paint manufacturers listed on this page.

A Booklet—The whole story of this permanently *white paint*, **40-40-20**, is told in an interesting little booklet, "When White is White." Send us your name and address for a free copy.

New Jersey Zinc

THE NEW JERSEY ZINC COMPANY
160 Front Street, New York City

THE GROWING LIST OF AUTHORIZED MANUFACTURERS OF 40-40-20

Acme Varnish Co., Inc.
The Allentown Mfg. Co.
The W. A. Alpers Co.
Amalgamated Paint Co.
Anaheim Paint & Paper Co.
The Anglo-American Varnish Co., Inc.
Atlantic Paint & Varnish Works, Inc.
The Benson Paint & Varnish Co., Inc.
Berg Varnish Co., Inc.
Blue Ribbon Paint Co.
E. R. Bohan & Co., Inc.
Bradley & Vroeman Co.
John G. Butler Company
California Paint Co.
Campbell & Wyswell, Inc.
Carpenter-Morton Co.
Carroll Sherlac & Varnish Co., Inc.
Central Paint & Varnish Mfg. Co.
Chilson Paint Co.
Coating Products Corp.
Columbia Varnish Co.
Condit-Berry Glass & Paint Co.
Cook Paint & Varnish Co.
C. P. Darrow & Co.
De Soto Paint Manufacturing Co.
The Dean & Barry Co.
The Devoe-Reynolds Co.
Denny-Hilborn & Rosenbach
The Detroit Paint Mfg. Co.
Henry A. Dewey & Co., Inc.
The Dolphin Paint & Varnish Co.
Duncan Paint Mfg. Co., Inc.
Egan & Hartsmar Co., Inc.
Erskin Paint Company
Ferrell-Gilliam Co., Inc.
Felton-Stanley & Co., Inc.
Flint Paint & Varnish Corp.
The Florman Mfg. Co.
The Foy Paint Co.
Frazer Paint Co.
Samuel H. French & Co.
Gill-Oakley & Vose, Inc.
Garrett M. Goldberg & Co.
Great Lakes Varnish Wks., Inc.
Great Western Paint Mfg. Co., Inc.
Hanline Bros.
Hilbert Varnish Co.
Hoex Paint & Chemical Works
A. C. Horn & Co.
Hughes Paint Co.
Imperial Paint Co.
Intercoast Paint & Varnish Co.
Integrity Paint Co.
International Chemical Co.
Johnson-McKee-Johnson Co.
Oliver Johnson & Co., Inc.
Frank M. Kennedy Paint & Color Co.
Keystone Albumen & Paint Co.
King Paint Mfg. Co.
Knox Varnish Co.
J. F. Kurtzes Paint Co., Inc.
The Lancaster Paint & Glass Co.
Longacre and Martinez
The Longview Paint & Varnish Co.
The Lorain Lead & Paint Co.
MacMoran Paint Co.
The Mahoning Paint & Oil Co.
The Marietta Paint & Color Co.
John W. Masury & Son
McDaniel Paint & Varnish Co.
M. J. Merkin Paint Co., Inc.
The Miami Paint Company
Michigan Paint Mfg. Co.
Monmouth Paint & Varnish Works
National Varnish Company
The Natroco Paint & Varnish Works
Eugene E. Nice Company
Negley & Co.
T. H. Nevin Company
Norfolk Paint & Varnish Co.
Oakley Paint Mfg. Co.
P. & A. Paint Works, Inc.
The Parr Paint & Color Co.
The Passonno-Hutchison Co.
Peaslee Gaulbert Co., Inc.
The Perry & Derrick Co., Inc.
H. Peterman, Inc.
Petco Paint Mfg. Co.
Phelan-Faust Paint Mfg. Co.
Phoenix Paint & Varnish Co.
Porter Paint Co., Inc.
W. R. Purdum & Son
Rasmussen & Co.
Red Spot Paint & Varnish Co., Inc.
Rockcrest Paint Corporation
T. J. Roman Co., Inc.
Sampson Paint & Color Co., Inc.
The Sargent-Gerke Co.
Schultz Specialty Company
Scriver & Quinn, Inc.
Seattle Paint Co.
Albert K. Sheldon Company
The Southern Paint Products Company
Sovereign Paint Mfg. Co., Inc.
The Talbert Syndicate Co.
St. Paul White Lead & Oil Co., Inc.
Standard Chemical Works, Inc.
Standard Pigment Co., Inc.
Standard Plate Glass Co.
Sterling Paint Co.
The Stewart Bros. Paint Co.
Thomson Wood Finishing Co.
Tibbetts-Westerfield Paint Co., Inc.
The Tripod Paint Company
Tropical Paint & Oil Co.
U. S. Gutta Percha Paint Co.
Utley Paint Co., Inc.
Warren Paint & Color Co.
Wallace Waterfall & Co., Inc.
Chas. E. Watson Paint Co.
West Paint & Varnish Co.
Western Paint & Varnish Co.
The White Company
J. C. Whitlam Mfg. Co.
Williams Paint Company
John H. Witte & Sons
D. Zelinsky & Sons, Inc.

IN CANADA

Brandram-Henderson, Ltd.
The Imperial Varnish & Color Co., Ltd.
International Laboratories, Ltd.
Ottawa Paint Works, Ltd.
A. Ramsay & Son Co.
Sanderson-Pearcy & Co., Ltd.

These paint manufacturers make genuine 40-40-20 from The New Jersey Zinc Company's specified products according to its specially developed formula and are authorized to use its registered trade mark on their labels for paint so made.

40-40-20
The Permanently White
OUTSIDE PAINT

(Continued from Page 146)

shoes, being a broad-minded person, saw eye to eye with her and rushed the model through the factory and into publicity. To date over ten thousand pairs of that model, at a 60 per cent profit, have been sold, and it is still going strong.

The style adviser who has original and valuable ideas of her own in the matter of costuming that she works out to the material advantage of her firm often finds herself in the unfortunate position of not daring, herself, to wear the happy ideas she has been visited with.

The gift of long foresight often brings down on the luckless style adviser a cruel amount of ridicule between the time her bright ideas are conceived and the moment when dilatory Time sees fit to authenticate her notions.

Some four years ago I was visited by what I fondly believed to be the bright hunch that the trousers-and-shirt type of bathing suit should not be the property of men alone but that they would pleasingly adorn the slim figures of our flighty flappers.

I persuaded the more than usually amenable bathing-suit buyer to have a dozen pairs made up with measurements slightly altered from the male garments but otherwise conforming to the manly outfits in every particular. Said buyer privately thought me a little bit mad but felt that I'd better be indulged in a comparatively harmless aberration.

Beach Styles for Oklahoma

I was conducting at the time a special advertising column in which my particular style ideas were exploited, so I encountered only more or less acid bantering from the advertising manager, who wasn't in a position to give open battle to my scheme, since he had no control over my column. Mr. C, the president, checked all the layouts in advance of their appearance in the newspapers. He called me in and with the sketch of the proposed publicity laid out in front of him asked me what in the world I was thinking about to sponsor such a style. He made it plain that he thought it not only extremely daring, not to say unseemly, but more than a little absurd.

After much argument he reluctantly passed the sketch and in due course it appeared.

There were exactly two of those bathing suits sold from the advertisement, and those two went to two sisters in Oklahoma, who had written in for them.

Mr. C came to my office one day to tell me the results of my publicity. He simply rocked with glee. The sisters-in-Oklahoma touch struck him as excruciatingly funny. Every time we met about the store there would be some pointed reference to Oklahoma and boyish bathing suits, followed by chortles. The joke was passed around. I was constantly being bombarded by what seemed to me extremely banal wheezes about swimming in Oklahoma. That bathing suit season passed, to be followed in due time by the Palm Beach season. Inquiries began to come from women customers for trouser-and-shirt bathing suits. None had been reordered after the summer's debacle. The inquiries persisted. A neighboring store advertised them spectacularly. The idea caught on. Other stores began to stock them heavily. Still our buyer held off, and I made no effort to influence her to put them in, feeling that it served the store right to be caught short of a necessary article. The demand was so sudden and so great that it was impossible for a time for other stores to get deliveries on them. We were losing sales by the hundreds.

Mr. C had ceased to refer to Oklahoma when he talked with me. The laugh was beginning to be on him. To date there must easily have been tens of thousands of those suits sold to women all over the United States and lately even the smart foreign resorts have adopted them enthusiastically.

Miss L, a style adviser for a prominent New York house, developed, in conjunction with a well-known French dressmaker who specializes in semisports togs, a frock of exceptional attractiveness embodying a style note that she felt would be certain to sell in large quantities as soon as she could get it home and have it copied. She slipped on the new frock, which had just come from the couturier's, and stopped in at the Ritz to pick up some friends on the way to luncheon in the Bois. As she stood chatting in the hall near the door three people came through the revolving door. All of them were known to her by sight, and she was known to them, but they never noticed who she was; her face didn't register on their consciousness. Simultaneously they had all spotted her frock, and everything else was negligible to them. They were the principals of a New York manufacturing concern sojourning in Paris in search of models. Like a flash it dawned on Miss L that she had made a tactical error in flaunting the new frock thus prematurely. Instantly she realized that her feminine vanity was liable to cost her dearly. But if these style hounds were quick on the traces, she was quicker, and she slipped behind her two companions, imploring them in a whisper to shield her till she could beat a retreat through the door.

Then followed an exciting five minutes of hide and seek. Her idea was precious to her. It was her very own and she meant to make money for her store and a reputation for herself out of that dress, and no one was going to steal her brains and her ability if she could help it. The three manufacturers loitered nonchalantly about, keeping a furtive eye on the other group. One of them affected to be examining the weather through the glass door in an effort to get behind the protecting screen of Miss L's amused companions. Another one strolled up the few steps to the porter's desk to ask some inconsequential question, hoping from that higher vantage ground to glimpse the arresting costume, but a shift of front foiled his scheme.

"Quick, quick, quick! Your coat! Your coat!" came in a laughter-strangled whisper from the hunted one as she tugged at a wrap hanging over the arm of one of her friends. In a twinkling a wrap about six sizes too large for her was slipped over the precious frock and Miss L was out through the door and into a waiting taxi.

"Phew! That was a near one! Hope you don't mind, but I'm going straight back to my hotel and take off this thing. Those people are regular jackals. I know them of old. In two weeks replicas of my precious dress would be all over Seventh Avenue and up and down Broadway at $16.50. That ought to teach me a lesson. I'm going to climb into some old rags that I've worn at least six months."

Welcome Words

Color supplies an especially fertile field for the cultivation of important trends. The style adviser of a Fifth Avenue department store upon her return from Europe made haste to acquaint the general merchandise manager with some of the promotions she planned. She laid a bundle of silks on his desk.

"Here are the new colors we must feature without delay," she said, pointing out several of the glowing lengths of shimmering material. "The fruit tints are to be very big this season, as I cabled you."

"What makes you think they are to be so good?" queried the merchandise manager. "Where did you get your information?"

"Everywhere. Women who count sartorially were wearing them at Chantilly and Auteuil. They were definitely the preferred colors at Bagatelle, where the first polo game of the season was played the Sunday before I sailed. The Duchesse de G—— is wearing this shade and Mrs. H. de L—— M—— affects this one. This gorgeous bluish purple is being sponsored by X——, who is by all odds the most important couturière right now. It is just the color of Concord grapes. Here are her red tones, cerise, framboise and fraise. This lovely yellow green is popular with L—— and is exactly the shade of damson plums. You will see them all about you very soon, and if we wait another week to feature them some one of our competitors will have stolen a march on us and grabbed a splendid advertising and sales scoop right from under our noses. Why let our next-door neighbor get all the frosting off the gingerbread? Of course there are any number of fruit shades. Any one won't do. Here are samples of the right ones. This one is sponsored for fall by one of the smartest French silk manufacturers and this one is featured by another house. It gives you a wide range. Lovely, aren't they? *Voilà!* The right shades. Immediately following, we should exploit this other new green called 'plover's egg.' Wonderfully cool and refreshing, isn't it?"

"Can we get the materials in the United States?"

"Only from the importers as yet. But I've brought home enough bags, hats and frocks to make an initial display, and the American manufacturers promise to have the correct shades for quantity production in a few weeks."

"They certainly look good to me, so push it through as quickly as possible. If anyone gives you trouble let me know. I'll back you up!"

Welcome words those, to a prophet of profits—"I'll back you up."

Nobody Loves Her

The style adviser is the industry's stepchild. Nobody seems to love her. Her littlest mistakes are magnified with ghoulish glee by her confreres. If she discovers a style movement and introduces it to her associates they receive her information with a complete lack of enthusiasm that is calculated to crush any but the hardiest soul. If she slips up on one and it is exploited by a competitor, everyone in the place will have a comment to make on the oversight.

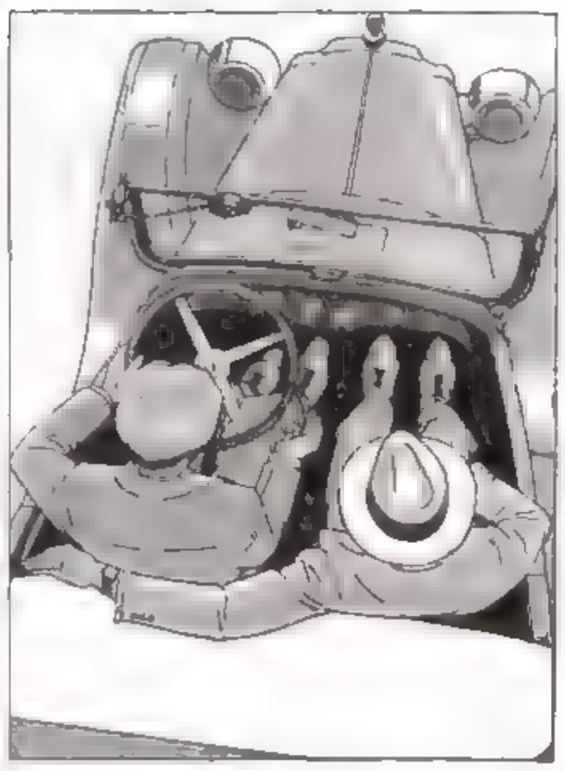
"Why wasn't I told about these new bags that S & B are featuring?" the bag buyer will inquire acidly in an executive meeting. "I understood that Mrs. G was supposed to keep us advised about everything that is new and smart." Yet if the unfortunate Mrs. G had offered him the information he'd have pooh-poohed it as immaterial, or said he'd carried the same thing two years ago and that it was a flop. A buyer seldom wants to admit that a style adviser can bring anything to his attention that is worth buying or that he hasn't already seen. He may adopt some idea of hers and profit materially by it, but often he'll maintain in the face of all evidence to the contrary that he discovered it himself or that he had carried it long before the style adviser ever heard of it.

Naturally there are exceptions. Some buyers are human. I've worked with a few that made me almost enthusiastic about the calling of style adviser, but frankness compels me to say that the militantly noncoöperative type is in the majority.

Miss B, the style adviser of a large department store, sent from Europe some knitted sports capes of a very unusual and very smart type several years ago, when knitted wool capes were worn by many of the women at summer and winter resorts. They landed at a price that made them an attractive quantity-selling feature.

When the capes arrived at the store and the buyer, Miss Z, was made aware that the style adviser had invaded her realm, she jerked one of the unoffending garments out of its wrappings, sadly wrinkled as it was from having lain packed in a box for weeks in its journey from Paris, trailed it up to the merchandise manager's office, and shook it in front of his astonished gaze.

"How dare anybody send me this sort of stuff! I won't have anyone buying my goods for me. It's the worst-looking thing I ever saw. I won't take it!" And she threw the delicate garment in a heap on the dusty floor. The bewildered merchandise manager picked up the garment and



"They're the most comfortable shoes I've ever worn—and the best looking too"

Such is the spontaneous praise that greets Arnold Glove-Grips everywhere. The moment you put on your first pair you know that, at last, you've found the right shoe—the hoped-for combination of comfort and style. No punishing breaking in. No feeling of stiffness and rigidity. Just immediate muscle-relaxing comfort—in a shoe you'll be proud to wear.

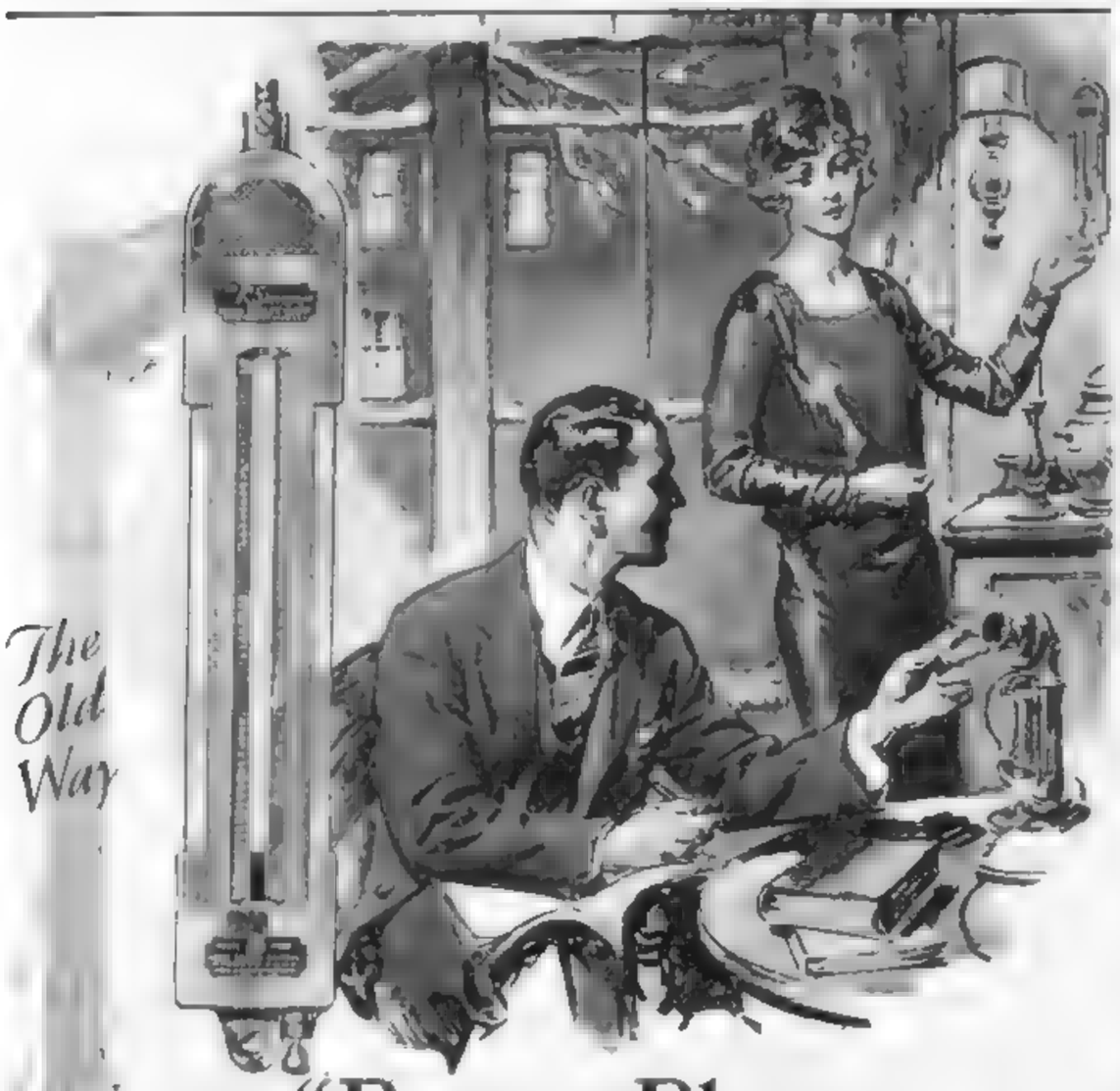
There is a reason for the superiority of Glove-Grips—their comfort and trim, custom-made lines. It's the patented Glove-Grip arch, found in no other shoe! It supports the delicate muscles of instep. Makes the shoe fit snugly, without binding. And allows the foot to flex freely, untiringly.

Let us send you the address of the nearest Glove-Grip dealer. Write for it to the M. N. Arnold Shoe Company, North Abington, Mass. And see for yourself how skilfully comfort is combined with well-groomed appearance in

ARNOLD
GLOVE-GRIP
SHOES

Most styles $10 *to* $13.50

THE HYDROSTATIC FUEL OIL GAUGE



The Old Way

"Better Phone for More Oil

—Telegage says we have only enough for 2 days!"

OWNERS of the Telegage never worry about their fuel. At all times they know definitely how many days' supply of oil they have on hand.

Someone is always glancing at this friendly, convenient guardian—the Telegage on the wall—with its message of warning and its constant vigilance over the comfort and health of your family. As your fuel supply runs low, you are sure to see the Red Line of Safety going down, too—telling you when to order more fuel, and how much.

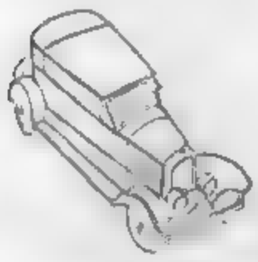
Install the Fuel Oil Telegage anywhere within your home, upstairs or down. Enjoy the comfort and security of knowing always, at a glance, the amount of fuel in your tank. Based on the same principle as the famous K-S GASOLINE TELEGAGE, built by the world's largest makers of distant-reading gauges, this dependable precision instrument is handsome enough to be placed in any room of your home. The Red Line of Safety guards your furnace—checks your fuel supply inch for inch—warns you when to get new fuel—and how much to order.

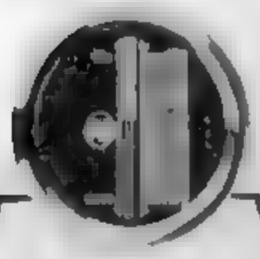
Your dealer can supply you, or write us, giving the Baume or Specific Gravity of your fuel, depth of tank, and distance from tank to gauge. We will send you the Fuel Oil Telegage, with complete instructions for installing, on receipt of full information and price. Descriptive circular free on request.

KING-SEELEY CORPORATION
294 SECOND STREET ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN
Chicago Branch: 2450 Michigan Boulevard
European Representatives: H. M. Hobson, Ltd., London

For tanks up to 32" deep
$26.50
Over 32" and up to 66" deep
$32.00
Complete with 30 feet of gauge line for connecting to tank. Longer lines at small added cost

F. O. B. Ann Arbor, Mich.





The K-S Gasoline Telegage is now standard equipment on 22 leading motor cars, representing over three-fourths of American cars selling for $700 or over.

The K-S FUEL OIL Telegage

BE CERTAIN WITH THE K-S TELEGAGE

shook it out. He hadn't the slightest idea what it was all about.

"What's the matter with it? Where did it come from? It's terribly wrinkled, but I think it's good-looking. What's all the shootin' for?"

"From Paris," Miss Z spluttered. "That new style adviser you've got over there sent it, and I tell you I won't have it. I won't be interfered with!"

"But have you looked at it, or are you so excited you haven't taken time to?" put in the merchandise manager.

"I don't want to look at it, and what's more, I won't! I'll send the whole mess back. That's what I'll do. She can pay for them out of her own pocket! I'll teach her to meddle in my affairs!"

"Don't be silly. Just calm down now and try to act like a sensible woman," the merchandise manager begged patiently.

"Sensible! Is it sensible to expect me to pay for that rag?" She pointed contemptuously at the despised cape.

"How much did it land for?" asked the merchandise manager quietly.

"I don't know and I don't care. I don't want it, and that settles it so far as I am concerned!"

"I thought so. Just jealousy. Not a very good reason for condemning what may be a valuable style idea. Well, we'll soon see," said the merchandise manager as he picked up the phone.

"Mr. A on the wire, please. . . . Oh! Mr. A, bring the invoices on the goods that just came in from Paris."

In a few moments the papers were in his hands. The merchandise manager rang for his secretary.

"Have the young lady who models in the French-gown department come up here to my office." He imperturbably examined the invoices while the buyer continued to fume.

"H'm. Fifteen dollars landed in the States. Not bad. Not bad at all. . . . Ah, Miss Y," as the model entered the room, "would you mind slipping on this wrap for me. It's a new one from Paris that Miss Z has just gotten in," said he with a twinkle in his eye. A snort of rage came from the buyer. Miss Y snuggled the soft folds around her and glided back and forth.

Outvoted Two to One

"M'm. Isn't it lovely?" she volunteered unsuspectingly, quite evidently luxuriating in its downiness. "It's good enough to eat. Such a luscious color and so soft!"

"Keep your opinions to yourself!" snapped the buyer tartly. "I think it's hideous."

"Thanks very much, Miss Y; I appreciate your expression of opinion. I think it is lovely, too, but Miss Z doesn't seem to agree with us. That will be all just now," and he turned to the buyer: "I've heard enough! You needn't take the capes. As a matter of fact, I won't let you have them. . . . Mr. A, change all these wraps over to the sports-apparel department."

Now the sports-apparel department was a thorn in the flesh of Miss Z. She complained that that buyer grabbed all the good models and left her very little that was worth while to do business with. The merchandise manager's threat visibly gave her pause, but she flounced out of the office still nursing her rage. The sports department sold eventually a total of over five hundred of the capes.

To a certain type of buyer the style adviser seems like a meddlesome Mattie whose sole business seems to be the offering of undeserved criticism and undesired advice. Such buyers look upon her as a menace to their happiness and peace of mind. Yet her sole reason for existing is to increase the buyer's, and simultaneously of course, the firm's profits. Many a buyer's bonus has been materially augmented through the advice of the despised adviser.

The style adviser of a large Midwestern store had tried to get the stationery buyer, whose department was causing concern to the executives, to exploit some new refinements of color. She had found a quantity of paper in the most exquisite shades and of excellent texture at a very low price in Germany. He would have none of it, would not so much as inspect what she had brought back with her. In desperation she appealed to the merchandise manager. The buyer was haled to the official sanctum.

"What's wrong with this stuff? Why don't you want to order it?" queried the merchandise manager, pointing to the lusciously colored paper spread out on the table in front of him.

"Oh, I guess they're all right for some people," replied the buyer, poking them with an indifferent finger.

"It's good-looking. It's cheap. It's in good taste, isn't it?" went on the merchandise manager impatiently. "What's eating you?"

"Our people wouldn't buy it. It's not our style."

"Whaddayuh mean 'our style'?" snapped the merchandise manager caustically, and perhaps a bit inelegantly. "Isn't anything that's good and new our style? It ought to be if it isn't, and if it isn't it's going to be! I've listened to about enough of this twaddle about what isn't our style. Mrs. I says this stuff is going big with the best people, and it's time we had it."

"I think I know better than she does what our people are asking for," the buyer came back truculently.

When the Buyer Bolted

Trying to pour a little oil on the troubled waters, the style adviser put in pacifically: "I'm sure you do. I'm sure your wide experience in your chosen field has taught you more than I can ever hope to know about what your clients have always wanted, but this is what they are going to want tomorrow, you see, and I wanted you to get the information before any of your competitors have it. There's a lot of tremendously valuable publicity in being the first to exploit it."

The buyer wasn't a bit mollified. He set his jaw more stubbornly and his tone was now definitely belligerent:

"I guess I know my own business. The manufacturers always give me the new things before they show them to anyone else."

Both the merchandise manager and Mrs. I knew, and the buyer knew that they knew, that his department was losing money. Yet he fought with an astounding stubbornness ideas that were calculated to help him. Mrs. I tried not to lose her patience and her temper. The merchandise manager had long since mislaid both of his.

"Suppose you try just a small order!" coaxed the former as winningly as she knew how. "Just enough to run an advertisement on. You'd at least get that much publicity out of it, even if it doesn't sell; and it would arrive just in time for your Christmas business."

"No, I won't take any of it. Our people don't want that kind of stuff!" he persisted.

"How do you know they don't?" growled the merchandise manager. "When did you ever offer them any of it? I'll sign an order for three hundred boxes whenever you have it ready! Here are the color assortments. That's all."

The buyer bolted out of the office. There was thunder on the left, and right, and all around. How the style adviser hated to force issues like that. Buyers have their troubles, and heaven knew she had no wish to add to them, but sometimes they could be pretty difficult.

The merchandise manager smiled wearily. "They're hard to beat, aren't they?" he queried.

"It seemed to me you beat him pretty thoroughly. I felt awfully sorry for him," she replied ruefully.

"Don't waste your pity. Save it for yourself. You need it in your job. Hope

your dope on this stuff is good. He may learn a thing or two, but then again he probably won't," he added pessimistically.

The shipment of note paper came in. The colorings were exquisite. A spectacular advertisement was prepared. Mrs. I wrote the copy herself. It was carefully prepared so as to make the strongest possible appeal. A window was secured for a display. There hadn't been a window devoted to letter paper in the history of the store. It was tied up in its style appeal to smart frocks in the same color tones. Mrs. I was determined to make a go of this shipment if it was her last act. The buyer met her daily with hate in his eyes.

In the trade parlance, the note paper went over big. The supply was exhausted in an afternoon. The buyer was frantic. How could he get more? He haunted Mrs. I's office, begging her to use her personal influence with the European manufacturers to rush the reorder. He burst in on the merchandise manager and Mrs. I one morning in the former's office to urge the plan of tying up the resource and confining it to himself. Did they think it could be done? The original order had been for three hundred boxes. He had now sold a thousand and was hungry for more. He rushed out of the office to send another cable. The merchandise manager looked at Mrs. I. She looked at him. He raised a quizzical eyebrow and both smiled rather wry smiles. Months after, when a third shipment had come and gone, Mrs. I passed the buyer in the hall and heard him saying to another buyer, "Didja see what I put over last week? Five thousand boxes at a profit of 100 per cent on a box. Not so bad, eh? I tell yuh, boy, I got a nose for a good buy.

"I can always tell which way the cat is goin' to jump. Yeah, yuh bet I can!" A sense of humor is not one of the least of the qualities necessary to a style adviser.

Many people imagine that buyers advise one another, that they consult together and work out style and color schemes. Such a rapport between buyers happens sometimes, but more often they are antipathetic to one another. The faintest suggestion of advice between them is met with suspicion and resentment.

It was largely to overcome this "each for himself and the devil take the organization as a whole" attitude that the style adviser was brought into being. With her as a pivotal point it is possible to disperse throughout the various departments information vital to all, which would, without her, have remained the asset of but one department. By this coördination of information, sales are materially increased in all departments, because hats are thus made to complement frocks, shoes to tie up happily with hand bags, hosiery with gloves, and so on.

The Supreme Arbiter

For example, the style adviser of a large New York store who was putting in some intensive work on shoes with the smart *bottiers* in Paris found that a rosy cream-colored kid was to be played to take the place of white or the parchment-colored leather. Immediately she got to work with a bag manufacturer and had some very chic pocketbooks made up in the same tint. She then turned her attention to hats and ordered a few dozen felt hoods made up in the desired color after the models of two of the best-known milliners in Paris. A glove manufacturer worked with her to achieve a matching shade in antelope pull-ons, and she was all set to ship enough goods home to supply material for a style exploitation that would have greatly enhanced value because it was carefully planned to embrace a number of departments. Her scheme received added impetus for success because it was cannily sprung at the beginning of the Palm Beach buying season.

Because of the interdependence of departments, more than one style adviser cannot function with success in any one organization. There must be but one style policy, as there must be but one financial policy in a department store or a manufacturing plant. Otherwise chaos results. The style adviser's efforts may be supplemented by the efforts of a number of assistants who help to gather data and to carry out style-promotion plans, but there must always be a supreme style director who can bring all the members of a great merchandising group into well-balanced unity.

Not seldom the opposition of the buyer to the style adviser reaches the point where it becomes a menace to the welfare of the whole organization. It is usually bitterest on the part of buyers who feel their positions to be insecure and who, in their fear and uncertainty, attack the person whom they believe most likely to expose their shortcomings. Because she fills a position that is unique the style adviser is peculiarly open to attack.

Because her work gives her an intimate knowledge of the merits or the shortcomings of goods carried in all the departments of the store, because she knows where and how seriously a buyer is falling short in the selection of his or her material, the style adviser is continually consulted by the general merchandise manager as to the capabilities of various buyers. In order to render a fair account, a mind unbiased by personal preferences or dislikes is essential.

At the Bottom of the Ladder

There is no royal road to the coveted position of style adviser. An apprenticeship must be served in at least one of several ways. Some executives attach a young woman to the advertising staff, giving her special style copy to work on. Should her copy be spectacular and unusual, a style column may be intrusted to her. Called upon to select from the available stocks what best forecasts an important vogue, she begins to gain knowledge of what to capitalize, and when and how. She learns the importance of quick publicity and the reactions of the public to style advertising.

A few women have approached the goal through the comparison office. There are drawbacks to such a course. Comparison shopping trains one to watch the past performances of other stores, when the important thing in style work is to see far ahead of one's competitor. Furthermore, the comparison shopper is of necessity kept sedulously segregated from the store's intimate régime, and consequently she gains no familiarity with the inner functionings of the organization.

Women of assured social position can be ideal for the work when they are sincere in their desire definitely to adopt a business career. They have a natural sympathy for the sources whence vogues are originally derived. But only rarely will they work sufficiently hard or stick to it long enough to learn the technic of the business. Many directors of large stores have been let down by women socially prominent who have been bitten with the business career bug. They have learned to their cost to fight shy of fluttering fair ones who are indulging themselves in the thrill of doing something in a serious way. A woman brought up to luxury, but whom financial necessity has driven into business, usually develops the most valuable qualities for the work. She possesses in that event both the sympathy with the sources of style material and the necessary incentive to work hard.

All too often, however, the woman of some pretensions to social position who goes into business hasn't the sense to leave her social history behind, but insists on dragging it into business conversations on the slenderest provocation. I well remember one charming girl, beautiful and well connected, with more than the usual allotment of brains, who was privately ridiculed and maliciously criticized because she couldn't resist talking about her debutante days or dragging in her family connections

(Continued on Page 154)

Monito
MO-KNIT-TOE
SOCKS

Style 5512
Silk, in three unusual embroidered designs. Colors: Suede, Gray and Navy.
Retails at $1.00

Style 5842
Full-fashioned Silk, in three distinctive embroidered designs. Colors: Beige, Blue and Gray.
Retails at $1.50

Here's Smartness You've Been Looking For!

Smart style!—and a brisk originality that just can't miss the eye of every man.

Monito colorings and Monito's new designs meet every fashion demand—mark every wearer as a man who knows the best in style.

Ask for Monito Wool Socks at the Hosiery Counter.

MOORHEAD KNITTING CO., Inc.
HARRISBURG, PA.
© M. K. Co. 1927
Makers of Men's Socks Exclusively

The rising flood of Dakota corn flows out upon the plains

THE earliest pioneers halted at the far fringes of the forest, startled at the vastness of the rolling prairieland that swept away to the sunset. Startled and awed by this mysterious meadowland, carpeted with wild flowers, streaked with sparkling rivulets and the broad channels of great rivers! Amazed at the birds that sang and nested there, and the endless herds of bison grazing in grass that grew waist-high over thousands of miles of treeless plains!

Here was the dazzling land of the Dakotas. Today the dark brown soil, rich in all necessary elements, is being submerged under alfalfa and corn—corn, the golden gauge of civilization. For where there is corn there is agricultural stability—silos, milch cows, pure-bred cattle, hogs, poultry, a complete diversification that raises the standards of living and insures against the depression that often follows one-crop failures.

CHARACTERISTICS: The eastern Dakotas constitute a geographical entity that is a continuation of the rich plains of Iowa and Minnesota. It is simply newer country rapidly taking on the characteristics of the old. Southeastern South Dakota is one of the richest corn areas in the world. From this point the flood of corn moves northwestward, giving place by degrees to wheat and flax and the open range. Farms dot the prairie even in the remotest parts; and thriving towns are springing up rapidly. Abundant deposits of good coal!

INDUSTRY: The industry of the region is based almost entirely on its agriculture. About 80% of the population of the eastern Dakotas is agricultural. The industries centering in cities like Sioux Falls, Mitchell, Fargo, Aberdeen, are chiefly packing livestock products, distributing agricultural implements, shipping grain and distribution and maintenance of transportation.

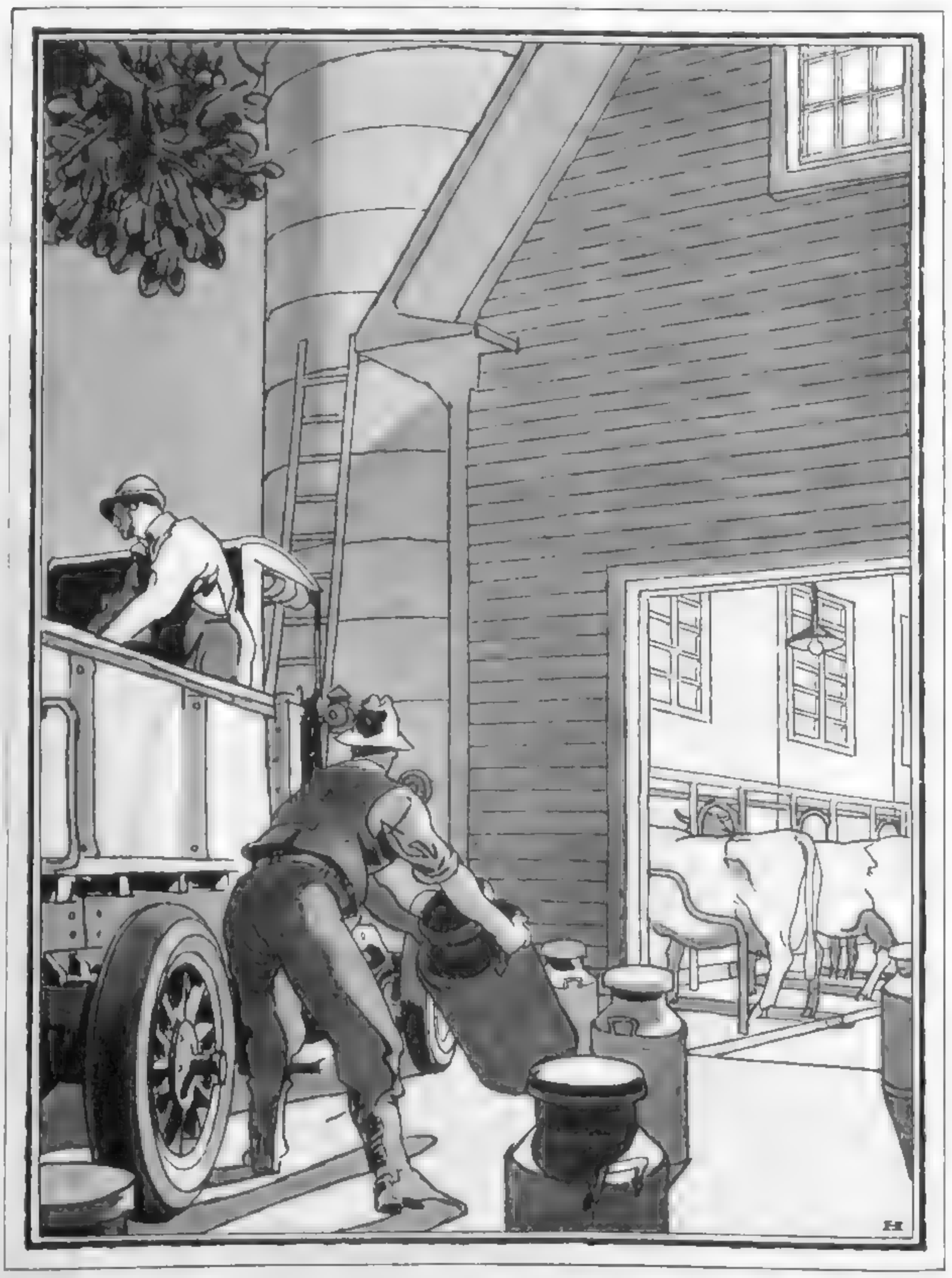
AGRICULTURE: South Dakota, as a state, though 36th in population, ranks 8th in corn production, 4th in spring wheat, 5th in barley, 3rd in flaxseed, 5th in oats, 4th in rye and 1st in wild hay. These are the leading growing crops, though the yield of a variety of other crops, principally alfalfa and clover, is very high. Cattle are raised at high profits because of the cheapness of forage.

CULTURE: The Dakotas have existed as states for only 36 years. Modern ideas, therefore, govern their aspirations. Community life is very strong, and the interest paid to education is striking. Education is provided for everyone in the state, with special provisions for the transportation of children living at a distance from schools and advanced education for those who have no high schools in their vicinity. The state colleges, normal schools and technical institutions have a high reputation. All leading religious denominations are represented in the larger communities throughout the region.

The Corn Palace

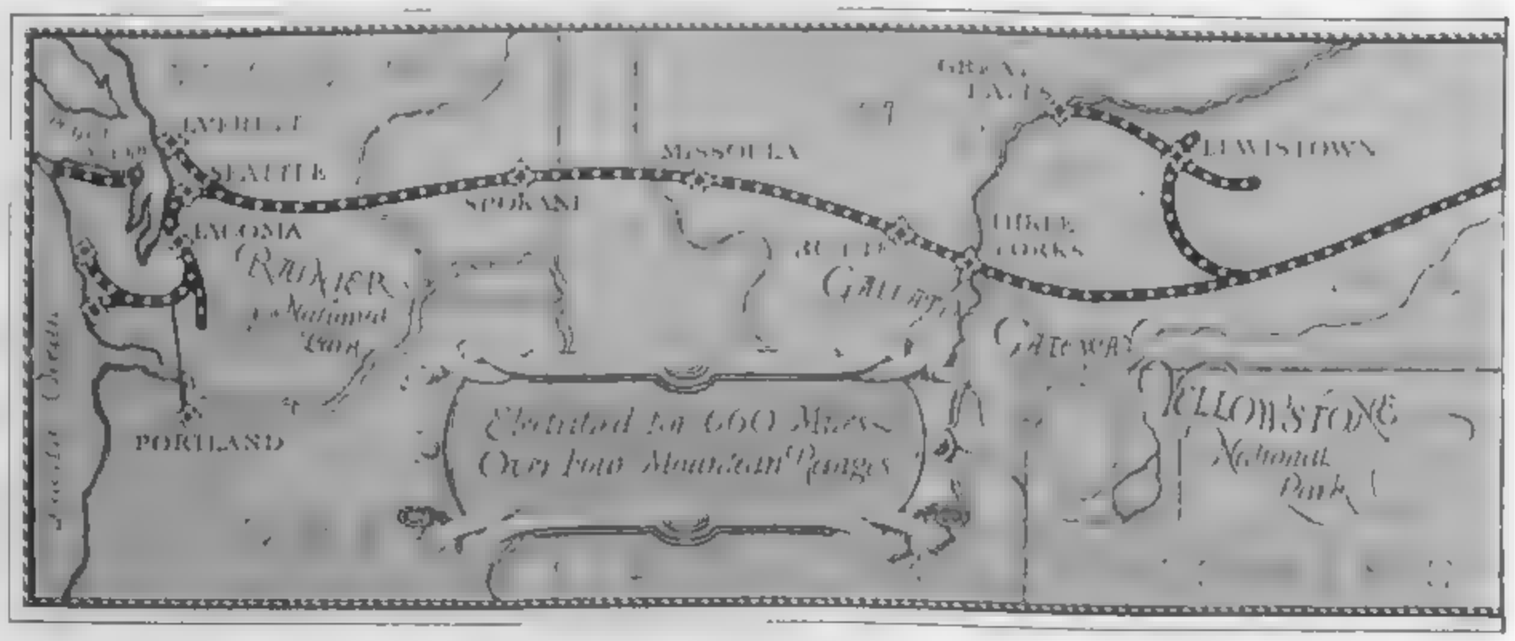
Nothing is more expressive of the character and spirit of this region than the Corn Palace at Mitchell. This remarkable institution developed spontaneously as a community expression of joy at the completion of the harvest. Architecturally the building is unique, its outer walls being covered with elaborate mosaics laid in natural colors in harvest corn and grain. A festival is held here for a full week, and visitors come from many parts of the United States. This prairie town raises a fund of about $40,000 to entertain guests and visitors, and the best talent procurable is brought thousands of miles.

The Dakotas are young—virile—boiling with energy and ambition and new ideas. As rapidly as tractor plows can turn the virgin sod new wealth is being created. The present generation is bound to see tremendous expansion in industries and agricultural wealth.



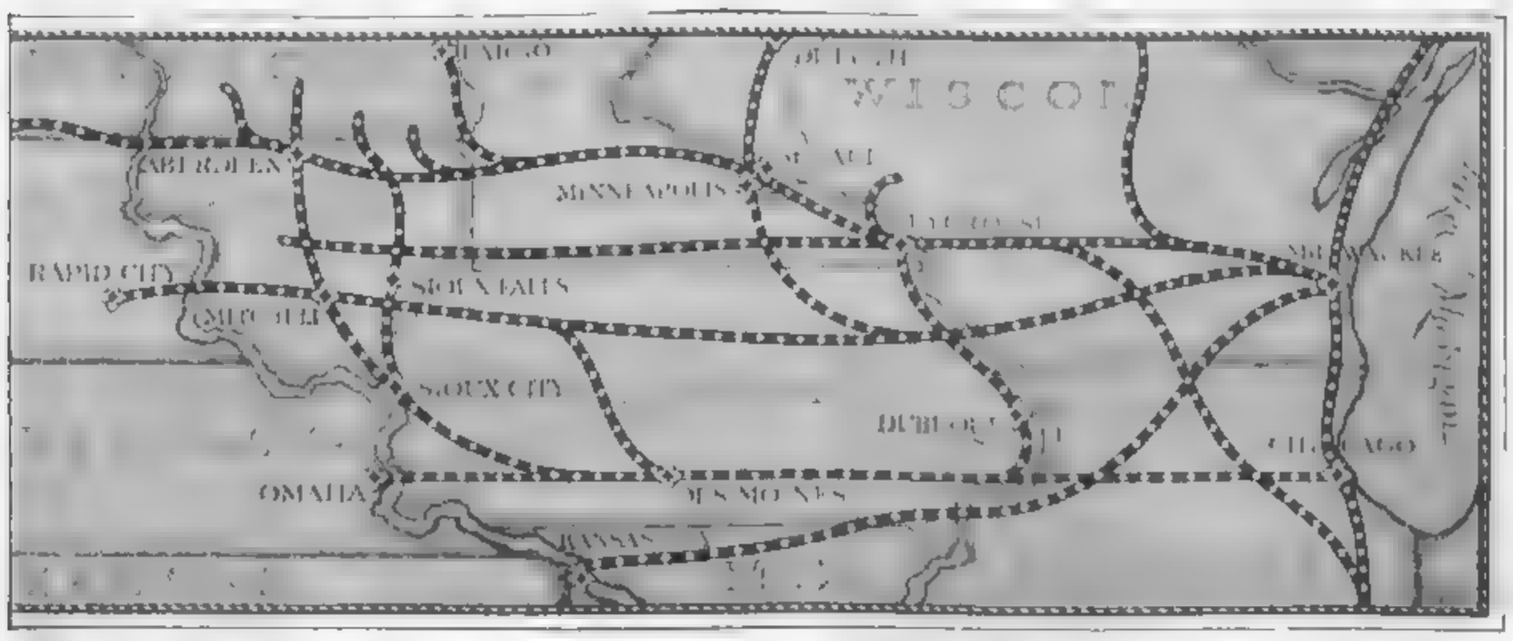
SHORTEST AND MOST MODERN ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC AND FAR EAST

The



The recognized route between Chicago, Milwaukee and Twin Cities,

MILWAUKEE ROAD



Kansas City, Omaha, Des Moines, Sioux City, Butte, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma

Railroad pioneering

With the coming of the railroad the fertile Dakotas passed rapidly from the pioneer stage. Cultivation of the rich prairie soil and the development of modern towns followed the construction of railroads that replaced the tedious and costly wagon trains. They provided swift, economical outlets to great markets, and brought back tools of production, necessities and luxuries of life, and settlers in an endless stream. Chief of the great pioneering roads was the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul.

The Milwaukee Road is closely identified with the story of progress and development throughout all the vast block that forms the northwestern quarter of the United States. Commencing in 1851 with a pioneer line from Milwaukee westward, it has grown into a system 11,000 miles long, employing 60,000 men.

The Milwaukee Road not only serves all the great agricultural areas, it also extends its splendid service into all the industrial and commercial centers of this enormous territory. It reaches from Chicago to Kansas City, Omaha, Des Moines, Sioux City; to Milwaukee and the upper Michigan Peninsula; to Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth; westward to the Black Hills; and to Butte, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, the Olympic Peninsula and the Pacific!

It is a long way from the little wood-burners of 1851 to the electric giants that go humming for 660 miles over four mountain ranges, from Montana to Puget Sound! A pioneer in opening new territory, the Milwaukee Road has always been a pioneer also in railroad engineering and equipment. The newest revolutionizing improvement is the equipment of *passenger cars with roller bearings!*

For beauty and for profit

Whether you are planning a business trip or a vacation, the opportunities along the Milwaukee Road are unsurpassed. From the ten thousand lakes of Minnesota, across the golden splendor of the plains, through the Belt, Bitter Root, Rocky and Cascade Mountains, to the glories of the Olympics and Puget Sound, there is a diversity and richness of beauty that has no parallel. It is all new country, virile, progressive. The trend of commerce towards Pacific outlets makes this region one of most vital interest to business leaders.

TO PUGET SOUND
THE CHICAGO MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY
ELECTRIFIED

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway
Room 884, Union Station, Chicago, Ill.

Make a check before the region that interests you. We have the closest co-operation with Chambers of Commerce and other business organizations who will supply you with detailed information.

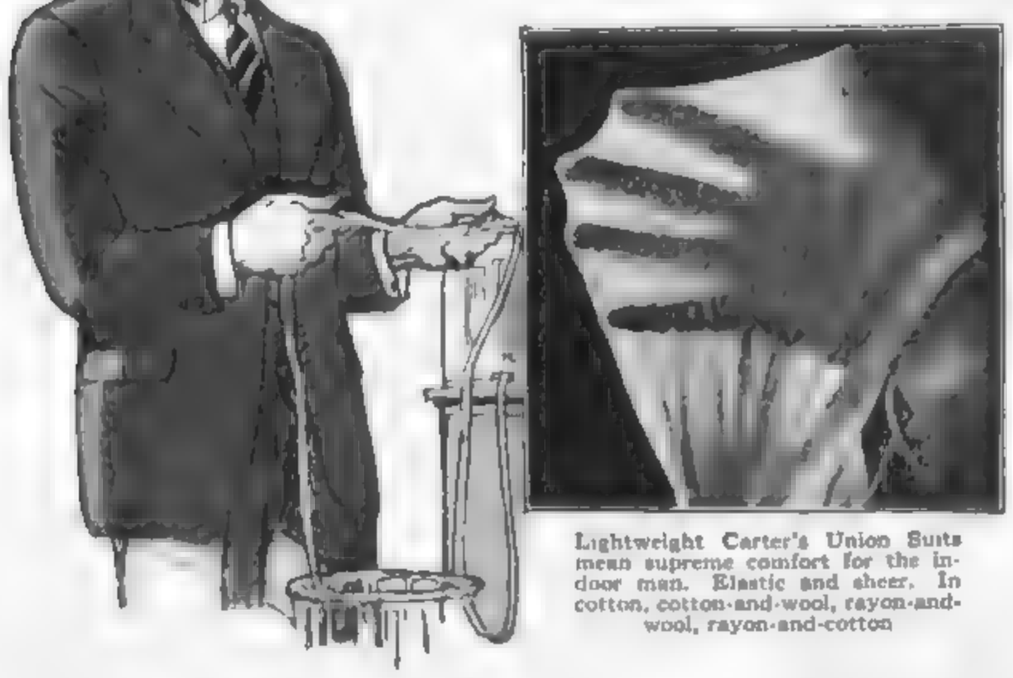
☐ Puget Sound	☐ Agricultural Montana	☐ Minneapolis-St. Paul
☐ Inland Empire	☐ Upper Missouri R. Valley	☐ Wisconsin
☐ Industrial Montana	☐ Eastern Dakotas	☐ Iowa
☐ Kansas City	☐ Omaha—The Western Gate	

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ 1-L

For outdoor men, the heavier Carter's Union Suits are warm but never cumbersome. Cotton, cotton-and-wool, rayon-and-wool, or wool



Lightweight Carter's Union Suits mean supreme comfort for the indoor man. Elastic and sheer. In cotton, cotton-and-wool, rayon-and-wool, rayon-and-cotton

Outdoor men
Indoor men

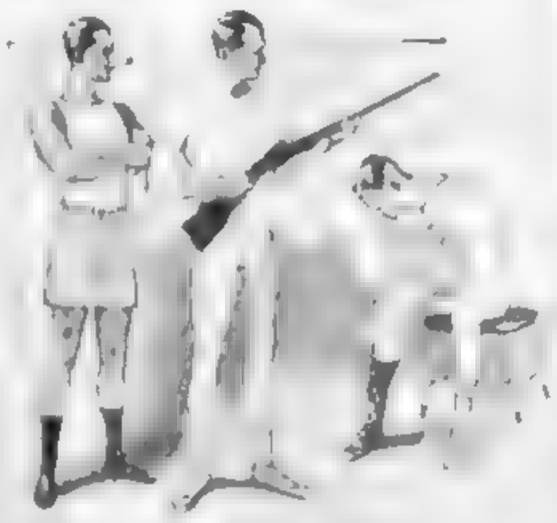
here's underwear just warm enough

BEHIND a husky shovel or an office desk—in damp northern woods or among palms in Dixie—anywhere you go you need underwear right for your life.

Every Carter's Union Suit is built on this principle. There's a Carter weight, a Carter fabric to fill *any* man's need.

Slip into a Carter suit. Immediately you say: "At last, comfortable underwear!"

The reasons are simple. Whether you're long or short, broad or narrow, Carter's fits . . . Every model is *tailored*—on actual living men. To fit every typical build. And every one of the fifty-odd Carter fabrics is knit by a special multi-needled method that gives it amazing springiness. After months of wear, this underwear still moulds itself to any contour, any position.



Full-length sleeves and legs, three-quarter length, or athletic styles

Flat seams, snug-fitting cuffs, military "sag-proof" shoulders, roomy seat with a special flap, buttons that stay: these are some Carter details you will appreciate. Ask to see the new lightweights for indoor men. Be sure to get the right measurement from crotch to shoulder. The William Carter Company, Needham Heights (Boston District), Massachusetts.

Carter's UNION SUITS *for Men*

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 151)

when in conversation with business women who had not had similar advantages.

In the main the women one meets in the business world are people who have fought their way up from the ranks against overwhelming odds. They are often extremely sensitive, and it is neither kind nor wise to induce in them, by tall talk, a feeling of inferiority. Sometimes these women are powerful and their antagonism is bitterest toward anyone who attacks them in what they know to be their most vulnerable spot.

Another woman of assured social position who, through financial reverses, was forced into business, was careful not to drag her social background into the picture, but she could not overcome her inclination to regard her associates as people who just didn't count. She didn't mean to be unkind, but these people who worked all day long beside her wouldn't have meant a thing to her in her former *milieu*, and she couldn't learn to regard them as people who could conceivably have an effect on her present life. That they could have she discovered to her subsequent sorrow. She was eventually forced out of her very lucrative position, which she had won through sheer force of ability, by the concerted animosity she had aroused among all her associates through her air of complete indifference to their existence.

A Woman With Spunk

The proper balance of conduct is a hard one for the style adviser to maintain. She must be friendly, but not intimate with any of her confreres. Helpful, but not clubby; never rude, but always brave in defense of her own ideas. I have heard a merchandise manager say of a style adviser: "No, I couldn't use her. She didn't have any spunk. The buyers could put it all over her. She had good ideas, but no moral stamina."

It is most essential that the prophet of profits be a woman of wide education. Called upon constantly to furnish ideas for apt advertising and unique window settings depicting the style points of all sorts of merchandise from gloves to face powder, from negligees to letter paper, one must be familiar with history, with art, with the literature of all ages, with epochs and their manners. There must be an unlimited flow of pat phrases, an unfailing ability to hit the fashion nail neatly on the head. She must sense immediately the period whence a revived mode is derived and the background that best complements its renascence.

The most valuable of all novitiates is served by attaching oneself as assistant buyer to one of the Paris buying offices representing several large American stores. The pay is small and the work is hard, but the opportunity for the garnering of knowledge is enormous. Every sort of material that goes into a great department store will be worked upon. Where the buyers buy, when, how much and at what prices, will be learned. The French tongue will be easily mastered and a familiarity will be gained with the foibles and fancies of the smartest and most cosmopolitan society gathered together anywhere.

Any woman, having come to the decision, after adding up her talents, that she is heaven-born for the business of style advising, would do well to sit down alone with herself and do a further little job of psychoanalyzing. She should search her soul honestly and fearlessly to discover whether her nature holds large reservoirs of tact. If it doesn't or it can't, she will do well to eschew the calling before she begins. Some people are born tactful. Others have to acquire it through a succession of bitter experiences. Some never are able to come by it. If you belong to the latter class don't think of adopting style advising as a career. It will be fatal to your better nature and you will be intensely irritating to your associates and employers. Tact must be the fashion adviser's cardinal virtue.

Being Tactful With the Tactless

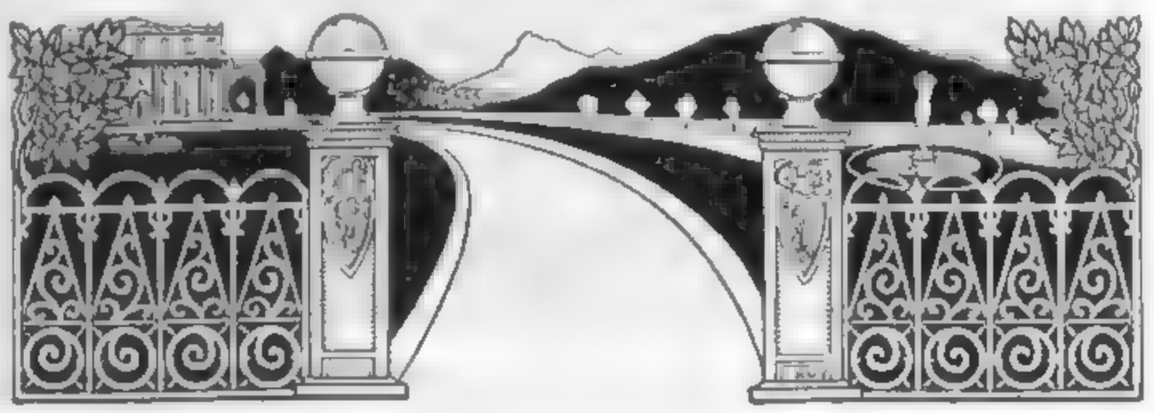
Hers will be the task of suggesting with suavity and grace that the window decorator cease to make a hash of conflicting modes and colors; hers the burden of intimating to the advertising department that the style copy is as dull as dishwater; hers to indicate to a buyer that he's way off in his selection of hats or shoes or pocketbooks; hers the doubtful honor of guiding her associates in the way they should go. They loathe being guided. Everybody loathes it. But should she fail to guide them, feeling that it would be more tactful not to attempt to do so, she'd soon find herself embroiled with the merchandise manager, who doesn't have to use tact.

"Why are we using Spanish shawls in our windows when all our competitors have ceased to use them?" he will inquire of her accusingly. "Why are there evening shoes in the same window with street frocks? Why haven't we shown any of the new velours bags? What's the matter with our publicity? Why hasn't it more style punch? How did it happen that Blank & Blank beat us to that new green? What's the matter with our shoe department? It hasn't had a style idea in months. I'm busy with figures. It's up to you to watch our style standing."

Excuses aren't of the least use. The style adviser has to foresee everything, forestall every style contingency.

All manner of people engaged in all manner of pursuits are masquerading as fashion advisers. A perfect epidemic of them has broken out in the past few months. Designers call themselves stylists. Buyers do, too, when they can get away with it. Professional shoppers have adopted the title and copy writers sign themselves "fashionists," whatever that may mean. Many department stores loosely allow the term to be used by women doing personal-service work of one kind or another. But advising an occasional customer as to the selection of her wardrobe, shopping with her and for her, is not fulfilling the function of a style adviser by a very great deal. Personal aid in shopping is indispensable, advice to customers as to whether one should wear greens or blues, stripes or plaids, taffetas or satins, may be of considerable value to the large department store, but aid of that kind can at best influence only a very small group of women.

The true fashion adviser influences the whole fabric of the organization to which she is attached, as well as competitive organizations and the shopping public of the city in which she works. Indeed, her influence sometimes reaches out and makes itself felt over the whole country. Her ideas, when they are revolutionary, inspired, and of great practical value, send out repercussions that are eventually felt from New York to San Francisco, from Maine to California.



Use Oil for Care-Free Heating

WITH an oil heater your house is fueled as easily as your automobile, and in the same way—through a hose. The oil truck stops a few minutes at your home, and then drives on. You are not disturbed in any way.

And then your oil heater automatically transforms the oil into clean, uniform, wholesome heat.

How to Insure Satisfactory Oil Heating

First. Send for the book entitled "Oil Heating—The Modern Miracle of Comfort." It contains a wealth of vital information, and gives detailed specifications of the manufacturers who are members of the Oil Heating Institute.

Second. Go to the oil-heater dealer in your community in whom you have confidence. He is pretty sure to be the agent for one of these manufacturers, and will be glad to assume the responsibility of satisfactory oil heating for your house.

Third. As long as automobiles run on gasoline, there will be plenty of fuel oil for heating. But it is important for you to become acquainted, right at the beginning, with your local fuel oil conditions. Put this responsibility, too, on the shoulders of your oil-heater dealer.

Fourth. You cannot expect satisfactory heating from any fuel unless your heating plant is efficient and adequate. If changes are necessary, they should be made before the oil heater is installed. Once the heating system itself is satisfactory, it is a simple matter to install a satisfactory oil heater.

Fifth. Visit an oil-heated home in your neighborhood, and ask questions.

Sixth. Your investigation having provided you with actual facts on oil heating conditions in your neighborhood, the next step is to give the dealer the order to go ahead.

What an improvement you will experience at once! A clean basement, with extra space free from dust and grime, and greater cleanliness throughout the house!

Your oil heater will keep you warm not only in zero weather, but it will also maintain an even temperature during those changeable days of spring and fall which offer the greatest heating problem of the year.

For health, comfort and convenience, install an oil heater in your home this winter. And as the first step toward enjoying this most satisfactory, care-free heating method, read the Oil Heating Institute's 80-page book. It is written by authorities on every phase of the subject, and gives complete information on how to select satisfactory oil heating equipment.

OIL HEATING INSTITUTE
350 Madison Avenue New York City

This book is free—
MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!

OIL HEATING INSTITUTE,
350 Madison Ave., New York City.

Please send me, free of charge, your book entitled "Oil Heating—The Modern Miracle of Comfort," containing instructions on how to select oil heating equipment.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

OIL HEATING INSTITUTE
OIL HEAT
AS BENEVOLENT AS SUNSHINE

This is the Emblem of the
Oil Heating Institute

This is the symbol of satisfactory public service in oil heating.

Only the manufacturers who are members of the Oil Heating Institute are permitted to use it.

These manufacturers have earned their membership through the enthusiasm of thousands of home owners whom they have provided with efficient and dependable oil heating.

This emblem protects you, and it will be protected, on your behalf, by the Oil Heating Institute.

The Oil Heating Institute is prepared to furnish special information on the heating of churches, theatres, hotels, apartment houses and office buildings, and on the various heat-treating processes of industry.

Ask for Window Glass by Name — say Libbey-Owens

It is a really flat sheet glass and of uniform thickness because it is made that way by an exclusive process —

which means clearer vision, sightlier windows and time, labor and money saved in cutting and glazing

Always Specify

Libbey-Owens

FLAT-DRAWN CLEAR
SHEET GLASS FOR WINDOWS

Distributed through representative Glass Jobbers and used by Sash and Door Manufacturers Everywhere

THE LIBBEY-OWENS SHEET GLASS COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO

BOTTOMLESS POND

(Continued from Page 44)

tobacco he consumed; and lately he was learning that, on the sly, his daughter, with all her other sins, consumed about as much tobacco as he did himself, but in the less moral shape of cigarettes.

If it had been opium, he would not have felt materially worse about it. He had found the butt ends caught amongst the crimson ramblers underneath her bedroom window—hers and Gil's—and a few as far away as the currant bushes, just where she had lain in bed and snapped them through the open window, as current gossip circumstantially related.

"Look here," he said now, with a hand on Gil Holland's knee, "don't you encourage that girl's sincy-soncy streak more'n you have to. You'll begin laying down the law when it's too late, and then you won't have any sympathizers. She don't do her own washing, now she's inherited; or maybe it's on account of the risk to her back. It never broke her mother's, and she'd make two of Abbie Rain right now, put 'em on the scales."

It was her heart that had to be considered, Gil explained. There was some little out about it, nothing serious, that Steritt was investigating.

"All ails it is those devilish cigarettes," Mr. Rain growled. His big nose forged at Gil like a ram. He maintained, with a frightening aspect, that he had never thought to live to see the day when a daughter of his should be afflicted with tobacco heart.

"If she has got it, we better hush it up," he said ominously. He was a bulldozer, a tribal force, an extinguisher of fires. He thrust his jaw out as if he propelled words like bullets and made a target of his hearers. His corncob was older than Gil Holland's, stronger, the wisdom in its smoke more acrimonious. "You've let slip your hold," he whispered gloomily. "Women ain't constituted so you can. You disengage her from this young Cy Morrell."

"How would you go about it?"

"I ain't sure just the application of a cedar shingle wouldn't get results," the fire chief let fall.

Gil Holland laughed mournfully and went home to his solitary dinner. He looked whimsically at his ten finger ends. Butter-fingers! Yes, he had let her slip. Something had arisen between them which they had never visioned in their crystal gazing. There was some secret grievance in the Holland household. Last night, instead of coming into his study, where he was getting out his weekly editorial, she had stood thirty feet away, marvelous in a silk nightgown, Nile green, and just kissed her finger tips at him before vanishing through the door. Profile moods were getting frequent with her.

He could not fathom her. Had Amy Howe's legacy fired her heart with an ambition which left no room for love? He could not say, and this in spite of the fact that he had lately actually seen her heart, waxing and waning, a black shadow, practically in the center of her body too. This had been with the help of Steritt's fluoroscope.

"I guess your heart will never throw you off your balance, where it's pretty central," he had said; and she had laughed her light lazy little laugh.

A night or two after hearing Hanrahan's request, reaching up to put the hall light out, Gil made up his mind that he would follow Jeremiah Rain's advice. He would have to bring Margaret up, somehow, with a round turn—a round turn. He went steering across the bedroom in a northeasterly direction through the dark. His course was calculated to avoid that brass-bound corner of a camphorwood chest squatted at the bed's foot. But it could not, naturally, take account of a shift in the position of the rocking-chair, which Margaret had dragged away from the window and covered with a blanket, to shield her eyes from the moon's rays when the moon later rose. He sprawled hideously across the rocking-chair. Margaret's irrepressible peal of laughter afflicted him like a curse.

"Joe Gum," she whispered, her voice half strangled in the pillow, "if there was one chair in the great Sahara Desert, wouldn't you aingle it out? Did you hurt yourself?"

"Not beyond repair."

"Oh, if only there could be a movie of you getting into bed!" she moaned, ravished by his awkwardness. But then he felt her hand laid in his. "You didn't get the money you were hoping to?"

"No."

"I can lend it to you."

"No, I'll go on at the old gait, thank you."

It was impossible, of course, that he should have gone on at the old gait. He confessed that to himself, later, in September, standing in front of Jeremiah Rain's house and debating with himself whether or not to ring the bell. At the top step he saw, laid against the front of the house, that warped outside door of matched boards, the diamond-shaped hole in the center covered by a wooden pendulumlike limb pivoting just above the hole. It hadn't been screwed on yet.

Gil pulled at the brown bell knob absently. It came away in his hand, but even that rasping noise was enough to bring Mr. Rain to the door. He opened it before Gil could put the knob back in place again. The fire chief took his son-in-law into the parlor and called to Abbie Rain. She came wiping her hands on her apron.

"I'm right into it. Fall cleaning," she said. "I suppose Margaret has got hers all done by this time."

"It goes on all the time at our place," Gil said, "but I don't often see Margaret's hand in it."

"It's your own fault," Jeremiah cut in, as if saying to a consignee that the goods as shipped had been in standard condition.

"I did my best when I had her," Mrs. Rain said resignedly.

"Since she come into this property," Rain went on, shooting the words at their mark with his revolving jawbone, "she hasn't thought of one blessed thing except how ornamental she can make herself and what a fool's use she can make of her time."

"Where she has the property, though, there's no need for her to drudge," Gil said. "I suppose I am capable of running the business end of it, where she hates business." He added, with grim amusement at their discomfiture, "She pays me a very good salary—more than I'm worth. She's offered to raise me twice, and I won't have it."

"There's nothing any longer to tie her feet to the earth," Jeremiah said darkly. "I hear talk now of her going this winter to London to some sort of a dramatic school."

"I have heard that rumored," Gil replied.

Old Rain's hands came down hard on the arms of his chair. He levered himself to his feet and hung forward.

"Better for me and mine if the old woman had left her hotel to public charity," he said fiercely. Gil had nothing to say to this, and Rain went on in another voice: "Why, I asked you to step round here—speaking of the hotel reminds me of it—it seems the policy on the building has lapsed. I've got a new girl breaking in in my office. Some ways, she's too handsome. She forgot to notify you."

"I suppose you can make out a new policy?"

"I could, yes, if it wasn't for that uncut hay next the riverside. That's a fire risk that I can't shut my eyes to, in justice to my principals. Can't you get somebody to slay that hay?"

"There's no market for it. It's not worth cutting."

"Still, it's got to be got rid of."

"I might see old Cutler on my way downtown and tell him to get a man and burn it. If he'll do it, I'll notify you to have a man from your department stand by with a piece of apparatus. That's how Amy Howe got rid of it last year, wasn't it?"

Jeremiah nodded. Gil Holland got away at once and went across lots toward the Holland house. It, too, was now disguising itself against him. A solarium was added. All the blinds were painted light green, they were solid, and the upper panels had heart-shaped holes punched in them. Even the windows seemed to have multiplied.

Indoors, the change was even more marked. Margaret had not got round to the kitchen yet, because she wasn't often there; but a lot of French doors were in place in the front of the house, a concealed fireplace had been opened, rugs were hung on the walls. Upstairs, their bedroom had been done over in old rose and gold. There were twin beds in which a man was invited to sleep with his heels a trifle higher than his head, twin smoking stands, twin closets. Everything to get the twin effect without actually having twins, Mr. Rain had told his neighbors.

Anne Macaulay, in the kitchen, was talking dresses with a friend of hers. There was one rule where the bust was bigger than the hips, Gil gathered, and another rule where the hips were bigger than the bust. Anne was going to put in an interlining, she said, of some new kind of goods that looked like cambric and still it wasn't cambric.

All that, Gil reflected, his wife would hear with a smile of amused toleration. She had got clean away from that unending topic. He wouldn't have objected to her sophistication—he rather liked it; but she was using it as a means of practically vanishing out of his sight, as she had lately withdrawn her image from that star-reflecting surface of Bottomless.

"Mr. Holland," Anne shouted in a strained voice through the whole length of the house, "you'll have to take a pail across the road if we're to have any drinking water. Something's gone wrong with the water main, and they've shut off my water."

He took the galvanized-iron pail which she dragged out from under the sink, and went across the road. But in the shadow of the alders there he checked himself. A familiar click told him that his wife was driving old golf balls across the Pond to accustom herself to a water hazard. Cy Morrell, in blazing apparel, watched her critically. Gil himself was lost in admiration of her loitering stroke; but he would not admit to Margaret that there could be anything admirable in this performance. Outraged to find that she, professionally coached, could hit a golf ball farther than he could himself, he had said that golf was the diversion of a weakling generation which had devised or at least perfected a game where a man's strength would go for nothing.

"His physical strength," she had retorted. "You probably mean that nowadays there's too big a premium on mere brains."

He had had half a mind to wash that red mouth of hers out with soap, as if she had been a child and had said a naughty thing. What he now heard made him regret that he had not.

"Easy on that backswing," Mr. Morrell advised, mouthing an amber cigarette holder with a gleaming red-mustachioed lip. "If the ball does go in, curtains, since the pond hasn't any bottom."

"Silly," young Mrs. Holland said. "I don't suppose it's more than six or eight feet deep at the deepest part."

Gil Holland retreated and took water from his neighbor's well. That night, when he returned from his office, he heard Margaret upstairs, humming a snatch of Morrell's latest song hit: "After the wedding, nothing but hard sledding, so you better get your good times now."

She was inspecting the lock of their bedroom door.

"I rather think a certain lady in your employ is making free with my perfumes," she said casually. "I wonder if you couldn't tinker with that lock so it would lock."

He called for a screw driver.

"There's only the screw driver to the sewing machine," Margaret said calmly.

There it was, as usual. He was handicapped by this ludicrous lack of tools. He had done his last job—and a delicate job too—with only the stove shaker and a carving knife.

Now, with the sewing-machine screw driver, he succeeded in taking out two screws at the edge of the door. His theory was that the lock wouldn't function on account of all that paint from an unskillful brush that had got squeezed into it. He meant, however, to have a searching look at its inwards. He assembled such tools as were to be found in the kitchen, where the flat-footed Anne Macaulay was going about doing drably the work he had expected Margaret Rain to busy herself beautifully about.

"A month from now the chances are she'll be in London," he thought to himself miserably.

Going back with a patented can opener, he inserted its corkscrew in the screw hole with the intention of pulling the lock case out of the edge of the door altogether. But this tug on his part had the sole result of taking the curl out of the corkscrew. He heard Anne Macaulay at the back of the house humming one of Cy Morrell's songs—the one with the refrain "There's a little lack o' liquor in my locker." All the world evidently darted sidelong, thistlewise, at a puff of that man's lips.

Margaret said, with a surprising lack of tact, "Mightn't you have better luck if you took off the two door knobs first?"

She had a maddening mechanical gift, of no use to a woman, except to make her inquisitive and obstructive where the restoration of machine parts was going on. He had no answer for her. She didn't stir. She loved to moon in doorways.

"The shank of the door knob goes clear through the lock case," she explained. "You're just pulling against a steel bar with that corkscrew. Ah, ah—I will not have you using my sewing-machine screw driver to wedge in there like that. No!"

With this help, he pulled the lock case out of the edge of the door. He took out one screw and the thing fell into two equal parts. A puzzling interior mechanism, full of dust rolls, was revealed. He glared, mystified, as he had at the heart's shadow in Margaret's breast. He saw it, and still he didn't see it. Fascinated by the thought of seeing the lock mechanism operate, however, he inserted the key in the keyhole and turned it. At once everything leaped into his face.

Margaret shrieked, "You could give Houdini cards and spades!"

He picked a slip of curving steel out of his eyebrow, and said distantly, "Maybe Harry Clifford had better have a look at this."

Gil Holland found old Andy Cutler sitting on the yellow settee on the front porch of the Crosby House, and told him to be on hand at six o'clock with one other man to burn the hay back of the big hotel. Andy Cutler said that he would be on hand, but he moaned the necessity of burning hay. That was due to the degenerate lack of horses which had forced him to shut up his blacksmith shop for five days a week.

Then, looking through the window of the hotel office, Gil saw Leo Hanrahan leaning against the cigar case. The producer wore English clothes, and carried his shoulders so far back as to retract his coat collar unpleasantly from his neck. He wore spats, and held a manuscript high against his chest on the heart side. His presence here after the season had ended could mean but one thing.

Gil Holland went in and called the detested man by name.

"I thought you might be looking for me," he said.

"For Mrs. Holland," Hanrahan lisped.

(Continued on Page 160)

WHAT have they found—these million and more men who wear Bostonians? Some call it good looks; some, style; some, character. We call it individuality, that quality of style and comfort that is never absent in Bostonians. *Mostly $7 to $10 the pair.*

THE STADIUM

BOSTONIANS
Shoes for Men

How will you find Bostonians? They are sold wherever you find this Dealer Sign.

Our Fall Style Booklet is waiting to tell you more about Bostonians. May we send it?

COMMONWEALTH SHOE AND LEATHER COMPANY
WHITMAN MASSACHUSETTS

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HOOSIER'S SENSATIONAL

The
NEW HOOSIER BEAUTY
with
colored glassware & dishes

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HOOSIER'S unlimited buying power and the co-operation of two great manufacturers and hundreds of Hoosier dealers have made possible the greatest values ever offered in high-grade kitchen equipment.

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Medford Hillside, Mass.

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(Continued from Page 157)

"She's not the easiest person in the world to find," Gil said. "Your best bet will be to come along with me to supper."

This, he knew, was sheer perversity on his part, since he had been trained and disciplined in the art of overlooking the necessity of other people's eating. However, he felt perverse.

"My dear fellow, I couldn't think ——" Hanrahan was beginning.

"Nonsense! It's always open house up at our place," said the ghost of Jim Holland. "My wife would never forgive me if I didn't bring you home."

They strolled toward the Holland place in perfect amity; and Hanrahan explained that, acting on Mrs. Holland's instructions, he had got a place for her in an exclusive school of dramatic art in London.

London! Gil opened the front door. The place smelled deserted, as Abbie Rain would say. He ushered Hanrahan into the living room and went out into the kitchen. Nothing was there but a deadened fire, with fresh coal on top of it, and the unenlightening tick of the clock on the mantel. Rocking on his heels, he now remembered that this was Anne Macaulay's night off; and on these nights he was expected, if Margaret didn't appear, to get himself a snack out of the pantry.

He went through the kitchen into the barn, and through the barn—ah, there she was on the so-celebrated tennis court. She had rooted out the apple trees that would no longer bear and replaced them with Lombardy poplars. All traces of the old vegetable garden had vanished. The court itself was of finest blue clay, fat as butter, sculptor's clay in fact, and covered with a sifting of white sea sand.

The game was stopped. One of the strings of her racket had snapped. Gil heard her telling Mr. Morrell that she had another in the barn. She came toward him, humming Morrell's latest atrocity, opened the door.

"Didn't you hear me?" Gil said tensely.

"Didn't I hear you what?"

"Hear me call."

But had he called?

"Some things I won't hear, Gil."

He saw her mouth suddenly a thread of scarlet, as stated in the Song of Solomon. Her voice had a concentration, a workmanlike fury beyond anything in his experience of her.

"If you think you can leave me high and dry ——" he persisted.

Her breast rose and fell sharply once, and was still.

"Gil, don't be childish. If you think you can whistle me into this house like your dog ——"

"There are some things that any wife ——" he began again, and broke off short. "I have brought a man home to supper," he stated conclusively.

He didn't add that it was the man of all men that she would want to see. He could see the wraith of Jim Holland leaning up against the empty horse stall, laughing at him. Authority had gone out with horses, evidently. He had better assert himself. He could see Jeremiah Rain's big nose forging at him. No one had ever questioned who was master of the Holland house in Jim Holland's day, Jeremiah had said tauntingly.

"You've been so silly as to bring someone home to eat, with Anne Macaulay gone?" Margaret asked. She could not believe her ears.

"It won't hurt you to provide a meal one day in seven," he retorted.

"Let's see you get it by asking for it in that tone of voice!" Margaret said dramatically.

A brilliant thought occurred to Gil Holland. She was, perhaps, delivered into his hands. What if he went in and told Hanrahan that his wife had been applied to, and was not interested enough even to come in and confer with him on the subject? The man would know him for a liar, but he would go away, and Margaret would have no grievance. It would be fate's poetic retaliation upon her for refusing to keep open house. This was a possible proceeding; and yet, now, suddenly and unreasonably, he was convinced that the grass would wither, the light fail, the sky collapse, unless he could compel his wife's obedience. He had forgotten the nature of their compact.

"Will you come with me?" he whispered harshly.

"Peaceably, you mean?"

The ironic insinuation was like a lash across his eyes. She held out her wrists, crossed, and his fingers nipped them.

"Any way at all."

He picked her up, *vi et armis;* but he had forgotten what an armful she could be. Strictly, he had never known. The palm of her hand was set against his chin, her arm, smooth as glass to his touch, was yet rigid as a bar, and directly over her shoulder her two eyes burned on him with a light of captive rage. She exerted every ounce of strength, and this was not so hopelessly short of his, by any means, but that an awkward struggle must ensue.

Instantly, in the second when he touched and lifted her, his own rage left him; there was something comic in that scuffle; but his determination was as keen as ever to persist in his outrageous course. In the instant of his hooking open the laundry door, and holding it open with one leg, she slipped, wriggling, through his arms to the floor and, pivoting on one heel, brought her open hand against his cheek with stinging force. His head rocked, his ear sang, but he still forced her ahead of him, while she, with her twisting elbow, brought down a tin pail from the end of the shelf over the set tubs. Those soapstone twins were still in place here, a remnant of the old order, though Margaret herself had never bent over them, more than to put clothes in soak for the woman who was coming in the morning. The tin pail made a horrid crash; she kicked at it willfully; and, notwithstanding, her inexorable husband pushed her a notch nearer the kitchen.

They were face to face, panting. Margaret Rain's hair was in her eyes, her look was blurred with angry tears, her cheek a lick of flame, her heart pounding hot against him.

In another second, or split second, he was through the kitchen door with her; her foot came down exactly in the middle of that brass footstep which had waited long, a trap baited for all the Holland women. In a twinkling, her resistance stopped. Feeling her limp, he let his own arms fall, dismayed.

She held her hands crossed high on her breast, as if to hold her heart from leaping through her side, and flung at him, "No doubt this has done me good."

Gil Holland saw that here was another mechanism which had broken in his clumsy fingers, flying up in his face like the door lock, only with consequences more disastrous. He felt the wind of her hatred sear him like a fire draft; she seemed burning up; but in the next second she was laughing—her light lazy laugh.

She had caught sight of Leo Hanrahan standing in the hall.

Gil Holland stood dumb, feeling the pink shape of his wife's hand blaze on his cheek. But Margaret still had resources. Her hard breathing, with swift invention, she laid to tennis. And would Mr. Hanrahan excuse a wife whose husband went habitually with his head in the clouds? She never knew ten seconds in advance when he was coming, or whether coming by himself or bringing others with him.

As if by tacit understanding, nothing was said about the London project.

"A woman must be all things to one man," she called, invisible in the kitchen. "He urges me to play golf, and then if for lunch I slip a slice or two of tongue into a sandwich and give it to him with lettuce and a glass of milk, he feels himself aggrieved, doesn't he, dear thing?"

Coming in with dishes, she passed a hand under her husband's chin, heaped his hair with poised fingers. Gil Holland felt the world darken, dwindle, shrink to nothing.

She was an actress, evidently; a succession of characters, assumed at will, copied from heaven knew where, and no one quite like any of the others. They must be right, these people, in their insistence on her talent for the theater.

And sitting down to the fruit cocktail which she had cleverly contrived, he could see nothing but the haglike face of Amy Howe hanging over her strawberry-box full of curses, which he had never quite seen the shape of and never feared till now, when they were raining on him fast.

Margaret, sitting opposite, her wit and coloring never so brilliant before, seemed unreal, delusive. Nothing but Hanrahan's presence made possible that innocent smile which she directed at Gil, telling the guest that she had to watch her husband closely while he was dividing the omelet.

"He hasn't a very good mathematical eye," she said softly, and as if tenderly indulgent of his awkwardness.

Gil felt that he must contrive to have this meal prolong itself into eternity, if he were not to be banished forthright into hell. But he had no sooner sat down to it than his wind was cut off short by the fire whistle, which blew one terror-stricken blast, and then three more, like a banshee scream over the house. He felt all the blood leave his heart. He put down his fork.

"Fiddlesticks!" Margaret pouted. "Must you go? It's probably just some miserable little bush fire. He's always on the *qui vive*, even in the middle of the night, to jump into his quick hitches, and off, when that silly whistle blows," she said to Hanrahan. "He's a call man at fifty cents a fire, and I wish you could see the condition he comes back in from some of them."

Gil Holland was remembering for the first time that he had not called up Jeremiah Rain to tell him to stand by while Andy Cutler burned that grass. The old blacksmith must have got impatient and gone ahead with the job on his own. Gil ran outdoors.

At once the fire scent was strong in his nostrils, and there was a devil's glow over the roof of Jeremiah Rain's house. He collided in the road with Andy Cutler, who sat down on a rock and hung his head in his hands.

"I touched off a little patch," he whimpered, "where you had told me Jerry would be coming with the chemical at six o'clock; and then, my soul, in no time at all the wind shifted, and away she went like the mill tail of hell. I've turned in the alarm."

"Where's the fire now?" Gil yelled.

"Ask where it ain't. It's got at that line of chicken coops. I guess they'll save the barn all right. They'll have to bring the hand tub up where the water main's broke and drop her suction hose into the pond. She'll throw a stream. She's all tuned up for the muster."

In fact the line of chicken coops which supplied the guests of the big hotel with broilers was already like a giant glowworm against the pitch blackness of the pines. It was like a length of fuse for touching off the outbuildings. Already the barn had caught under the eaves.

Then Gil saw the glitter of the hand tub Ocean standing in the road in front of Jeremiah's house. Part of her crew were backing her along toward the pond, the others laying out the hose in the direction of the fire. Jeremiah's red shirt was like a fire seed itself. In his hand he held his presentation silver speaking trumpet—the one he carried, mouth up, filled with ferns and flowers, in parades—but the orders he yelled through it a squally wind snatched away as fast as uttered.

Gil went past Abbie Rain and Anne Macaulay, standing together in stricken attitudes under the horse-chestnut tree.

Abbie Rain wailed, "Ain't he going to wet down our roof?" And Anne moaned, "Oh, I'm so deathly afraid of fire," and cracked her thumb joint.

Gil shouted in Jeremiah's ear, "There's twenty tons of last year's hay in the barn. If that gets going good, the big house is gone. Let the rest go and concentrate on that."

"I guess you've called in the doctor too late," Jeremiah said, and turned him a leering face. "Best I can do, it looks to me, crippled up the way the water is, is to keep the town side wet down." He added, *sotto voce*, "I guess everything's gone to suit you so far, eh?"

"I tell you, if the barn goes, the hotel goes!" Gil shouted.

"Q. E. D.," Jeremiah whispered. "But how in hell'd you happen to think how to ingineer it?"

(Continued on Page 164)

"Not So Hard, George! Not So HARD!"

THE WALLOPS

[*Number two of a series*]

The Midnight Conference

"I *did* telephone the plumber," insisted Clara Wallop from the stairs, "but nobody answers."

"Well, telephone him again," cried George Wallop in desperation. "My goodness, you don't expect me to hang onto this leaking pipe all night, do you?"

"You'd be upstairs asleep in bed if we only had some decent plumbing in the house," retorted Mrs. Wallop. "We've had nothing but leaks and leaks for years and it gets worse all the time."

"Yes," chimed in Lily Wallop, "and to say nothing of red-rusty water in the bath tub until I'm ashamed to ask anyone to stay overnight, over a Saturday night especially."

"And all the pipes are so choked up with rust, and it takes three quarters of an hour to take a bath," added Mrs. Wallop. When she and Lily discussed something, they did a good job of it, and the water still flowed around George's ankles.

"Well, this is a great time to go into it," said he. "Don't hurry, don't skip over any of it. Talk it over, get every detail into it, I don't mind standing here a bit."

Lily evidently took him at his word, for she sat down on the top step and made herself comfortable. She was interested in finding the right solution to these household problems, and she spoke thoughtfully and from the heart.

"You know, father, what we ought to have in this house is brass pipe.* Mr. Stewartson, the architect, spoke to me about it last week. He says brass can't rust or get clogged and lasts forever."

*Lily is right. Everyone is putting in brass pipe nowadays and replacing any worn-out rusted pipes with brass, too. Next time a question of pipe repairs comes up think of Alpha Brass Pipe.

All brass pipes are not the same. Alpha Brass Pipe is better than ordinary brass pipe because it contains more copper and lead. It is produced by a special process because of its mixture, but at practically no additional cost, and is the only trademarked pipe of its kind. Plumbers prefer it because it cuts cleaner and sharper threads, making leak-proof joints. It positively cannot rust, and the Alpha trademark, stamped every 12 inches, guarantees it for soundness and satisfaction.

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EDGWOOD SHINGLES

Cut edge grain—will not warp, cup or curl

CUT FROM THE MIGHTY CEDARS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

(Continued from Page 161)

Engineer it! Gil Holland shook like a leaf. The fire chief was complimenting him on his sagacity in destroying Margaret's wealth. Jeremiah in fact was in a strategic position to see the whole thing burn level with the ground. The insurance policy had lapsed, and his principals, the insurance company, wouldn't suffer in the least. Even his prestige as a fire fighter would be undimmed, since he would be able to say that the water main was broken and that he had been forced to resort to an antiquated hand tub.

"I wouldn't think of ordering my men up in front of that barn," he said now with his engaging leer. "The south wall's only hanging by a hair as it is. I was looking at it only yesterday. The whole thing's due to collapse."

Collapse! Jeremiah Rain was a strong man, but Gil Holland was a madman. He emerged from the encounter with a remnant of Jeremiah's shirt, in which he arrayed himself; and immediately grabbed a fireman's hat off the head of weak-minded Sully Taite, who was standing by the hand tub.

"Get a stream on that barn!" Gil yelled to Harvey Taite. The fireman nodded, buttoning his beard inside his fire coat. But flesh and blood couldn't by now get too near the barn without something interposed. Gil ran and picked up the storm door, which was still leaning, unattached, against the front of Rain's house. Holding this as a shield, he advanced against the barn, and the hosemen dragged the hose along in an interval during which they had signaled Andy Cutler to stop the flow of water. This he did with that newfangled clamp, like great iron nippers, a couple of hundred feet back of the nozzle.

Then Gil saw the fire chief, revived, coming toward him. The thing had got beyond the powers of the speaking trumpet, and he had pitched that down at Abbie's feet. The nozzle, with its twin handles, like a loving cup, was pointing, as it chanced, directly at the chief's yellow undershirt, within which expanded the whole volume of his rage. Gil waved an arm at Andy Cutler, who removed the clamp. Water jetted forth and washed away Jeremiah, yellow shirt and all, in one vicious spit.

Gil Holland made another signal to his henchman, Cutler. The water stopped. Gil, leaning against the door, tore off the wooden pendulum covering the bell-knob hole and put the nozzle of the hose through that. Looking through the peep sight of cracked glass, he directed a stream of water squarely into the hay chamber. But the barn was growing infernally hot. The wind tore burning shingles off the roof and shot bunches of burning hay out at the open door of the hay chamber.

"I can't stick it," Harvey Taite whimpered. He had extinguished his beard twice, and the hair was crisping on his forearm. The storm door curled and sparked and crackled.

"You've got to stick it!" Gil shouted.

Mortal man couldn't stick it. The barn began to melt and sink; its outline changed; fire ran along the clapboards in long beaded lines; dripping, gushing, spouting noises accompanied this change; it was all one yellow roar behind that contorted window over the hay beam.

Gil Holland found himself alone on the hose. For him there could be no retreat. Jeremiah's view would be the town view. What could Margaret herself think except that he had deliberately set fire to the place, striking like a coward at the roots of her independence, tying her here miserably to her clumsy husband when she had had London all but in her grasp? The truth was, of course, that their hot quarrel had blasted every trace of Andy Cutler from his head; but she would see in the quarrel only the underlying motive for the deed.

Fire-bitten behind his scorching door, he felt the pith drain out of his arms. He thought he was on fire. The hose, upreared, hydraulically rigid, kept the door from falling. He dashed sweat from his eyes, and saw Margaret Rain in person, standing there, dressed as he had seen her last at the supper table in that flowered frock of aquamarine silk. Such a dress was ludicrous for purposes of fire fighting, he thought hazily; but then she was not an actuality.

Yet she was mockingly substantial. Her cheek, round as a red moon, held the firelight. She set her back against the door, which at last wabbled and was in danger of falling. Water was no longer coming from the hose, he saw. It grew limp and slid out of his hands

"Butter-fingers!" he muttered disgustedly. He felt himself sliding, then lifted up, then hit smack in the face by a cataract of water.

And next he was lying on one of the ledges of Bottomless Pond with his head dipped half under water. And there was Margaret Rain, on her knees to him, looking slim and very wet herself, her dress a rag, her white shoulder mooning at him, a great fire smear across her brow. She was in that condition of a fire fighter which she had disapproved of.

"It's gone," she said to Gil.

"What's gone?"

"The hotel."

The night sky was painted with a tall plume of red shining on the underside of ragged clouds, and big loose drops of rain were falling in their faces. Margaret blew a kiss in that direction.

Gil could hear a voice declaiming to a parcel of vague figures at a little remove:

"It must be in the blood—fire fighting. She went in there single-handed, mind you, and held up that door until they could tug back the hose and get a stream of water falling on the two of them. Couldn't have got back alive any other way where the barn fell towards them. As it was, she had to carry him—hundred-and-seventy-five-pound man."

"She warships him," came Anne Macaulay's voice.

Gil Holland struggled to his elbow.

"Look here, maybe you won't be so blithe when you learn that the insurance has lapsed. It's a total loss."

"Isn't that the least of our cares?" she breathed. She added more lightly, "Gil, it's probable the bees haven't burned. They'll come in handy, because I haven't an eyebrow left. I don't believe all the bees and honey in the world will restore me. I'm glad, all the same. How could you be so foolish as to try to save that wretched building? I've been tempted a dozen times to touch a match to it myself. Do you think I'm interested in your precious Mr. Hanrahan? But she had willed me the property on the strength of my agreeing to—to develop—my wretched little talent; the money would be available then. I couldn't resist, and still I didn't dare reveal the terms. And then I could see the day coming nearer, with all its hateful demands. And all I wanted really was just to loaf round the Holland place and make little changes, and—and maybe, Gil, have a woman come only twice a week, afternoons. But, Gil, you're not likely to make enough money yourself, are you, in the immediate future to—to send me to London?"

"Not if that would be the consequence, no. Look here, why couldn't you have come out flat-footed with this in the beginning?"

He stood up weakly, and now he saw her heart more clearly than ever he had seen it in the shadow form, he fancied.

"Mustn't it be because I'm just not—somehow—one of those flat-footed women?" she whispered. "Gil, you idiot, watch what you're doing. You'll have us in the water."

"What odds? It's only six or eight feet deep at the deepest part."

"I wish I may lie drowned in it forever if it isn't bottomless—bottomless!" Margaret cried with perfect conviction.

Gil Holland, fixing his eyes on the unruffled surface of the little pond, saw that in fact all the cod line in the world would never plumb it.

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FEELS LIKE WALKING ON VELVET

PLUPY SHOWS A SMILING FACE TO THE WORLD BUT HAS TO "SWALLER HARD"

(Continued from Page 34)

or set down on a tact he dident think he cood do jestice to the ocasion. i gess father is rite.

another thing i have did this summer is to spend hours in listning for the voice of the tirtle. the bible says and the voice of the tirtle shall be herd in the land. well i have always had tirtles. i have had little ones not mutch bigger than a copper cent and of all sizes, and snappers two as big as a water pale. but i never herd a tirtle give a single yip.

but probly the tirtles in Bethleham and the Garden of Gethsemene and the red sea and the places where the bible was rote is different from our tirtles. ennyway if tirtles had voices then they must have lost them. probly it is on account of living in such damp places. and yet how about bullfrogs. i dont know jest what to think about it. but i have done my best. well ennyway vacation is neerly over and i have had a lot of fun.

peeple whitch live in cities seem to think there aint enny xcitement in town. i gess if they lived in Exeter they wood find out. why there is more going on in Exeter than in Boston or Biddeford Maine or Newton Junction enny day. ennyway i wood rather live in Exeter. jest now there is grate xcitement. sum of the front street peeple think that as long as we are going to have a new Robinson Femail Seminory that we had got to have new sidewalks. well a man from Newburyport is going to show how to maik concreek sidewalks. he does it with tar and little peaces of stone. he melts the tar and then mixes it with pebbles and peaces of stone and then when it gets cool it becomes as hard as a brick.

well sum peeple say that the old sidewalks is good enuf and that the town cant afford to pay out so mutch money and evrybody is gawing about it and calling naimes. most evry day you can see old men shaking their fists at eech other and banging their canes down hard on the ground. it is lots of fun. most evry nite father goes down town to hear them gaw about it and comes home and tells us about it and laffs until his sides are lame.

but i forgot to tell about my heavy loss whitch has been so grate a greef to all of us but most to me. nobody in the family has dide or Beany or Pewt or Ed Tole or Skinny Bruce or enny of my frends but Nellie our little horse is ded. father had to have her killed. you remember the time she run away with Gimmy Biddell and went rite throug the hedg and the fence and left Gimmy hanging by the hind legs in the hedg hollering bloody merder and all stuck throug with splinters from the hedg.

well i gess Nellie straned her leg becaus she begun to go lame a few weeks later and got lamer and lamer and held up one hind leg most of the time. so father got old doctor Rowe to xamine her and he sed she had bog spavin. so he got sum spavin cure in a bottle and i used to rub it on evry day 2 times a day. it maid my hands and rists and elboes as black as a niggers and it woodent come off.

bimeby her leg was better and we cood use her, but when she started out she was lame for awhile. so father let old deecon Thomson of Stratham try her for a week and if he liked her he was going to pay father $25. dollers for her. we all hated to see her go away but father sed she was in good hands and we cood see her becaus the deecon did his trading in Exeter.

well 2 or 3 days after the deecon took her she come flung into the yard with jest the front wheels of a buggy hiched to her. she was jest white with fome and prety neer tuckered out. well i unhiched her and washed her and cooled her off and put her in the stall and fed her. then father got old Gim Lovering to hich up his horse and taik him down to Stratham to see if the old deecon was killed or fatally injered for life or sumbody elce. well in about a hour father and old Gim come back laffing their heads off.

you see old deecon Thomson wears the tallest stovepipe hat i ever saw and when he drives ennywhere he puts on a long cloke. so this day he hiched Nellie into the old buggy and got in and stood up to put on his cloke and when he throwed it over his sholders Nellie started on the ded run for Exeter, ketching the deecons hind legs in the ranes and yanked his feet out from under him and give him a auful sling in the air. a feller whitch saw it told father that the deecon tirned 3 summersets before he lit and when he did lite he lit rite on top of his head and drove his old plug hat way down to his shoulders, and by that time the horse was out of site going towerds Exeter with only the front wheels for the rest of the wagon was hanging over one of the gate posts. ennyway he coodent have tirned 3 summersets or he wood have lit on his feet. it must have been 2 and ½.

well father sed the Stratham feller sed when they got to the deecon he was going rite round in a circle triing to holler for help and sounding as if he was down in a cistern. he was triing to get his head out of his old stovepipe hat but he coodent. well they got hold of him and led him to the house and set him on the steps and tride to pull the hat off but they coodent without pealing his snout off with it and when they wood start to pull together with 2 men pulling the hat and 2 or 3 holding him he kicked and bellowed auful and sed lots of things whitch nobody cood understand whitch was perhaps jest as well.

then they stopped pulling and one feller sed they had better cut off the top of the hat and pull him throug and the deecon gumped up and yelled sumthing whitch nobody cood understand. bimeby they got a pair of sizzers and tride to cut it off but they found that the crown of the old stovepipe had been wired to the brim. but after awhile they cut all the stovepipe part of the hat off and left the brim hanging round the deecons neck until he sent for a pair of nippers and nipped the wire off.

when the deecon got his head out he was auful mad becaus they spoilt his hat. he sed he had been married in that hat moar than 50 years ago and that it was one of the ferst hats that old Abner Merrill and Sons had maid and it cost him nine shillings and it was jest as good as it ever was and he sed that George Shute had got to pay for the damage becaus he let him have a runaway horse.

well when father got there the deecon was still mad and sed he woodent taik the horse and that father had got to pay for his hat. but father told the deecon that if he dident know enny better than to stand up in a wagon and throw a cloke over his sholders he had better drive oxen and that enny horse whitch had a bit of life wood have a rite to be scart.

so father and old Gim Lovering come home laffing all the way. father says he has got a old beever hat that grate granfather Smith wore about 100 years ago with fur on it a inch thick where the moths havent knawed it off and he will send it down to the deecon in a bandbox with the wheals of the old buggy but he wont pay a red cent for a stovepipe hat over 50 years old.

well the nex morning Nellie coodent put one foot down but held it up all the time and the goint was swolen and hot. we got old doctor Rowe again and he sed she had better be killed. So father got old man Flood to taik her away and kill her and berry her. so we all felt auful about it. mother and aunt Sarah and Keene and Cele and Georgie all cried and when old man Flood come for her i had gone down to Ed Toles and hid in the hay mow in the third barn and staid there all the afternoon and jest balled until my eys and nose was as red as fire. i had fed Nellie and rubbed her down and bid her goodby and she nibbled my coat sleeve and whinnied when i went off whitch neerly killed me.

i dont know when i have had so retched a day in my life. scarcely ennyone of us cood eat enny supper. after i got home i went out and put away my saddle and bridal on the top shelf in the harniss room and put the harniss away and my curry combs and brush. it was sumthing like putting away a ded mans cloths and hat and boots.

i dont want ever to see a horse again. i dont want to think of riding another horse. Beany can have all the horseback riding he wants and Ed Tole two. of coarse Ed Toles father whitch keeps a livry stable has so menny horses that he dont care for enny one horse like i did. he has Johnny Roach and Silvertale and old Sarah and the Smythe mare and Billy and the Chase mare and his pony and lots of others. but i only had Nellie and she is gone now and i dont want ever to have another horse never.

Peraps it was lucky that old man Flood put Nellie away without pane becaus if he hadent i gess she wood have dide with the belly ake whitch is always mutch more feerful in a horse than in a man or a boy, becaus a horses belly is the biggest part of him, but a mans aint xcept sum few men i cood naim like Horace Cobbs and Fatty Fogg whitch peraps i had better not say mutch about. you see when i rubbed Nellie down for the last time i gave her 2 xtra quarts of otes because i wanted her to have a good time as long as she cood. well Cele come out after i left and gave her a lot of potato pealings, and then mother gave her a hole pan of corn bread whitch she is very fond of and she et it all up and then Keene gave her a lot of erly apples that she got under the porter apple tree, about a pec so Keene sed, and then Georgie waited her chance and give her sum more otes and crack corn and 2 pales of water.

so when old man Flood saw father the nex morning he sed Nellie was swelled out as big as a molasses hoggshed and coodn't scarsely waulk. he sed he lade her away before she had enny pane but if he had wated a hour she wood have had a auful time. so father asted us all what we give her to eat and when he found out he sed good lord you gave her enuf to kill a boar constrictor or a aligator, dont you know ennything. and mother sed well as long as she didnt suffer enny i am glad of it and father sed well Joey, he calls mother Joey, you know, i am glad two that she had a good time so it is all rite, but dont ever feed any other horse of ours that way and i sed i dont ever want another horse and father sort of laffed and sed i never lost a horse or a dog that i dident feal that way but horses and dogs only live for a few years and you will have to get used to such things. after you lose a child you will relise how little the loss of a horse or a dog meana. then father stopped sudden and got up and went out and we gnew he was thinking of Willie, my little brother whitch dide. none of us ever got over it but father cant speek of it and never will get over it so long as he lives or mother or aunt Sarah eether.

so after father and mother and aunt Sarah had went upstares me and Keene and Cele and Georgie taulked it over and desided it was our duty to hide our greef from father and mother and aunt Sarah and to show a smiling face to the wirld. ennyway that was what Cele sed we had augt to do and so we all sed we wood and then the girls all went to bed criing and wiping their eyes, but i dident cry becaus a man can stand things better than a girl. i had to swaller a good deal but after awhile i got over that.

Greater Pickup

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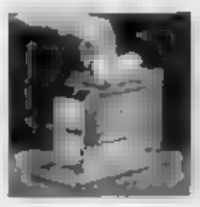
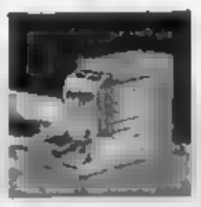
Special alloy steel struts are cast in, to control expansion and maintain satisfactory clearances under all engine operating conditions.

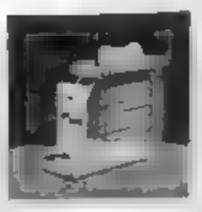
1 Drop slice of bread into the oven slot as illustrated



2 Press down the two levers. This automatically turns on the current and sets the timing device



3 Pop! Up comes the toast and the current is automatically turned off.



You don't need to watch the Toastmaster

. . . *because the toast* can't *burn*

It *automatically* toasts the bread—
delivers it—then turns off the current

At last an electric toaster has been perfected which assumes full responsibility for making toast. Makes crisp, golden brown slices every time—whether you watch it or not.

For the new Toastmaster is entirely *automatic* in operation. All you have to do is: 1. Drop slice of bread into the oven slot. 2. Press down the two levers. This *automatically* turns on the current and sets the timing device. 3. Pop! Up comes the toast *automatically* when it's done, and the current is *automatically* turned off.

Both sides are toasted at the same time in an enclosed oven. Thus all the goodness and flavor of the bread are sealed in, and the toast is always piping hot when served. And it takes only half the time to make toast this way as it does when each side is toasted singly.

No other toaster is like it

Finished in flashing nickel, the Toastmaster is an attractive piece for the server or dining table. (It makes an ideal Christmas gift.)

See this new toaster at your Electric Light Company, department store or electric dealer's. In case your dealer cannot supply you, simply send us your name and we will tell you where you can see the Toastmaster in your town.

WATERS-GENTER COMPANY
233 No. Second Street - Minneapolis, Minnesota

The TOASTMASTER

THE DEEP PIT

(Continued from Page 21)

Lily. They were pretending to have been at school, though they had roamed the mountain. In other years they had refused to attend regularly in the early fall after a summer of freedom. They were all large children over whom the physical strength of Mrs. Lucas would not long prevail. They were mischievous, but hitherto they had been fairly obedient, and they had always been truthful. Truth was to Mrs. Lucas the chief of all virtues.

She uncoiled her hands from her apron; before her offspring she was not embarrassed. A cunning look came into her eyes. "Well," said she pleasantly, "did you learn your lessons good?" She saw relief on the face of each child.

"Yes'm," answered Lionel politely.

"Was teacher kind to you?"

"Oh, yes'm!" cried Lily.

"And you learned good?"

"Indeed we did!" declared Lura emphatically.

They came nearer and nearer. To Mrs. Lucas they were handsome children. How horrible that the fruit should have a worm at the core!

"Then you were all in school?" she said, still in the same pleasant tone.

"Oh, yes'm!" answered three voices.

"That is a lie," said Mrs. Lucas, appalled.

In their amazement the three children started as though they had been struck. For a moment there was perfect silence, and during this ghastly period there came again the quiver of the earth and the soft heavy thud in the air. The children looked at their mother as though she had produced it.

"*If* you tell lies you'll go to the bad place."

Into the blue eyes of Lionel came a slight change of expression; there was a loosening of the tension of his lips, a smile quivered on the corners of his mouth. Lily and Lura looked at him, and so did Mrs. Lucas.

"Don't you believe in the bad place, Lionel?" she asked gently.

Lionel shifted from one foot to the other. He looked up from under lowering brows; his mother was somehow different from her ordinary self. "I ain't never seen it," said he.

"And you, Lura?"

"I ain't never seen it either," said Lura.

"Nor I," said Lily.

"That's true," said Mrs. Lucas meditatively.

Her quiet tone was reassuring. Lionel rested his weight equally upon both feet, the little girls let out in sighs of relief the breaths they had been holding. So gentle was their mother's tone that they had hopes of being released from school entirely. They little understood the profound disturbance of her soul.

"Go into the house," said she. "We'll eat. Lionel, you fetch the milk."

Lionel stepped down the road, going briskly to show his willingness. "Ain't it early, mom?" he asked.

"We'll eat early," said Mrs. Lucas. "Now, Lura and Lily, get busy."

Lura and Lily fetched wood from the woodpile and filled the box beside the kitchen stove. The temperature was falling and the heat of the quickened fire was welcome.

"What will we eat, mom?" asked Lily.

"I'll make a good supper for you," answered Mrs. Lucas, in her voice astonishing ardor. Did she mean to reward them instead of punishing them? "Flapjacks an' molasses an' beans is what we're going to have to eat."

"Oh, good!" cried Lura and Lily together.

The spirits of Lura and Lily rose, the spirits of Mrs. Lucas seemed to rise. Dusk thickened, night fell upon the little clearing and the cabin, and Lionel returned from the house of the nearest neighbor with a pail filled with milk. He looked quickly at Lily and Lura, who were silly in their relief, then sharply at his mother.

Mrs. Lucas returned his uneasy gaze with a frank look and a showing of her white teeth. "Eat, Lionel," said she.

In the satisfying of his huge appetite, Lionel forgot his vague fears.

"Look at the clock!" cried Mrs. Lucas when they had finished. "Everybody to bed!"

"To bed!" repeated Lionel. "Why, it ain't ——" He obeyed his mother and looked at the clock. "Why, it can't be nine o'clock!"

"I never knew the clock to be wrong," said Mrs. Lucas. "To bed with you!"

Gratitude for their escape still filled their hearts and they obeyed without a word. They went to sleep without difficulty, the little girls in the room beside the living room, Lionel in the loft.

Mrs. Lucas turned the clock back an hour, pointing the hour hand to eight, where it belonged, instead of nine, whither it had mysteriously moved, then she washed her dishes. She poured from the coffeepot the strong dregs and strained them and put the liquid aside. Her lips were set tight across her white teeth. Now and then she moved her tongue.

"You get to taking them out and you're lost," said she. Then she groaned. "My children ain't goin' be drug back to poverty an' woe," she declared.

From eight to nine she performed household tasks, from nine to ten she sewed, from ten to eleven she sat with her head on her arms on the table. Then she rose and drained the cup of strong coffee. She opened the door into the bedroom, and taking a single step to the bed in which she usually slept with Lura and Lily she shook them both

"Get up!" she commanded.

There was a drowsy protest, but she set Lura on her feet and led her into the kitchen and bathed her face.

"It's night!" cried Lura.

Having returned for Lily, Mrs. Lucas made no answer. Her also she set upright and her face also she dashed with cold water. She shouted at the ceiling, "Lionel, get up!" and in a moment Lionel's bare feet showed on the steep stairway.

"It's night!" said he.

"Get on your clothes," ordered his mother. "We're going on a journey."

The children looked at her astounded. "At night?"

"Now," said Mrs. Lucas. "Put on your shoes."

She led the way out the door and across the little grass plot. She took the hand of Lura.

"Lionel, take Lily's hand."

"Where are we going?" asked Lionel.

"You'll see."

"Are we going to Swartz's?"

"No."

"Where are we going?" wailed Lily.

"You'll see," was all that Mrs. Lucas would say.

She stepped out, her long stride taking no account of inequalities in the road. The road was rain-washed and stony; before they had gone half a mile, Lura and Lily began to whimper: "Is it far?"

"Yes, it's far."

"I won't go any farther," protested Lura.

Mrs. Lucas gave Lura's arm a jerk. "You can walk a hundred miles on the hill all day!" she declared fiercely. "You walk now till I tell you to stop. Lionel!"

"What?" Lionel's sulky voice came from the rear.

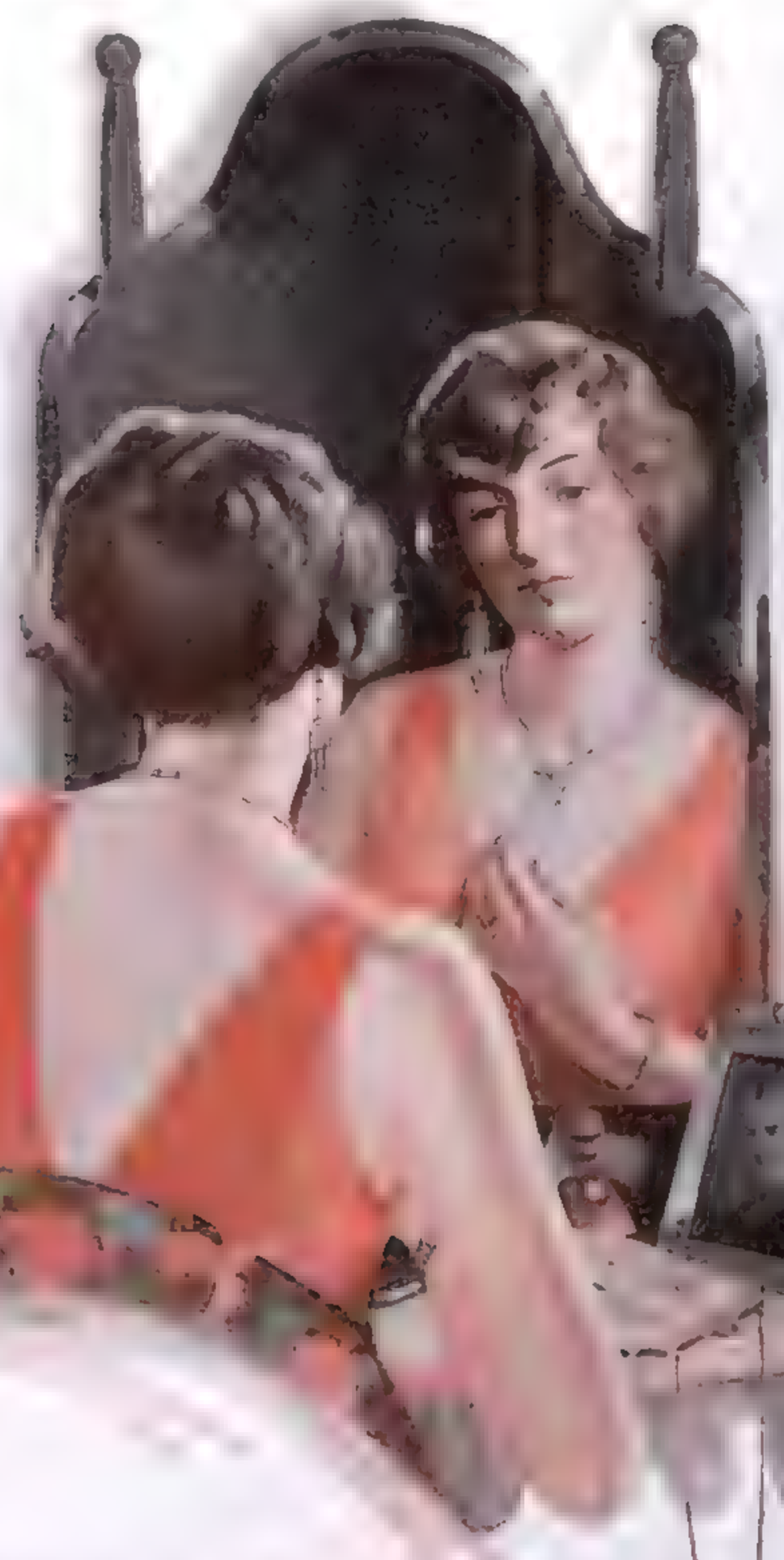
"To the front! Keep Lily's hand!"

They went on in silence.

"I've never been this far in my life," wailed Lily.

Mrs. Lucas made no answer. They had come, she reckoned, three miles—there was

(Continued on Page 171)



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Jewels are now large, their setting creations of exquisite artistry. They are smartest when thoughtfully selected as a part of the ensemble

JEWELED GIFTS
Endear and Endure

OF ALL the glad array of gifts, jeweled possessions linger longest in the lanes of Memory. Time takes no toll of precious jewels. Not only do they increase in material value, but the passing years enrich these tokens with endearing memories.

Along the enchanted aisles of the Jewelry Store you find these gifts of enduring charm and permanent pleasure. Take your jeweler into your confidence. His integrity is unquestioned. His wise counsel will aid your own discrimination.

for GIFTS THAT *LAST*

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CANDY

The Woman of Fashion....

always serves candy at luncheon and tea, at bridge and dinner. She keeps it about the house for the unexpected guest. Candy adds to the spirit of hospitality and gives the distinctive touch to the smart dinner.

National Confectioners Association and Associated Confectionery Department, 1624 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.
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(Continued from Page 168

seven more to go. She stepped out more briskly. "Come on!" said she. "Faster!"

"My feet hurt!" wailed Lily.

"So do mine," said Mrs. Lucas. "And," she added to herself, "my gums also."

Stumbling on, they reached at last level land and a paved road.

"I'm sleepy," wailed Lura.

"I'm going to die," declared Lily.

Lionel said nothing at all. Now and then he turned to look at his mother, but the moon, which had for a while lighted their path, had gone under a cloud and he could see only a white patch where her face must be. There was an insane woman higher up on the mountain and he had a horrible fear that his mother had lost her mind. When this woman had one of her spells her family obeyed her every command for fear that she might kill them. Drunk with exhaustion and fright, he regularly pinched the hand of Lily so that she too might keep on her feet. They traveled among orchards where the fragrance of ripe apples filled the air, and between fields, here planted with winter wheat, here sprinkled with shocks of corn. Twice they passed through little villages where all the lights were out and no one was abroad but themselves. Then they were again in the midst of fields.

In a moment of weary abstraction, Mrs. Lucas failed to see that for which she was looking until she was brought to herself by a shriek from Lionel. "Mom!" he screamed, clutching her. "Mom!"

Mrs. Lucas stopped short. She had lost the road and she stood upon the brink of a deep and broad pit. The wall dropped from their feet into an abyss. Here and there were faint lights and far beneath them the rumble of an engine dragging up the steep incline cars filled with heavy masses of limestone. She heard the engine puff and pant and knew it for what it was. She knew also what had happened when the fire box was opened and a bright glow was thrown upward against billows of steam and smoke. Her children thought they knew; they clung to her knees, her arms. Lura tried to creep monkeylike upon her back.

"Don't throw us in!" shrieked Lily.

"I know what it is!" screamed Lura.

Mrs. Lucas waited for another voice.

"I'll go to school," promised Lionel in dull monotone. "I'll go to school. I'll tell the truth. I'll tell the truth. I'll go to school."

The engine had toiled up and over the top of the incline, far in the bottom of the pit was a flash of lurid light, then a roar and a trembling of the earth. Mrs. Lucas fell flat and her children round her. She scrambled to her feet. "Come on!" she cried, herself terrified. "Lura! Lily! Lionel!" She found the hand of Lura and dragged her up and the hand of Lily and dragged her up. Lionel got himself to his feet. Fortunately the moon appeared from behind a cloud and they saw in its bright light the dim white ribbon of road

"Come home!" cried Mrs. Lucas. "Come home!"

Horror lent the children strength until they began the steep climb. Then Mrs. Lucas carried Lura and laid her sleeping by the road and returned and carried Lily, leaving Lionel asleep by Lura. The stars wheeled through the sky, two o'clock was past, three went by, four, and the moon set. At half-past five the few remaining birds began to stir and their own hill to loom before them, still three miles away. The children moved in a daze; to them it was still night. At half past six they passed the house of the nearest neighbor, and Mrs. Lucas saw with relief that there was no sign of waking. At seven she carried Lura across the doorstep and laid her on the floor and went back for Lily. Lionel had laid himself by the gate and him she dragged in.

"They'll miss another day of school," said she.

She lifted Lura and took off her shoes and laid her on the bed. She lifted Lily and placed her beside Lura.

"I can't drag you up the stairs," she said to sleeping Lionel. "I'll put you in bed with them."

She came back and looked at the hard settee and laid herself down. "Fixed for this year," she said. "They're settled now for work. Soon"—she took from her mouth the sources of torture and pride and laid them on the table—"soon Lionel'll be of an age to make eyes at the teacher, then you can't keep him away." She remembered the desperate grasp of Lily, the clinging arms of Lura, the dull voice of Lionel.

She rightly believed that they would tell no more lies, at least until the horror was past. "Then," said she drowsily and with deep satisfaction, "they'll be of an age to have sense."

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 32)

quarter the score of the Swishmore-Billingsgate fracas was 6 to 0 in favor of Swishmore. The ball is now in possession of Billingsgate on its own thirty-two-yard line, with the Swishmore defense holding well. When the argument started, betting was about even, but last reports were that Swishmore followers were offering 4 to 1 on the final outcome, with no takers.

"The police have been unable to compile a comprehensive summary of casualties. Up to noon, however, 19 had been killed or were unaccounted for on the main roads leading into the city, 76 had been taken to hospitals with minor injuries, and approximately 300 had been shaken up to the extent that they canceled their plans for the day.

"Your announcer is very sorry to report that no further details of the Swishmore-Billingsgate game will be available for half an hour or so. The left wing of the bleachers has just collapsed and it will take that long to restore the crowd to order. The score is still 6 to 0.

"Of the forty entrants in the round-the-world derby who took off from Field No. 2 this morning in the special Thanksgiving race arranged by the Allied Charities Associations, twenty-nine are still going strong in the vicinity of the Rocky Mountains.

"This will conclude the broadcasting for the moment. Reverend O. B. Jones was scheduled to make an address to you at this time on the deeper significance of Thanksgiving, but a wire has just been received saying that the bus on which he was coming from the Stampool-Wickwire game collided with a stunt flyer thirty miles south of here. If possible he will speak later in the day. Please stand by for twenty minutes."

—*David B. Park.*

Jealousy

LET'S go on over to Bar,
Where the Queens of Society are,
And the low, cultured voices
Of well-bred Knolls-Joyces
Rebuke the hoarse Blynken and Spar.

Let's go on over to Bar,
Where the milky-white dowagers are
In open Athenae, with tops neatly furled,
Throned high in the sight of a worshiping world;
Yet shielded from rough proletarian eyes,
And vulgarly prying mosquitoes and flies,
By layers of veils
With long streaming tails;
All looking like nothing so much as the nests
Of the tent caterpillar that suburbs infests.

Let's go on over to Bar
And sit in our '23 car
As we watch the chauffeurs of the ultra-élite
Draw up to the curbing along Cottage Street,
Then ooze to the sidewalk with dignified ease,
To dazzle the gals with their brilliant putties;
Inclining an ambassadorial ear
To the tent caterpillars ensconced in the rear.
Each listens with little intelligent nods,
Then dashes to do the commands of his gods.
They scoot in and out
Of stores round about:
The Shoppe de Bijou,
The Palais de Shoe,
The Salle de Pelisses,
The Store Cinq-et-Dix,
The Notion Maison,
The Post-card Salon,
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick maker.

Then, burdened with toasters and roasters and pans,
And boilers and broilers and casters and cans,
And pliers and dryers and bottles and corks,
And ladles and cradles and thimbles and forks,
And meat for the collie and traps for the mouse,
And other essentials for running a house,
Such as apples and crackers and peaches and prunes,
They grope their way back to the waiting cocoons.

Now tense every muscle and bate every breath,
For here pends a matter of life and of death.
See! Parkins hands over with deferent mien
Two toasters. Let judgment be rendered, O Queen!
Her Highness examines Size Two and Size One,
While her twelve-button chamois gloves gleam in the sun.
She twists them, she turns them, now to and now fro.
She holds them aloft and she holds them alow.
She looks at the front and she looks at the back.
She speaks to an elderly person in black
Who sits at her side in respectable dress
And answers, "Yes!" "Certainly!" "Yes." "Yes" and "Yes."
And now all the passers-by stiffen and freeze;
The bird songs are hushed; faints and ceases the breeze;
The earth stops rotating; east, south, west and north,
The universe halts as the fiat goes forth.

'Tis finished! One toaster rests on the front seat;
The other goes back to the store up the street.
Then Parkins returns to his seat at the wheel,
And the monster of steel
Moves off without even the click of a gear
To ruffle the ear.
There they go—a two-thousand-per-annum chauffeur,
A respectable person, at three thousand per,
A moluh at twenty-two thousand, we'll say,
And a tent-caterpillar nest, worth—let us pray!—
A total you wouldn't believe, did I tell—
To purchase an eighteen-cent toaster. Ah, well!

Let's go on over to Bar,
Where the dukes and the duchesses are;
Let us gaze on the great with the yokel and hick
And—laugh ourselves sick!

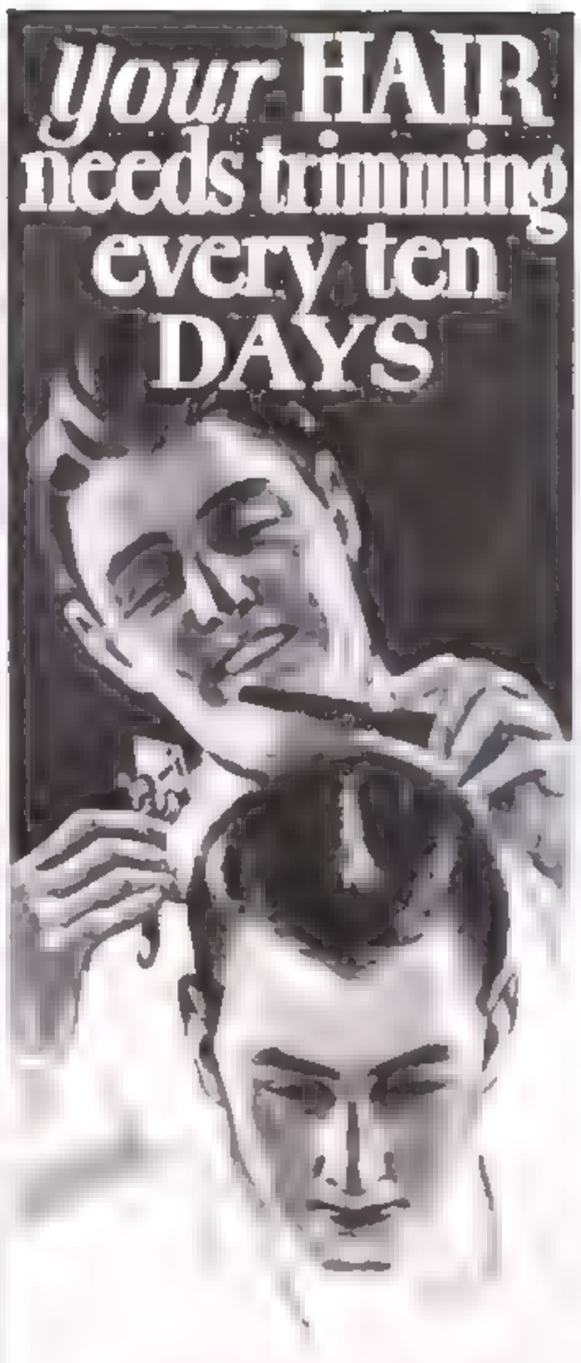
—*Baron Ireland.*

On the Edge

IT IS not always safe to see as clear
That life is wonderful and dear;
One needs to face
The disillusionment of commonplace.

Your beauty is a challenge and a sting.
And, surface-calm, within am I storm-tossed;
Unless you say
Some stupid, unecstatic thing—
Propose some food or damn the too warm day—
And say it quickly, we shall both be lost!

—*T. Page Wright.*



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PROVIDENCE, R. I., U. S. A.

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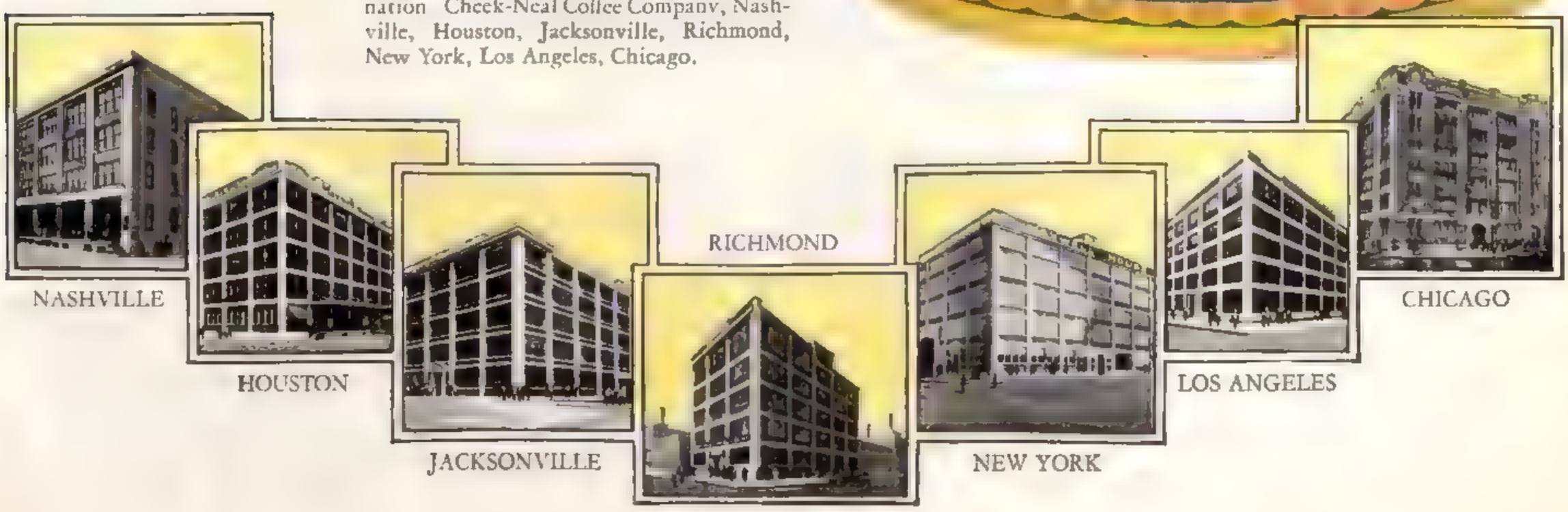

NO BRAINS AT ALL

(Continued from Page 11)

After the first fifty minutes of hiking, we had the usual ten minutes' rest. But Bert had so much junk all over him that he couldn't figure out a way to sit down, and he had to take his rest standing up.

Then came fifty minutes hiking again. But this time it was pitch-dark except for the very faint flashes far ahead, and the rain was coming down slow and steady. Everything—the sky, the earth and the Army—was wet and soggy and miserable. We straggled along the right-hand shoulder of the road, giving as wide a berth as possible to the rumbling guns out in the middle, each man keeping his place by following the sound of the hobnails on the feet ahead. It was almost impossible to see anything.

But I didn't have any trouble keeping track of where Bert was. His equipment clattered and clanked like a whole wagonload of cowbells, and every once in a while I could hear him grunt and groan.

"Gosh, I'm tired!" he said, after a while. "And I got a terrible crick in my neck. It ain't right to expect men to march as far as this when it's so dark and such bad weather. We ought to have horses to ride, or something."

"Cheer up," I said. "This is only the beginning of the hike."

The next ten-minute halt was right in the middle of a little village. Like all villages near the Front, it was completely dark. The inhabitants were inside their houses and the windows were heavily shaded to prevent any light from leaking out to attract the notice of the German aviators. As I sat myself down on the stone sidewalk and rested my back against the wall of the house, I could hear Bert clattering away up a dark side street.

"Well," I thought, "the poor sap has quit on us. He's all tired out so he's going A. W. O. L., looking for some hayloft where he can get a night's sleep."

But I was wrong. Just as we lined up to start marching again I heard Bert hurrying back. As we swung off down the street he slipped into line beside me.

"I feel swell!" he said. "I'm all set to march as far as they want me to tonight, and after that I'll be ready to fight all the Germans in the world."

"What's happened?" I asked.

"I found the swellest little French café up this street," he said, "and I bought myself a bottle of cognac that sure is hot stuff, and four bottles of the slickest, smoothest, warmest red wine that you ever tasted. I found I just didn't have enough natural pep to keep up with this march, so instead of quitting like lots of guys would have done, I decided to scare myself up a little artificial pep, and I sure have got it. I've sampled each one of the four bottles of wine and I've had quite a good swig of the cognac, and it's made a new man out of me. It's years since I felt so happy and so vigorous and full of life. And what's more," he went on, "I got a wonderful joke on you. I certainly have shown you up for a boob—you and your ideas about making up packs."

"How is that?" I asked.

"Don't you remember that you was trying to get me to roll my blankets and stuff inside my shelter half and make it up into a regulation infantry pack?"

"I certainly remember."

"Well," he said, "it's lucky for me I didn't follow your advice. With my system I have everything right out here where I can get at it. When I went in to buy this wonderful stuff I found I didn't have any francs to pay for it. So in half a jiffy I slipped my blankets off my shoulder, unwound my extra O. D. shirts and shoes and socks from around my neck and took off my slicker. The Frog that ran the café was tickled to death to take this junk in exchange for the liquor, so everything has worked out fine. But if I had had everything wrapped up inside of the pack like you wanted me to, I never in the world could have got it out in time to make the trade and get in line before the company marched away."

"You poor lunkhead!" I said. "Don't you know that you need your slicker right now in all this rain, and that you are going to need your blankets even more when we make camp?"

"I don't need no slickers and lousy blankets," said Bert. "What it takes to keep me warm and comfortable and happy, I have got right here in these bottles. Good old cognac! Good old *vin rouge!* You better try some; it will chase off that grouch you got."

"No, thanks," I said. "This French booze is very pleasant, and it's all right when a man is in camp. But it's poor stuff to fool with when you've got a long hike ahead, and probably a fight at the end of it."

"Blah! Blah! Blah!" said Bert. "You sound like a temperance orator."

"Just the same, I know what I'm talking about," I said. "I've been in this Army a long time. I've seen lots of action; I've made many a long, hard hike; and I've seen how the booze fighters weaken and give out. If you take my advice, you'll throw every one of those bottles into the ditch right away."

"Blah! Blah! Blah!" said Bert.

"All right," I said. "Later on you'll be sorry you didn't listen to me."

For a while Bert had more pep than anybody in the company. We marched along mile after mile, crossed a bridge over a river—the Meuse, I think it was—and kept on toward the Front. Ahead of us we began to see star shells and rockets going up in the thick, misty rain, and every once in a while there would be a long screech and a boom as a shell came over. We were getting very close to the Front.

The farther we went, the more crowded we found the roads, and there were times when we were held up for a long while by traffic jams. In general, these night hikes were figured out so that we got where we were going just about dawn. But this time we were delayed so much that daylight came and found us still on the road. Fortunately for us, it was a dark morning, with low heavy clouds and rain, so that there was no danger of our being spotted by German planes.

The whole region was swarming with American infantry, artillery, engineers, motor trucks, supply wagons and everything else. It looked as if there was going to be a big attack.

By the time it got light Bert had finished and thrown away three of his bottles of wine. He still had one more bottle of wine and the cognac stored away in his overcoat pockets, and his smile was even sillier and more idiotic than the night before. We stayed on the road all that morning, making little short marches, broken up with long halts and delays. Bert by this time was getting very wabbly; but as we were not making any speed at all, he managed to keep up, and he was right with us when we finally turned into a little woods at about noon. The rolling kitchen served up some hot chow right away, and then we all turned in to some old French temporary barracks and had a few hours' sleep.

Late in the afternoon the first sergeant routed us out and the captain told us that we were going to relieve a French outfit in the front-line trenches and that we would attack the first thing in the morning. We lined up in column of twos and started down a path through the woods.

Poor old Bert had been routed out with the rest of us, and he was staggering along as fast as he could—one of the saddest looking sights I have ever seen. All the joy of last night's booze party was gone and he was having a terrible hang-over. His big blue eyes were dull and blurry, his face was sort of ghastly green, and he shuffled along as if every step was torture—and very

(Continued on Page 175)

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(Continued from Page 173)

likely it was. The half of his equipment that he had left was almost more than he could carry, and the happy, brainless smile was pretty well washed out.

"I can't understand it," he kept saying—"I've got such a terrible headache. I can't understand it."

I didn't like to rub it in on him too much when he was feeling so bad, but when he started in again on the cognac bottle which was still half full—I thought it was time to tell him a few things.

"You poor feeble-minded clown," I said. "Don't you know it's that booze that has given you this headache—and the more you take, the worse you're going to be?"

"I'm surprised to hear you talk such foolishness," he replied. "It's such swell stuff, and it slides down so smooth and easy that it couldn't hurt anybody. In fact, now that I've started drinking it again, I feel better already."

"Maybe your headache came from thinking too much and too long," I remarked.

"No," he said, "I think it's this damn tin hat—enough to give anybody a headache. But I'll soon fix that."

He took off his steel helmet and threw it as far as he could into the woods. Then he reached into his pocket, pulled out his little overseas cap and put it on.

"You shouldn't have done that," I said. "We're going over the top in the morning and you'll need it."

"Hell!" said Bert. "I don't need any helmet. I ain't scared of them Fritzies. And now that I've got rid of the old tin pan my headache is practically gone. It certainly shows you up for a nit-wit, trying to tell me that my headache came from this cognac."

"All right," I said, "if you want to be a damn fool, go ahead."

We marched on. Once in a while a big lazy shell would go sailing along up in the low clouds and burst far away. Otherwise things were pretty quiet as far as firing went. But the whole woods was alive with soldiers—American infantry going in and French coming out. Officers and dog robbers and runners were sloshing around in the mud and the rain, and telephone men were stringing hundreds of wires along the ground and on the underbrush. In every little clearing there were batteries under big camouflage nets, with the guns all laid ready to fire and the cannoneers sitting around waiting.

It got dark, and finally we started down a narrow, winding communication trench. I followed the man in front, and I could hear Bert clanking and grunting right behind me. We felt our way along this trench for what seemed like miles, through slime and mud and rain. At one place we got held up for a half an hour by a Frog outfit that was coming out. At last we halted in a big ditch that seemed to be the front line, and a few of us managed to get a little rest in some miserable wet dugouts. But in the middle of the night the American guns behind us cut loose with the biggest barrage I ever heard, and the shells fluttering by overhead and bursting in front of us made so much noise that we couldn't sleep.

About dawn the lieutenant in charge of our platoon got us out into the trench and the next I knew we were over the parapet and on our way to the German lines. The St.-Mihiel offensive had begun.

When I think about it now the whole business seems like a dream that never really happened. I was too excited to pay any attention to where Bert might be or what he might be doing. I never even noticed whether it was still raining. But I know it was misty and just barely getting light, because we could hardly see where we were going. And it was still pretty wet; I remember skidding around in the mud and falling into a shell hole half full of water.

The shells of the American rolling barrage were screeching past overhead so low that we could almost feel the wind from them, and they were crashing down so close in front that the fragments buzzed and whirred all around. We had started in a regular skirmish line, but pretty soon we began to collect in bunches of half a dozen or more. I got in with one of these bunches. There was a corporal who thought he knew what to do, and we stumbled along after him. A guy beside me gave a grunt and sat down in the mud. We went on without him. Maybe he was hit; I never found out.

We scrambled through a lot of wire. It was pretty well shot to pieces. Then we came to a trench, and Germans in pot-shaped helmets and gray coats began popping up all around with their hands in the air. They loomed up in the mist like they were nine feet tall, and some of our guys got so scared they began shooting at them. But the Fritzies didn't shoot back, and one of our looeys started rounding them up, shouting and hollering as loud as he could, but not making any noise at all above the roar of the barrage. When he finally got them together he started them back with four or five privates as guards.

Then the second wave of American infantry came along, went through us and continued the attack while we mopped up the trench.

All at once I saw Bert. He was wandering around sort of aimlessly, and he seemed to be talking to himself. There was so much noise that I couldn't hear what he was saying until he came right up beside me.

"Somebody stole my tin hat," he yelled, "and I need it. It ain't safe here with all these fragments zipping around. I wonder who stole my hat."

"You threw it away yourself, stupid," I said.

"That's right, so I did."

"I told you not to," I said, "but you wouldn't listen."

Bert thought a minute. "Yes," he said, "I remember now. I threw it away, and I was right. It saved me from getting a headache—and now that I want a tin hat I find one waiting for me." He stooped down and picked up a large pot-shaped German helmet that was lying on the ground.

"You'd better not wear that thing," I said. "Somebody might think you was a Fritz."

"Don't make me laugh," he answered. He pulled the German helmet down over his poor empty head and jumped down into the trench with a grenade in one hand and his rifle in the other. About that time one of the sergeants grabbed me to go up the trench in the other direction, so I lost sight of Bert again for a while. The sergeant and I stopped at the entrance of several dugouts and yelled down for any Germans that might be there to surrender and come up. We didn't get any replies, so at each dugout we threw down a couple of hand grenades to make sure and then went on to the next. By the time we had finished inspecting all these holes things had quieted down quite a bit. The rolling barrage was now a good half mile away, and as all the Germans seemed to have been cleared out of our neighborhood we sat down on the edge of the trench to get our breath.

All at once the sergeant beside me sat up very straight. "Good Lord!" he said. "Here comes one that we missed!" He pointed down the trench, and sure enough there was a German helmet just showing above the top of the parapet. The trench, of course, was zigzag and its bends concealed the body of the man under the helmet. All we could see was the helmet itself bobbing along as its wearer came walking toward us, following the turns in the trench.

Before I could say anything the sergeant grabbed my rifle and jumped down into the trench, and just as the man under the helmet came into sight around a corner the sergeant swung the rifle with all his strength and brought the stock down square on top of that steel dome. I jumped down beside the sergeant. We pulled off the German helmet, and there on the bottom of the trench lay poor old Bert, knocked out—absolutely cold. There was a gash down the side of his head where the iron fastener for the chin strap had cut into his scalp.

"Holy Moses!" said the sergeant. "This is one of our own men, and I thought he was a Fritz. I seen his helmet bobbing along the trench and I thought sure he was a German. I hope I haven't killed him."

"It isn't your fault," I said. "If he had no more sense than to wear that Fritz headgear, he deserved to get beaned."

I scrambled up out of the trench and got hold of a couple of medical-corps men with a doctor and a stretcher.

The doctor felt Bert's head all over and took his pulse. "He'll come through all right," he remarked. "But that sure was a nasty crack on the head. We'll have to send him back to the hospital." He wrote out one of his medical-corps tags, while the rest of us heaved poor old Bert out of the trench.

As the two medical men lifted him onto their stretcher, Bert opened his eyes very weak and feeble.

"What happened?" he asked.

"The sergeant thought you was a German," I said, "and he slammed you over the head with a rifle butt."

I had a fine chance to tell him "I told you so," but he was such a sad-looking object that I didn't have the heart. Anyway, I thought to myself, when he really comes to in the hospital he'll realize what a fool he's been and he'll wish he'd taken my advice.

Bert gazed around for a minute or two, half dazed. Then he fixed a vacant blue eye on me and smiled that same old idiotic smile. Never have I seen a guy so self-satisfied. I've often thought about it since, and the more I think about it the more I admire him. A complete blockhead like Bert is really the happiest man in the world. He never has any worries, he never has any doubts.

"This certainly shows you up," he said. "And it proves I was right, like I always am."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"You told me—didn't you?"—he said, "that I'd better not wear that German helmet."

"I certainly did."

"You got no brains at all," he said as the stretcher bearers started to carry him away. "That helmet is the one thing that saved my life. If I hadn't been wearing it when this guy hit me, I would have been killed."

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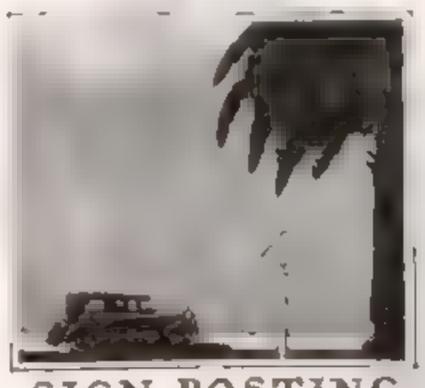

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Make use of the Club's Touring Information Bureau, its official Hotel and Garage Department, its Outing Bureau, its Highway Patrol. Be certain —if you plan to ship your car out—to write our Forwarding Department for help and advice.

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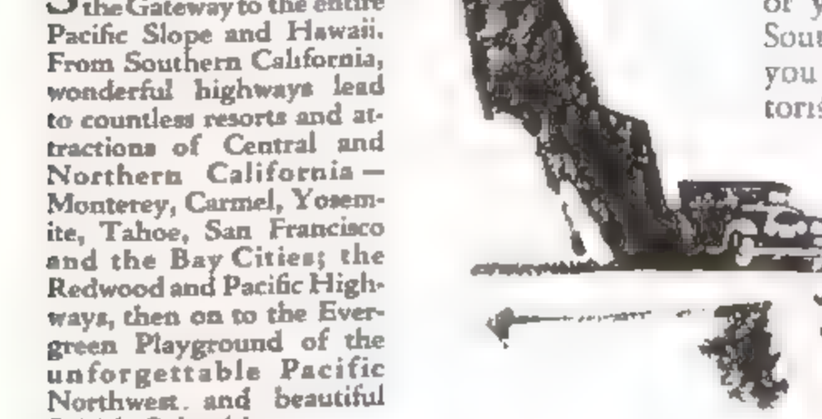


ROUTES & MAPS

Thousands of dollars are expended by the Club in collecting reliable touring and highway information of every character for use of its members and motoring visitors. Every section of the country is covered. Maps are always available. This bureau never closes its doors.

CALIFORNIA

2601 *South Figueroa St. Los Angeles, Calif.*

Automobile Club of Southern California,
2601 South Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, Calif

Please send me complete information for a motor trip from

City _____

State _____ to Southern California.
(Indicate any special Southern California Maps desired)

Name _____

Address _____

How do you know *that the shirt you are wearing is in Style?*

A manufacturer fashions a shirt. He selects an unusual pattern. He adds a touch of his own here and there. He tailors it carefully. And he calls it "exclusive"—*stylish!*

Yet, *no* shirt deserves such distinction unless those men who are acknowledged as leaders in the world of fashion *accept* it and *wear* it.

Here's something to think about:—A manufacturer can merely make shirts—*men, themselves,* make style! And in Needles Fruit of the Loom Shirts you get only those designs, colors and patterns that have been stamped as *correct* by the best dressed men of Europe and America.

There is a note of *rightness* about Needles Fruit of the Loom Shirts that is admittedly without duplicate in the popular-price field! See them today at your dealer's and appreciate their authentic designs, their impeccable tailoring—their extraordinary wearing and washing qualities and real economy.

$2.00 *Neckband Style or Collar Attached*

$2.50 *With Two Collars to Match*

For the Man who wants a White Shirt—

Eclipse

BROADCLOTH SHIRTS

One Star . .	$2.00
Two Star . .	3.00
Three Star .	5.00

Specially treated and finished to preserve their luster and not *to shrink.*

Needles

FRUIT OF THE LOOM *Shirts*

NEEDLES SHIRT FRUIT OF THE LOOM COLOR GUARANTEED REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Every genuine Fruit of the Loom Shirt bears this label on the neckband woven in colors

ECLIPSE-NEEDLES CO. . . . PHILADELPHIA

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGNS

(Continued from Page 38)

of freedom in opposition to the sectional platform of slavery"—the Free Soilers, ancestors of the modern Republican Party.

And they proposed "no interference by Congress with slavery within the limits of any state," but it had always been "the settled policy of the nation not to extend, nationalize or encourage, but to limit, localize and discourage slavery, and to this policy, which should never have been departed from, the Government ought to return." And they declared that it was "the duty of the Federal Government to relieve itself from all responsibility for the existence or continuance of slavery" wherever it possessed the constitutional authority to legislate on that subject; and that the true and "only safe means of preventing the extension of slavery into territory now free is to prohibit its existence in all such territory by an act of Congress."

They proclaimed further that "we accept the issue which the slave power has forced upon us; and to their demand for more slave states and more slave territory our calm but final answer is no more slave states and no more slave territory. Let the soil of our extensive domains be ever kept free for the hardy pioneers of our own land and the oppressed and banished of other lands seeking homes of comfort and fields of enterprise in the New World."

And so—with various other demands, including the granting of free land to settlers in the wilderness and "cheap postage for the people"—they inscribed on their banner, "Free Soil, Free Speech, Free Labor and Free Men, and under it we will fight on, and fight ever, until a triumphant victory shall reward our exertions"—and as nominees to carry the banner, Martin Van Buren and Charles Francis Adams.

It was in many respects a strange bed for Mr. Van Buren to lie in, but he accepted; and the Liberty Party merged with the Free Soilers; and the Democrats remembered that Mr. Adams had once called Mr. Van Buren a "servile doughface," and published it in a pamphlet entitled A Looking-Glass for the Worthies of the Buffalo Convention, in which the event was set forth as "the union of the Houses of Lindenwald and Braintree—a marriage extraordinary between all that is superlative and rampant in modern Democracy, and all that is cold, selfish, austere and vinegar-like in the remains of American aristocracy, dying out and tapering off in the third generation."

The General's Bed of Thorns

It was something to laugh at and to sneer at—Mr. Van Buren and his Free Soilers—it did not seem important, significant, prophetic, heavy with drums. To them, in 1848, it simply meant that New York would probably go Whig, and a curse on the Barnburners; they could not foretell the bells of St. Michael's in Charleston, twelve years later, ringing out Auld Lang Syne.

So they went to the polls—on the same day for the first time in all the states, except in South Carolina, which was still selecting its electors by the legislature—without excitement and without enthusiasm. It was a canvass without apparent issues of any moment—except on the part of the negligible Free Soilers—which merely decided, according to Mr. Garrison, that "a Whig general should be made President because he had done effective work in carrying on a Democratic war." For it was evident long in advance that the Whigs would win—a minority victory in the popular vote—and if the Barnburner-Free-Soilers were negligible, still were they important, for they caused the loss of New York's thirty-six votes to the Hunkers, and it was by a majority of exactly thirty-six electoral ballots that General Taylor was elected.

He felt "neither exaltation or gratification," and considered the presidency "more as a bed of thorns than one of roses." It had been a vicious personal campaign, marked by the "vilest slanders of the most unprincipled demagogues this or any other nation was ever cursed with, who have pursued me like bloodhounds." So it seemed to Old Rough-and-Ready.

And just to show that a nonpartisan President did not have to be ungrateful to those who had served him, General Taylor did not "think it wise to kick away the ladder by which I ascended to the presidency." There were "plenty of good Whigs," he thought, "just as capable and honest and quite as deserving of office as the Democrats who have held them through two or three presidential terms. Rotation in office, provided good men are appointed, is sound Republican doctrine." And so out with the Democrats—there was a certain Nathaniel Hawthorne among them, at the customhouse in Salem—and in with the Whigs—the good, deserving Whigs—just as fast as possible.

A Discovery Made Too Late

But there again there was trouble, centering in New York State, so that Mr. Clay had to write that "it is undeniable that the public patronage has been too exclusively confined to the original supporters of General Taylor, without sufficient regard to the merits and just claims of the great body of the Whig Party," with the result, for instance, that a Mr. Abraham Lincoln was not able to secure the General Land Office post which he so earnestly desired. And in New York, Democrats or Whigs, it made no difference; there were always two factions. Now it was Vice President Fillmore's faction and Senator Seward's. Thurlow Weed had tried to arrange an understanding between them, but Mr. Fillmore seemed to possess greater influence with the President, for the New York appointments were all going to anti-Seward men. So that Mr. Seward and Mr. Weed had to take counsel how best to supplant Mr. Fillmore in the Executive favor, and in due time this was accomplished, to the further detriment of Whig harmony.

But in any case the Whigs were not to be any more fortunate with their general of 1848 than they had been with the one of 1840. There was a fatality that pursued the Whig Presidents. For just as the Northern Whigs were agreeably discovering that their slave-owning Southerner was not disposed unduly to uphold the slavery element in politics, he died, quite unexpectedly, on July 9, 1850. Mr. Fillmore, who was supposed to be a safe antislavery man, suddenly turned out to be a supporter of measures which some of his Northern partisans detested, partly perhaps because Mr. Seward was of the latter. It was General Harrison and Mr. Tyler and the bank all over again. It was important, too, because at the time of General Taylor's death they were discussing the great slavery Compromise of 1850.

They had done their best during the campaign of 1848 to ignore the whole question—slavery in the new territories, the Wilmot Proviso, all those disturbing matters—but in 1849, Congress and the entire nation were again boiling with sectional animosity over the proposed setting up as states of New Mexico and California—the latter with its local constitution forbidding slavery—and over the attempt to abolish the institution in the District of Columbia. The country seemed to be plunging into active disunion; the event was the open subject of speeches in the House and Senate, when, in January, 1850, Mr. Clay came forward with his compromise measures. These provided for some financial and boundary adjustments; California to be admitted as a free state; the interstate slave trade and slavery in the District not to be interfered with, but the importation

(Continued on Page 181)

The choice foods of the world for you to choose from at your leisure in the Piggly Wiggly store! Finer foods—more tempting meals at lower cost

No delays in the Piggly Wiggly store. Your shopping starts the moment you pass the turnstile

Here....

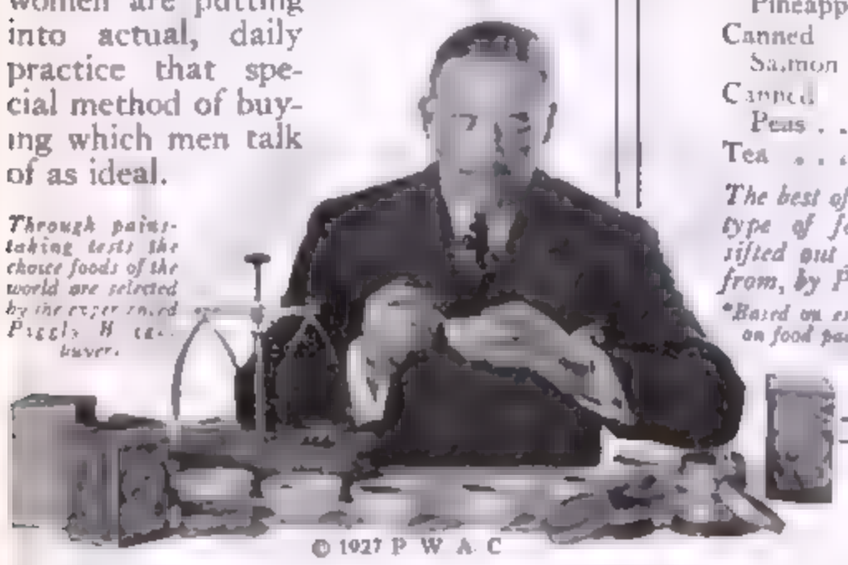
wives accomplish .. what business men only hope for

An unusual Plan of Household Buying adopted by over two million American Women

AS a rule they have said nothing, or just grumbled a bit—these American husbands who are fed on the fat of the land. Meals so good that the whole world envies them—yet until recently they have given very little credit to the patient, skillful work of their wives.

Better living at lower cost—this has been, for years, the program of the women of this country. And today, they have done something which has at last opened their husband's eyes.

Most men pride themselves on being shrewd buyers in business. Now women have beaten them at their own game. In their endless task of shopping for foods, women are putting into actual, daily practice that special method of buying which men talk of as ideal.



Through painstaking tests the choice foods of the world are selected by the experienced Piggly Wiggly buyer.

In order to make full use of their knowledge of real values and to buy foodstuffs purely and simply on merit, American women are sponsoring a nation-wide movement in household buying—Piggly Wiggly.

Starting with a single store, a radical departure, only a few years ago, Piggly Wiggly now serves the women of over 800 cities and towns, simply because it brings them certain definite advantages in buying.

They make each purchase by comparing values for themselves

To shop exactly as they like, to arrive at their own decisions with no pressure from salesmen

To take what they please from the shelves and examine it at their leisure

To know that the choice foods of the earth have been assembled here by experts for them to look over

To compare the plainly marked prices, certain that they are saving money, day in, day out—

These are points that women value in the Piggly Wiggly store.

Here they find those articles which women throughout the country have tested in their homes and approved—which they come back to buy *of their own accord* again and again.

Out of the countless grades and brands of every food on sale in America today, the finest kinds of each have been carefully selected by the experienced men who guide the policies of Piggly Wiggly.

The pick of the world's markets are offered to you for you to choose from. This is one of the chief reasons that Piggly Wiggly is now used by over two million women.

What precious time you save at the Piggly Wiggly stores! No waits, till a clerk is free. You start and you finish when you like. And what delightful suggestions for your menu come to you from the richly varied foods on the shelves!

Prices that offer a real saving

The saving in expense is perhaps most important of all at Piggly Wiggly. Always your daily food purchases cost you less because of Piggly Wiggly's special plan of operation.

To give your husband more surprises, to serve him dishes he will like even better, to cut the cost of groceries still more—try this new method of household buying today. Visit the Piggly Wiggly store in your neighborhood.

Searching out the world's choice foods

What are biggest values among these many brands and grades on the market today?

Food	No. of brands*
Canned Pineapple . .	over 300
Canned Salmon . . .	over 1,000
Canned Peas	over 4,500
Tea	over 1,000

The best of these and of each type of food are carefully sifted out for you to choose from, by Piggly Wiggly.

*Based on estimates by authorities on food packing and marketing

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PIGGLY WIGGLY STORES

The finest kinds of each food selected for you to choose from

An easy way to save money

All prices are shown on swinging tags. Compare values, then make your own choice uninfluenced by clerks. Just help yourself and save money at the Piggly Wiggly store

An unusual opportunity for responsible men to own a profitable local business with the backing of a national organization—Piggly Wiggly franchises. Available in cities where stores have not been opened. Address Piggly Wiggly Corporation, Memphis, Tennessee.

A SERVICE NOW OFFERED IN 824 CITIES AND TOWNS

Smartly Exclusive

At the game . . . as on all occasions, the Van Heusen Collar harmonizes with the dignified formality of stylish grooming. Throughout the day and evening, its unwilting crispness . . . its unstarched comfort . . . its friendly fit . . . assure incontestable correctness. Yet the Van Heusen costs no more than ordinary collars.

VAN HEUSEN FEATURES

¶ No starch. ¶ Woven on a curve. ¶ The fold is woven in. ¶ One piece, multi-ply fabric. ¶ No saw edges. ¶ No bands or seams. ¶ Saves your shirts and ties. ¶ Will not wilt or wrinkle.

TWELVE POPULAR STYLES

35¢ Each
3 for $1.

VAN HEUSEN

PATENTED

The World's Sma[illegible]

PHILLIPS-JO[illegible]

(Continued from Page 178)

of slaves into the District for sale to be stopped; a more stringent law looking toward the enforcement of the clause in the Federal Constitution under which fugitive slaves were returnable to their masters—the failure to return them and the assistance offered to runaways in the North being one of the great Southern grievances—and no restrictions regarding slavery applied to the other territories acquired from Mexico.

Some concessions were to be made to the North, some concessions to the South, and a shifting of the responsibility regarding slavery from Congress to the people in the territories—noninterference.

The resolutions were the occasion for a famous debate in the Senate, more especially famous in retrospect, since it witnessed the last important political and oratorical appearance of the great trio—Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster. They were ill, all three of them; the two youngest sixty-eight, Mr. Clay so weak that he had to be helped up the Capitol steps, Mr. Webster filled with oxide of arsenic and other treatments, both of them to die in 1852. Mr. Calhoun, too sick to speak himself, all wrapped up in flannels while he listened to Senator Mason read the speech which he could not deliver, but his spirit blazing through the eyes which were to close forever within the month. Mr. Clay explained his measures, Mr. Calhoun opposed them. The Union, he insisted, could be preserved only "by conceding to the South an equal right in the acquired territory" and by ceasing "the agitation of the slave question." And on March seventh Mr. Webster arose to make the speech which ruined him with his Northern Whigs. He was—to the Northerners incomprehensibly—in favor of the compromise; and as for the return of fugitive slaves, it was the South which was right, under the Constitution, and the North which was wrong.

Many others spoke during the long debates—over the compromises, over the Omnibus Bill which for a while embodied some of them, over the separate acts which finally covered them—the months passed and Senator Foote threatened Senator Benton on the floor of the Senate; the Nashville Convention of slave states met, General Taylor died, and with him the Executive opposition to the compromise, since Mr. Fillmore—possibly in order to annoy Senator Seward, or because Mr. Webster was Secretary of State now—was determined to support it; and in the North antislavery men were cursing Daniel Webster and his speech.

The Preservation of the Union

He was reviled and cast out—in spite of those who saw more calmly the necessity of abiding by the Constitution in the matter of the fugitive slaves—and all the more so because his attitude and influence were powerfully responsible for the adoption, one by one, of the measures and for the creation of a reluctant public sentiment in their favor in the North.

And among all the reasons advanced by historians for his action—a desire to postpone the unavoidable conflict of secession until the North should be stronger in men and more united in principle, personal ambition, whatever—perhaps his own reason, as expressed in a letter to Mr. Pettigru of Charleston in 1852, is the simplest—that "the hoi polloi of the Whig Party, especially in the North and East, were, in March, 1850, fast sinking into the slough of free-soilism and abolitionism. I did what I could to rescue the country from the consequences of their abominable politics. I disdain to seek the favor of such persons, and I have no sympathy with their opinions. You are of the South, my dear sir, and I of the North; but if the degrees of latitude which divide us were ten times as many as they are, your thoughts and my thoughts, your hopes and my hopes for the good of the country, would still rush together in a warm, glowing sentiment and a fervent prayer for the preservation of the Union. God help the right."

The preservation of the Union—that was what Mr. Webster, Mr. Clay, Mr. Fillmore, no doubt all the compromisers, were thinking of and striving for. It was to be accomplished by this Compromise of 1850, which paved the way for the fatal Kansas-Nebraska Bill of 1854; by this Fugitive Slave Law, which the radical North had no intention of observing; by this arrangement in the new territories whereby they were to be "admitted into the Union, with or without slavery, as their Constitution may prescribe at the time of admission"; an arrangement which was indirectly to lead up to the tragedy of Bleeding Kansas. Once and for all, they thought, the question of slavery had been removed from Congress; it was no longer, would never be again, a political issue; the compromise was a final settlement of all past differences, a criterion for all future decisions. The case was closed.

Peace in the Party

The Whig Party thought so, all but the Abolitionists, since a Whig Administration had accomplished it. The Democratic Party on the whole thought so, and saw itself reunited and confident on the eve of a presidential campaign. The nation thought so, and celebrated with guns and bells and mass meetings, ignoring the manifestations of the radicals in both the North and South. The Fugitive Slave Law was after all merely an enforcement of the Constitution; the settlement of the slavery dispute was a finality; the country was saved.

And the country had been getting just a little weary of all these Wilmot Provisos and abolitions and secessions—all this fist-pounding and shouting. Now for a little peace, until something entirely different turned up to get excited over.

When it came time for the presidential campaign in 1852, the Democrats knew exactly what to do—cheer for the compromise measures and find a compromise candidate who could cement the recent union of their factions. Of course there were always Mr. Cass and Mr. Buchanan and the Little Giant—Douglas, of Illinois—and several others; but as Mr. Burke wrote to Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire, in April, "the three most prominent candidates for the nomination are Cass, Buchanan and Douglas. General Cass I think now has most friends. . . . Next to him Douglas is the most prominent. . . . Mr. Buchanan seems to have but very little support out of Pennsylvania. Therefore the struggle will be between Cass and Douglas.

"The old experienced politicians here are of the opinion that it will result in the defeat of both. . . . Now in my judgment if at the proper time at the convention you will allow your name to be used as a compromise candidate, you stand as good a chance of the nomination as any man I can now think of." Mr. Burke had "asked Southern gentlemen . . . and they have invariably responded most favorably. . . . Hence I believe that you are among the very probable candidates for the presidency, if you will allow your name to be used at the right time."

Franklin Pierce, who had served in the Mexican War as a brigadier-general under General Scott, had been nominated in January by his state's convention, and had declined, as he had previously declined a nomination for the governorship and an appointment to the United States Senate—from which he had already once resigned—and the offer by Mr. Polk of the attorney-generalcy. Now General Pierce replied to Mr. Burke that "the aspect of things has materially changed. . . . I must leave the matter to my friends at W[ashington] looking, as I am sure they will, to what is my duty and what may be the best interests of the party."

The Democratic convention assembled in Baltimore on June first, and for thirty-four ballots Mr. Cass, Mr. Buchanan and

Dad, it's great!

Meccano builds *Thousands* of models —*all different and in colors*

The NEW "OO" OUTFIT—$1.00

The World's Best Value

EVERY boy wants a construction toy and naturally he wants the best. Meccano is the system that builds models on real engineering principles. With it any boy can build fine engineering models that work just like real machines. There is no fun like the thrill of building models with Meccano, and there is no limit to their number—the Meccano boy can have a new model every day in the year if he likes. All these models are in color and, of course, this gives them an added charm

Meccano model-building requires no study—it is dead easy and anyone who can use a screw-driver can build Meccano models. No tools are necessary

Meccano parts are made from the best steel and are beautifully finished in bright colors. All parts are accurately made and the Gears are *cut* from solid brass so that they work smoothly and correctly, which they would not do if they were *stamped* from sheet metal.

This year we are introducing a brand new Outfit (it costs $1) and with it hundreds of splendid new models can be built—in colors. This No "OO" Outfit includes many additional parts and is the best value in the world. With it there is a fine new Instruction Manual illustrating scores of new models that it has hitherto not been possible to build with any construction toy.

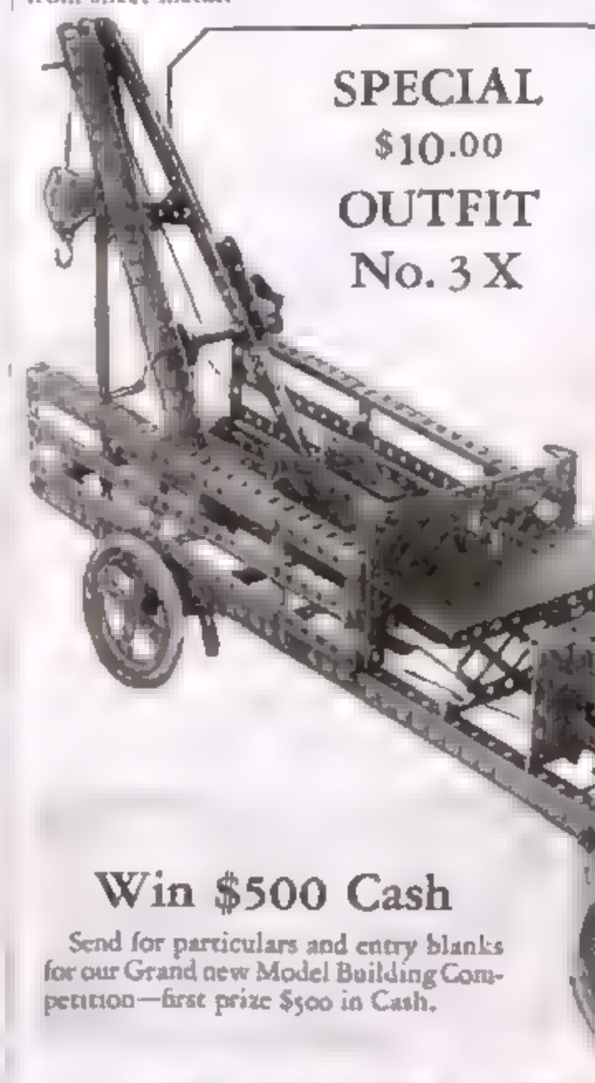
The "OO" Outfit is a fine present that will gladden the heart of any boy.

Send for This Book—It is Free

This splendidly illustrated book explains the Meccano System and shows scores of models that may be made with Meccano

A copy will be mailed to you free in return for the names and addresses of three of your chums. You can send the names on a postcard if you like and we will send you the book by return mail. For reference write number S-1 after your own name and address.

MECCANO COMPANY, Inc.
Div. S-1, Elizabeth, N. J.



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OUTFIT
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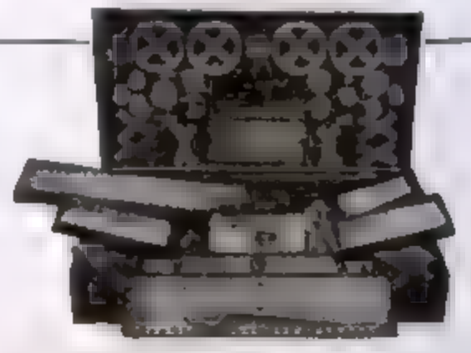


This fine Outfit contains a fine assortment of Meccano parts—many of the latest design—and all are packed in a strong wooden box. The illustrated book of instructions includes with it shows how to build many superb models but the Outfit will build hundreds of others in addition to those shown. The Outfit also includes a powerful Meccano reversing patent Electric Motor with which you can make the models work like real machines

Other Outfits from $1 to $45. Buy them from your dealer, but if he cannot supply you we will mail direct on receipt of price.

Win $500 Cash

Send for particulars and entry blanks for our Grand new Model Building Competition—first prize $500 in Cash.

This Wrecking Car with Electric Motor is one of the 475 models made with a $10 set.

MECCANO

Engineering for Boys

Mrs. Marjorie Oelrichs

says Charm & Beauty are matters

F. E. Grisler

of knowing how

If you only knew how many women started life as "ugly ducklings" you'd be amazed.

They simply learned how to make the most of themselves. They had money, perhaps . . . or extraordinary brains . . . or a friend who "showed them how." They found, in some way, the scientific information underlying beauty and charm in woman.

Mrs. Marjorie Oelrichs, outstanding in smart society for her beauty and charm, has written a Home Beauty Course for you. "You must have a chart," writes Mrs Oelrichs, "to guide you in finding beauty."

And that is exactly what her book is. It tells you, in the simplest words, how to make the very most of your appearance Skin, hair, make-up, clothes—everything that contributes to beauty in woman—are thoroughly discussed and explained. You will find in it many aids to beauty which have never occurred to you, but which will make a vast improvement in your appearance. Any woman in America might read this book with profit, and many women will be completely made over by it.

With this Home Beauty Course by Mrs. Marjorie Oelrichs, comes a most attractive box—your own "Home Beauty Shop." In it are the six essentials so that you can begin the Course at once. What a difference you and others—will notice in your appearance!

Home Beauty Course

by Mrs. Marjorie Oelrichs

THE BOOK

Introduction—The Philosophy of Beauty—My Philosophy of Life
Chapter 1—You are a type—envy no other
Chapter 2—Your skin—how it may be promptly improved
Chapter 3—The weekly restoring work.
Chapter 4—Your arms and hands—making them beautiful
Chapter 5—Corrective work—ridding yourself of blemishes.
Chapter 6—To control flesh—diet.
Chapter 7—What exercises to take—and why.
Chapter 8—Right make-up—for your type.
Chapter 9—Your hair—how to care for it and dress it
Chapter 10—Your clothes—the importance of colors and lines
Chapter 11—For the Girl who is not popular.
Chapter 12—An intimate chapter for Wives.

A full sized book of 96 pages 6"x9".

THE BOX

The Home Beauty Shop containing the 6 essentials

1 jar Boncilla Skin-Food
1 jar Boncilla Cold Cream
1 jar Boncilla Vanishing Cream
1 jar Boncilla Cleansing Cream
1 box Boncilla Face Powder
1 tube Boncilla Clasmic Pack.

These are not sample size. They contain at least a two weeks' supply

Sixty Days Only—At your druggist's or department store—during October and November—sixty days only—you can get them—The Book and The Box for $2.00, in Canada, $2.50. And if you find that your dearest friend—or enemy—has just bought the last one, write your name on the margin of this advertisement, send it to us with $2.00 and The Book and The Box will reach you by return mail. Boncilla Laboratories, Inc., Indianapolis, Ind

Mr. Douglas were leading. But Mr. Burke had been very busy; he had insisted that the first mention of General Pierce's name should come from some other state than New Hampshire, and on the morning of June fifth he was able to write to his protégé: "We are in great hopes of nominating you this morning. The thing is about ripe. We have intimations from the delegations from Pennsylvania and Virginia that they will soon lead off for you. . . . The prospects are more encouraging than ever. But you know the whole thing is contingent. So do not be too much elated If God and the people give you the nomination and election, bear your honors calmly, meekly and with dignity. I have no doubt you will. . . . We are all excited here . . . the convention is about to work."

On the thirty-fifth ballot Virginia gave its vote to General Pierce, and during the next thirteen ballots his total slowly increased until he was ahead of Mr. Douglas and Mr. Buchanan. And on the forty-ninth ballot, in a riot of yelling delegations, the convention suddenly stampeded for the general and selected William King of Alabama for Vice President.

Letting the Welkin Ring

"I wrote you this morning," Mr. Burke notified the presidential nominee, "that in all probability you would be nominated. . . . We have all done the best we could for you. We have pledged you to nothing except that you would be honest, faithful, true, discreet and just. We have no doubt you will fulfill all these pledges. . . . The scene in the convention was grand—sublime. The cannon has already heralded your success. Mighty destiny; be true to it. . . . The enthusiasm is tremendous. You unite all cliques. . . . *You will be elected.* . . . King is Buchanan's bosom friend and thus a great and powerful interest is conciliated. Our nominations also please both wings of the Democratic Party in New York. They were content with slaying each other and both will cordially unite on you. . . . The slave states will fall into our laps like ripe apples. . . . I think you will be elected, because all cliques of the democracy are united on you as they were on Mr. Polk."

And so it was:

Come rally all, the bugle call
Above the field is heard;
With Pierce and King the breezes ring,
And all the land is stirred;
The hilltops and the valleys pour
Their legions to the fight,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
The council fires burn bright!
So, boys, fling out the standard sheet,
And let the welkin ring;
We're bound to give the Whigs defeat
With gallant Pierce and King.

And to the platform of 1848 they added two resolutions: First, that "the Democratic Party will resist all attempts at renewing, in Congress or out of it, the agitation of the slavery question, under whatever shape or color the attempt may be made"; secondly, that the party would abide by "a faithful execution of the acts known as the compromise measures . . . the act for reclaiming fugitives . . . included; which act, being designed to carry out an express provision of the Constitution, cannot with fidelity thereto be repealed, nor so changed as to destroy or impair its efficiency."

They had to read the last one twice, in the midst of a tremendous din of applause, and a great roaring of laughter at the mention of the Fugitive Slave Law—that anathema of the abolitionist North—the responsibility for which was almost certain to wreck the Whig Party. Whereupon:

Democracy is for the free!
Aristocrats can do
With greed that makes the people bleed
To glorify the few;
The Whigs may ban the workingman
And scorn his swarthy hand;
Democracy will hold him up,
The glory of the land!
So, boys, fling out the standard sheet
And let the welkin ring;
We're bound to give the Whigs defeat
With gallant Pierce and King.

The Whigs were considerably worried. Mr. Clay was out of it—"considering my age, the delicate state of my health, the frequency and the unsuccessful presentation of my name on former occasions, I feel an unconquerable repugnance to such a use of it again"; and in any case he did not see "any such general allusion to me" as even to require a public statement of his withdrawal.

The nomination rested then between Mr. Webster and Mr. Fillmore, and neither of them could expect to carry the antislavery North. On the other hand no candidate avowedly opposed to the compromise could expect to carry the rest of the country. A compromise nominee must be found, and to many minds the name of Winfield Scott presented itself. He was a popular hero; he was a general—the Whigs were always successful with their generals—and no one knew or tried very hard to find out just where he stood on the compromise.

The Whig convention met at Baltimore on June sixteenth, in a blare of partisan bands drowning out the secret conclaves of intriguing managers, and the Southern delegates proceeded at once to draw up the platform which the convention was to adopt. Aside from generalities and tariff provisions, it announced that the character of the Federal Government was limited, that the governments of the states should be held secure to their reserved rights, that the Union ought to be "revered and watched over as the palladium of our liberties," and that "the series of [compromise] acts . . . the Fugitive Law included, are received and acquiesced in by the Whig Party . . . as a settlement in principle and substance of the dangerous and exciting questions which they embrace; and . . . we will maintain them and insist upon their strict enforcement. . . . And we deprecate all further agitation of the question thus settled as dangerous to our peace, and will discountenance all efforts to continue or renew such agitation, whenever, wherever or however the attempt may be made; and we will maintain this system as essential to the nationality of the Whig Party and the integrity of the Union."

The Opposing Generals

There it was—the Whigs and Democrats were in perfect accord and there was to be no fundamental issue in the campaign. That it foretold the last appearance in presidential politics of the Whig Party was probably not appreciated by any of the delegates who listened to Mr. Choate while he appealed to the Northern objectors to "let him who doubts . . . whether it were wise to pass these [compromise] measures look back and recall with what instantaneous and mighty charm they calmed the madness and anxiety of the hour."

In other respects the convention was simply the scene of Mr. Webster's final tragedy. It was understood, behind the doors, that the Southern Fillmore delegates would drop him eventually, and that, though most of them would then turn to General Scott, still enough of them could be found to vote for Mr. Webster and secure his nomination if only he could provide forty Northern votes of his own. "If the Webster Whigs at the North . . . desert and go for Scott," Edward Curtis explained to Peter Harvey, "then the *game is up* no chance is given to the South to turn from Fillmore to Webster. . . . With all the noise now made, *Fillmore cannot get a majority*, and [it] will be a cruel business in the Webster men of the North to go off for Scott before we give Mr. Webster a

Continued on Page 185

Hamilton strap model, in the Tonneau shape, available in 14k, or 14k filled green or white gold, plain or engraved cases, $55 to $87

* * *

The Hamilton Cushion strap watch sturdily encased in 14k or filled green or white gold, plain or engraved, $50 to $77

Hamilton strap model, Square-Cut-corner shape, available in 14k, or 14k filled green or white gold, plain or engraved, $55 to $87

* * *

The Barrel model Hamilton strap watch comes in plain or engraved cases of 14k filled, or 14k green or white gold, $55 to $87

The Garfield model—Fashioned of 14k gold exquisitely engraved. Available in either green or white, fitted with Hamilton 17-jewel movement at $75

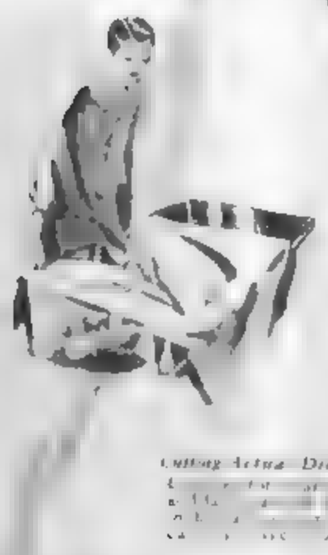
ACCURACY
YOU CAN DEPEND UPON

When you hold one of these smart new Hamiltons in your hand, its beauty will win your heartiest admiration. As you use it year after year, its dependability and accuracy will amaze you again and again . . . The Hamilton was the first watch to time the United States Air Mails. It timed the first plane that crossed the Pole. Explorers use it. Railroads use it. It times the Twentieth Century, the Broadway Limited, the Olympian—for it is "The Watch of Railroad Accuracy" . . . The Hamilton is made in many models, both pocket and strap, in cases from filled gold to platinum—at prices from $48 to $685. Examine the beautiful models on this page. Your jeweler can show you others . . . You are invited to send for our two booklets, "The Timekeeper" and "The Care of Your Watch."

Hamilton Watch Company, 850 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pa.

The Van Buren model—Engraved case of green or white filled gold, $55

Hamilton Watch *The Watch of Railroad Accuracy*



With the White Rotary Electric You Now are Given *The White Sewing Course*

Over hundred and twenty-five White Schools are now teaching home sewing to thousands of women under the guidance of expert teachers

Making one's own clothes, sewing for the family and the house, have all been made easier for purchasers of the new White Rotary Electric Sewing Machines

Sewing need not be an unknown art to any woman—every step is explained in the White Course, laying the pattern, cutting out, fitting, lining—everything to the final sewing, an effortless pleasure on your White Rotary Electric.

When the White Representative brings this modern machine to your home for a demonstration you'll then fully realize the wonderful variety of sewing that can easily be done. You'll see the beauty of a period model, too, as a piece of furniture. Our representative will fully explain the White Sewing School and what it will do for you.
White Sewing Machine Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

White
Rotary Electric
Sewing Machines

The Martha Washington
A beautiful period model White Rotary Electric, complete with modern attachments to do all your sewing . . . $165

Also two console types:
The Ivory $180. . . The Mount Vernon, $190

SINCE 1876 ~ THE SERVANT OF THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

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(Continued from Page 182)

chance to get the South. If there were any danger of having Fillmore hoisted on us, by adhering to Mr. Webster, the case w'd be very different. We have a *certainty* that Fillmore will fall short. . . . Under these circumstances there is no excuse for anybody to quit Mr. Webster who affects to prefer him."

They moved heaven and earth—the Webster managers—they took every precaution. They had already sent him word that "it is the universal sentiment: *Let not Mr. Webster make another speech.*" They went from delegation to delegation in the North, begging for votes—just a handful of votes—but it was useless. Senator Seward controlled New York for General Scott; Massachusetts had no charity for its distinguished son; Maine had never forgiven him for the Ashburton Treaty. It could not be done. The South waited, and the forty Northern Webster votes were not forthcoming. On the fifty-third ballot General Scott was nominated, with William Graham of North Carolina as Vice President.

It was a terrible blow to Mr. Webster, a "chagrin as profound as [his] entire nature," that his "Southern brethren . . . had neither the courage or kindness to place me on the record of that convention. . . . I would rather," he said, "have had *their record* than the nomination."

Everything in the Webster home, on the evening after the nomination, reminded Mr. Choate of a funeral, "of the first meal after the return from the grave"—an emotion "too deep for utterance." Mr. Webster was overwhelmed, and in July he was telling his son: "I confess I grow inclined to cross the Seas. I meet here so many causes of vexation and humiliation growing out of the events connected with the convention that I am pretty much decided and determined to leave the department . . . and either go abroad or go into obscurity." On October twenty-fourth he died. Mr. Clay had already preceded him.

The Democratic and Whig disaffection resulting from all these compromises was again expressed in the nomination at Pittsburgh, in August, of John Hale and George Julian by a Free Soil convention which—after condemning slavery, the Fugitive Slave Law, the compromise measures and the "doctrine that any human law is a finality and not subject to modification or repeal"—voiced its conviction that "no permanent settlement of the slavery question can be looked for except in the practical recognition of the truth that slavery is sectional and freedom national; by the total separation of the general government from slavery . . . and by leaving to the states the whole subject of slavery and the extradition of fugitives from service."

Making Personal Issues

It also stated that "the free Democratic Party is not organized to aid either the Whig or the Democratic wing of the great slave compromise party of the nation, but to defeat them both; and that, repudiating and announcing both as hopelessly corrupt and utterly unworthy of confidence, the purpose of the Free Democracy is to take possession of the Federal Government and administer it for the better protection of the rights and interests of the whole people."

But the Whigs were not listening. They were too busy counteracting the Northern attitude that "we accept the candidate, but spit upon the platform," and trying to stir up enthusiasm—by means of rallies, a veterans' encampment at Niagara, torchlight processions—for their own somewhat disappointing general, though laughing at the Democrats' cocked hat, of whom, in his campaign biography, Mr. Hawthorne could find very little to say.

General Pierce, they maintained—in a campaign which had of necessity to be personal, since there were no real issues involved—had fallen off his horse in a fainting fit during one of the Mexican battles. General Scott himself flatly denied the charge aimed at his adversary, but the Whigs had to make a song of it to the effect that:

Two generals are in the field,
Frank Pierce and Winfield Scott;
Some think that Frank's a fighting man
And some think he is not.
'Tis said that when in Mexico,
While leading on his force,
He took a sudden fainting fit
And tumbled off his horse!

To which the Democrats replied with:

Hail to the chieftain, whose laurels already
Our foemen would sever and treat with disdain;
But the Democracy, serried and steady,
Shout from the inland all round to the main—
Glory has decked his brow
Up with each banner now!
Let the old war song thrill mountain and wave—
Song that a Jackson met,
Strong with the chorus yet,
Hurrah for the cause of the free and the brave!

Feathers and Soup and Fuss

And as for General Scott—old Fuss and Feathers, as they had called him in the army—he was, the Democrats insisted, nothing but a Free Soiler, a creature of Senator Seward's, a nativist, a coiner of phrases; the gentleman who had once left his office to take "a hasty plate of soup." Fuss and Feathers, Hasty Plate of Soup—these were to be catchwords of the campaign, and:

True, the aristocrats, proud and vainglorious,
Point to a Scott with his saber and plume;
But he who only in war is victorious
Ne'er to high councils of state should presume,
Feathers and Soup and Fuss,
They cannot frighten us;
We have a chief great with pen or the glaive;
So for the coming rout,
Democrats, thunder out,
Hurrah for the cause of the free and the brave!

And for that matter:

We have got the ball a-rolling;
We will soon the votes be polling,
And we'll set the bells a-tolling
Doleful music for the Whigs;
For in spite of all endeavor,
Hasty soup and fuss and feather,
They must hurry up Salt River
When November's ides are past!

And the Whigs, too, sensed their approaching defeat, and decided as a last resort to send their candidate on a tour of the West. Stump speaking by the presidential nominees was considered undignified; General Pierce himself was staying quietly at home, but the Whigs found an excuse. Their general had recently been appointed to investigate the merits of Blue Lick Springs, in Kentucky, as a military sanatorium, and it was in his official capacity—"on a mission of public charity," not for a moment "to solicit your votes"—that he visited Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky and other states during the fall of 1852.

He made a considerable number of rather fatuous speeches, none of them of a political character, which the New York Herald promptly published as a Democratic campaign document, entitled The Modern Epic, or The Iliad of the Nineteenth Century; and since the general had been accused of nativism, he never missed an opportunity of referring graciously to the adopted citizens, proclaiming his pleasure whenever in the crowds around him he overheard "the sweet German accent" or "the rich Irish brogue"—for he loved to hear it, "that rich brogue . . . it makes me remember noble deeds of Irishmen." He would have

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Stamina
The FLORSHEIM SHOE has robust strength that carries thru long, hard wear and stands up faithfully to the last. A shoe of real worth and fine appearance.
The WALTON—Style M-270
Most Styles $10
THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
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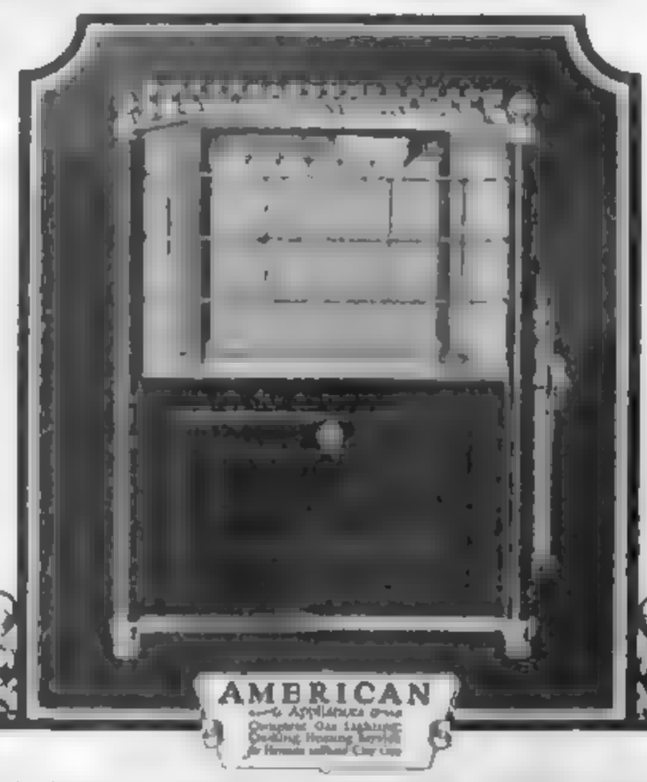
AMERICAN
RADIANT HEATERS



Is there a time when the home is unlivable because it is chilly and cold? That is the time when the American Radiant Heater is appreciated for its glowing warmth; ready to go anywhere, to the bath, the porch, the living room, or the sick bed.

This perfect portable Heater making its own gas from gasoline gives a comfort enjoyed before only by those living in cities served by gas. Just light it with a common match and take its abundant heat where you wish. It's surprisingly economical as well.

Write for illustrated descriptive literature and name of nearest dealer where you can see this heater in operation.

All American Products
Generate their own gas from gasoline
Use no wicks, are smokeless and odorless.
Made by makers, for thirty years, of gasoline gas appliances
Are simple in design, yet complete in every detail
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American Gas Machine Co., Inc.
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AMERICAN GAS MACHINE CO., INC.
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Send me full particulars about American Radiant Heaters.
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Town and State

done much better, of course, to have stayed at home.

But General Pierce, for all his public reticence and decorum, was not neglecting the foreigners either. They had hardly finished cheering his nomination at the convention when the busy Mr. Burke was writing to him: "I have made arrangements already with Dr. Hebbé . . . a man of . . . great influence with the German population, to . . . publish [the Pierce campaign biography] in that language. . . . Another German will take the stump for you. I know these men well. They can do more for you with the foreign population than all others."

And not only that, but "*I am in correspondence with Kossuth*"—the great Hungarian patriot who had arrived a little while before in America—"and through Dr. Hebbé can do something with the foreign population. Kossuth has great influence with them and will naturally suppose, *without any assurance*, that a Northern administration will sympathize more with the popular movement in Europe than a Southern, or Whig, administration. Kossuth should be invited to New Hampshire, but should receive nothing from you but courtesies and civilities."

Kossuth should be invited, and no doubt encouraged in a discreet way, but nothing to commit General Pierce's Administration. In fact, Doctor Hebbé was obliged to inform Mr. Burke: "I have had letters from General Kossuth in which he complains much of the deception which certain persons of the Democratic Party have made themselves guilty of in regard to himself, and I have had the utmost difficulty in preventing him from taking steps which would undoubtedly have led to the disorganization and defeat of the Democratic Party. . . . I know that he expected from General Pierce a still more explicit avowal in regard to the course of foreign policy which this country ought to pursue." A still more explicit avowal.

Oh, we'll rally, singing, shouting,
And we'll give the Whigs a routing,
For we haven't got a doubting
Democrat in our ranks;
With our people's column steady,
Native and adopted ready
For the battle, we will spread a
Mighty terror 'mong the Coons.

General Scott carried only four states; he was two hundred thousand votes behind General Pierce in the popular vote, two hundred and twelve in the electoral. The Whigs had received a tremendous Fire upon the Rear; after all the Fuss and Feathers, there was nothing left for them but another Hasty Plate of Soup.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Minnigerode. The next will appear in an early issue

BUY, BABY, BUY

By SAM HELLMAN

I'VE met a lot of high-pressure salesmen in my time, but they were nothing but an appendix to the book of Glib Valentine. That boy could have retailed sandals to serpents and then talked feet onto the snakes so they could wear 'em. There's a report around Doughmore that Valentine once started for Greenland with a line of ice-making machinery but he never finished the trip. On the way up there he met another go-getter and for a thousand dollars sold him the idea of selling ice-making machinery to the Greenlanders.

You can imagine the life of leisure Glib finally picked for himself when he went into the real-estate business and began establishing contacts between sand lots and suckers. All he had to do was to find the suckers, and that introduces me.

It was a block from the house that I runs into Valentine. I'm hurrying to dinner when he flags me.

"Dink," says he, "you're the first man I ever walked home with who owns ten acres in Doughmore Gardens."

"Me!" I gasps. "I don't own any ten acres in Doughmore Gardens"

"I know," smiles Glib; "but you're not home yet."

"Be yourself if you can stand it," I growls. "I'm not buying any left-handed monkey wrenches today. Remember that radio you hooked me with last month?"

"Vaguely," returns Valentine.

"I can't hear it even that good," I tells him. "It's missing on all five tubes and won't even tune in on statics. What'll I do with it?"

"Cut it up into half-acre plots," advises Glib, "build a few sample houses and then hire three or four men to stack the checks in neat piles. It's the best buy in Doughmore and ——"

"Also," I interrupts, "the frau says that washing machine you dealt her is just the curse of an aching back."

"Improved," goes on Valentine, "it ought to bring at least fifty cents a square foot."

That's like Glib. He never lets his present know what his past has done. The minute he swings into a new graft he forgets all about the other lines he's been in. One of his pet stunts is to sell you a velvet-lined widget, for example, and a couple of weeks later drift in with a sample case of plush-covered flimings and tell you what a boob anybody'd be to use velvet-lined widgets.

"The deal's closed then," remarks Valentine when we gets to the door.

"Neither now nor then," I assures him.

"Very well," says Glib, "we'll fix it up at dinner."

"Did Kate invite you?" I asks, surprised.

"She will," replies Valentine, "when she hears of the big profit I've made for you."

Glib's a kind of friend of the family, so there's nothing to be done about it. Besides, the Ritters and the Magruders have been asked to orchestrate soup with us that evening, and I figures Valentine can do me some good. Every time he gets in a word he's bound to kill off a dozen from the beautifully dumb Lizzie Magruder, and that's sure a diamond-studded something.

"Hello," greets Ritter as we enters. "What you selling now, Glib. Wave lengths or areas of low pressure?"

"I'm in the real-estate business," answers Valentine with dignity.

"Doing any good?" pursues Hank.

"Fair," answers Glib. "I just sold Dink ten acres in Doughmore Gardens."

"Ten acres!" exclaims the missus. "What are you going to do with 'em?"

"I'm thinking some," says I, "of starting a duck farm and raising silver foxes for the hay-and-grain market. Another idea I got is to ——"

"Did you really buy some land?" cuts in Ritter.

"What with?" I yelps. "You know Glib—he's always peddling something and blowing in the profits before he's even met the prospect. He's got as much chance of getting me under an acre shower as a giraffe has of doing handsprings in a dog house."

"But," argues Valentine, "this is a bargain you can't escape from. Ten acres at three thousand an acre, five minutes from the station ——"

"And," I adds, "six months from the poorhouse. Listen, feller," I goes on, "do you know my neck?"

"Do I know what?" puzzles Glib.

(Continued on Page 189)

The FLORSHEIM SHOE
Faithful
FLORSHEIM SHOES are as faithful as a good friend. You will enjoy them and appreciate their true worth, and come back again regularly for additional pairs.
The CORTLAND — Style M 272
Most Styles $10
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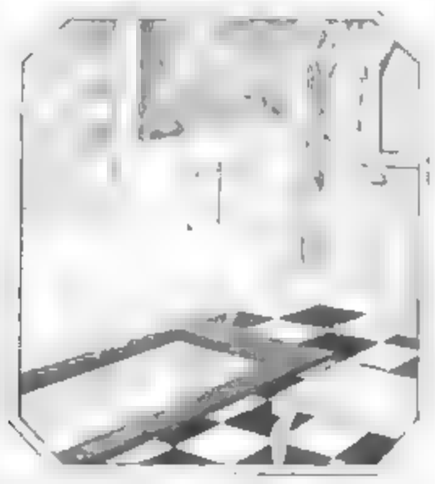
THIS IS THE FAMOUS
MUSICONE
TRY IT 15 DAYS
12 INCH ULTRA MUSICONE
16 INCH SUPER MUSICONE
$9.75
$12.75
Many a home is only half enjoying radio because of some old loudspeaker. It does the best it can—but you remember what happened when you replaced an old yellow carbon electric lamp with the modern mazda. Add a new brilliancy to your radio with the new Musicone. Crosley authorizes every Crosley dealer to urge this convincing test upon all loudspeaker purchasers. Test the Musicone with any other loudspeaker AT ANY PRICE in your own home, hooked to your own receiver.
CROSLEY
Also Crosley 6 tube Bandbox Receiver at $55, which is furnished in an AC
Write Dept. 31 for descriptive literature
THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Powel Crosley, Jr., Pres. Cincinnati
Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico and West prices slightly higher



Soft and silky smooth ... *the choice of the fastidious*

DAINTY women—women of refinement—select accessories with care—especially accessories of an intimate nature.

Their sense of nicety insists upon the purest, spotless best. The purchase of even such an article as bathroom paper is given careful thought.

A. P. W. Satin Tissue is the choice of the discriminating—of the fastidious. It has a smooth, soft, silky texture. And it is spotless pure—the creamy color of the virgin pulp from which it comes.

Sterilized time and time again in making, wrapped dustproof—kept clean from mill to you. Firm, yet so absorbent. And absolutely soluble. Yet bought in cartons, A. P. W. Satin Tissue is actually cheaper by the year than harsh, irritating papers.

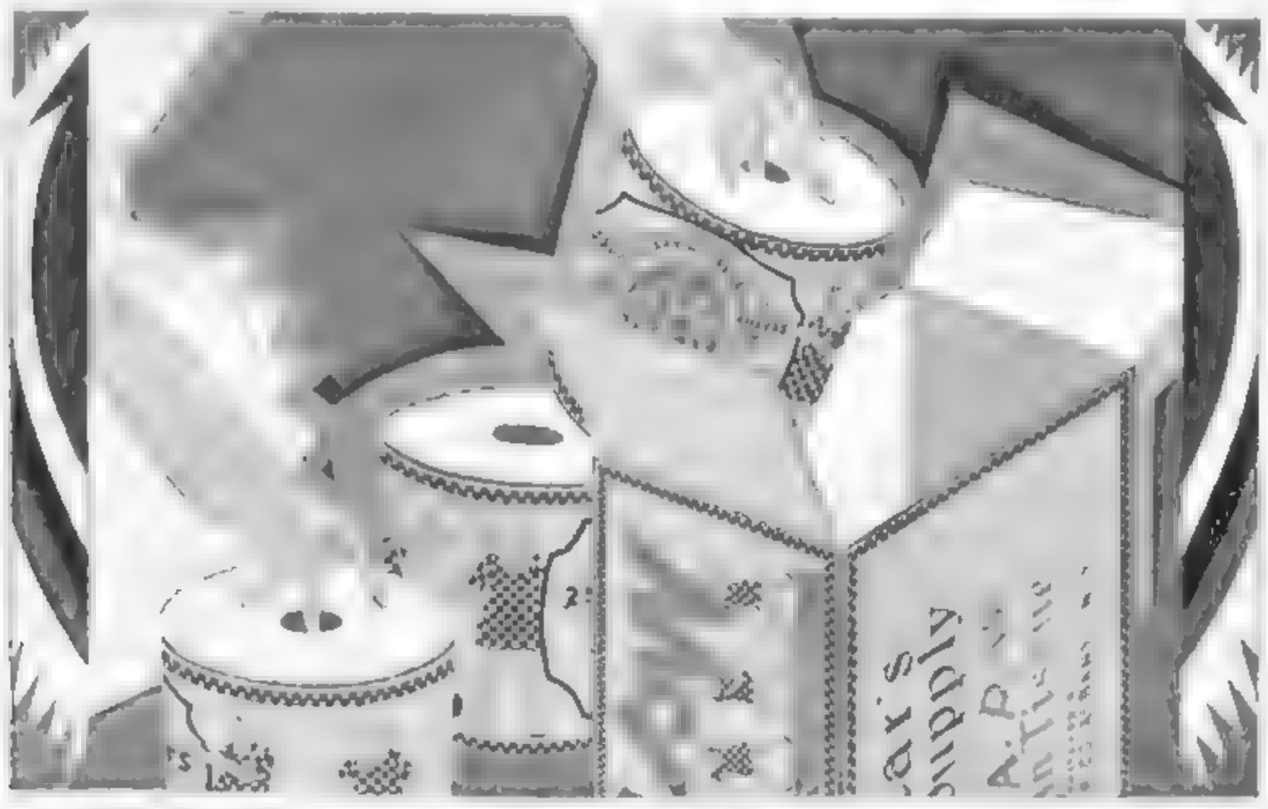
Ask your dealer for the carton, a family's year's supply—10,000 de luxe sheets in rolls, $2.00. Or for the carton of Junior rolls, tight wound for recessed built-in fixtures—6,000 sheets, $1.00.

You'll find A. P. W. Satin Tissue a softer, smoother, firmer bathroom paper. Phone your dealer for a carton now. Save time and conversation.

If you cannot get it, send us your order with your dealer's name. Use the coupon shown below. Enclose check or bills with order.

We'll send the carton, plain wrapped, postpaid.

One word of caution. Much cheap toilet paper is made of "reclaimed stock," old newspapers, and the like. Unknown rolls are sometimes risky. Be safe, be sure. Buy toilet paper by brand name only. Say "I want A. P. W."



A. P. W. Satin Tissue de luxe size—carton 10,000 sheets in rolls, a year's supply—$2.00 Junior size—tight wound rolls for recessed fixtures—6,000 sheets $1.00 Also flat in packages—9,000 sheets $2.45

A·P·W· Satin Tissue

Buy the carton—a year's supply

PHONE YOUR DEALER for the carton, an average year's supply. If he has none in stock, just mail the coupon with check or bills enclosed, and dealer's name. We'll send the carton you prefer, by mail postpaid, securely wrapped.

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For the enclosed $ ___

Please send me postpaid, plainly wrapped, carton of A. P. W. Satin Tissue checked below.

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Dealer's Name and Address _____

My Name and Address _____

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The "tuned-in" audience will form the largest group of rooters of the 1927 football "classics". Be there at the "kick-off" and enjoy the thrill of the big games play by play.

Team-Work *in your* Radio Receiver

is just as essential as team-work on the gridiron

AN "all star team" of new Cunningham Radio Tubes in your receiver will guard against distortion, cut thru interference and score a touchdown in perfect reception.

Like men, each tube plays its part. The alert guards, the heavy duty center, the faithful defense—all star performers—bring the battle of the gridiron to your reproducer.

There is no substitute for a team of Cunningham Radio Tubes in your receiver.

Don't use old or inferior tubes with new ones—use new tubes throughout.

To keep your set at peak performance, re-tube throughout with Cunningham Radio Tubes at least once a year. Your dealer will tell you the correct types for which your set is designed.

Twenty different types —
all in the Orange and Blue carton

Since 1915—Standard for all Sets

E. T. CUNNINGHAM, INC.

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO

A SPECIALLY DESIGNED TUBE FOR EVERY RADIO USE

(Continued from Page 186)

"My neck," I tells him. "Well, I'm up to it now in real estate. There's a couple of mortgages on the roof of this deadfall that are likely to come crashing through any minute and clutter up the place with overdue-interest notes. Don't worry," says I to Lizzie as she turns a scared look toward the ceiling; "no obligation could be heavy enough to make a dent in your dome."

"Where is this stuff you're trying to get rid of?" asks Hank.

"On the other side of the railroad tracks," explains Valentine. "Imagine land only thirty minutes from New York selling for three thousand dollars an acre! Know what that means—a half hour from the Long Island Station?"

"An hour and a half," I calculates, "by express."

"Got any idea how many square feet there are in an acre?" continues Glib.

"Do they come in square feet?" asks Lizzie.

"God pity the sellers on a night like this," mutters Ritter.

"Tell us," I urges, "how many square feet there are. Your secret will be safe with us, eh, Lizzie?"

"I never gossip," says the Magruder gal, cold.

"About forty-three thousand," answers Valentine.

"That's a whole hatful of feet," I admits. "How many gallons of water to the foot when the Sound starts backing up over there?"

"The tract's high and dry," returns Glib. "Forty-three thousand feet at fifty cents a foot is how much?"

"Do you care if I write on the tablecloth?" I asks Kate.

"Twenty-one thousand five hundred dollars," arithmetics Valentine. "It costs you three thousand. What's the answer?"

"It can't be worked out," says I.

"Why not?" demands Glib.

"Because," I answers, "X equals an unwillingness to buy, and how you going to subtract X from that twenty-one-five? I got no ache for acreage."

"Do you realize," persists Valentine, "that all the big fortunes have been made out of real estate?"

"Two months ago," I reminds him, "you told me that the way to get rich was to put in a Glimish Oil Burner."

"You must be wrong," interjects Ritter. "According to what he handed me a few weeks ago, the only way to get independent for life was to put Hugnagel's Roofing on the house."

"How did the Astors get theirs?" goes on Glib. "How did the —— "

"A speaker at the woman's club," cuts in Lizzie brightly, "told us the other day."

"Wasn't it by buying real estate," asks Valentine eagerly, "and waiting for it to go up?"

"No," says Mrs. Magruder; "they made all their money out of unearned implements. Why don't you get a line of those, Glib?"

"I suppose," sneers Valentine at me, "you wouldn't have bought Manhattan Island for a keg of whisky. That's all the Indians got for it, you remember."

"Yes," I agrees, "but do you happen to know that the bird that bought the place died in the poorhouse?"

"I never heard that," hesitates Glib.

"Sure," I goes on. "About a year after the deal the Dutchman was sued for the keg, which, it seems, had only been loaned to him. The poor fellow went to the Indians and offered to give them the land back for the empty barrel, but there was less than nothing doing. In fact, the reds got so sore they made him take Westchester and Kings counties before they'd allow him to leave the camp."

"Let's be serious," begs Valentine. "You admit Long Island's growing fast, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," says I, "it's getting to be a big boy, and I've noticed myself how its voice has been changing from the high quack of the duck to the deep curse of the golfer. There's money to be made around here in real estate, but why should I tie up my

"Well," Says the Magruder Hen, "I've Just Sold Part of Magruder Manor"

NEW TWIN BLADE CLEANER

WIPES YOUR WINDSHIELD STRAIGHT ACROSS . . $8.50

CRYSTAL clear vision for driver and passenger! A powerful, noiseless motor, driven automatically by the well-known suction principle, equipped with two vertical blades which slide smoothly back and forth, *clearing your whole range of vision.*

The Visionall clears 254 square inches of glass—more than twice as much as the average cleaner!

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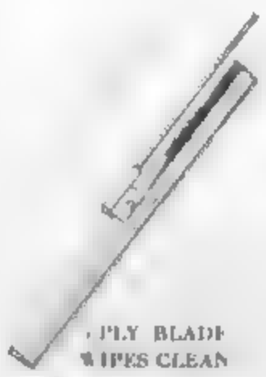

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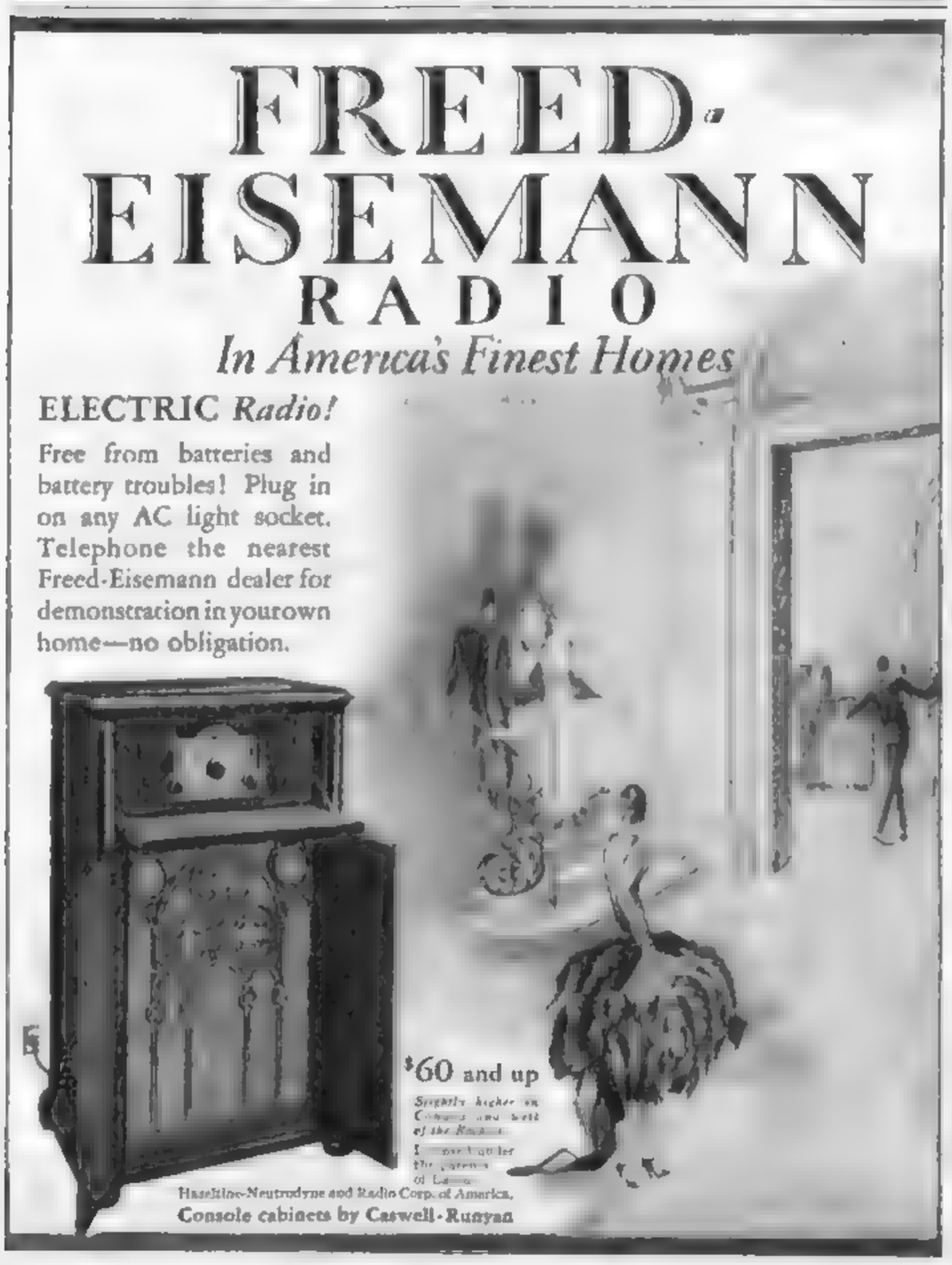

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dough now so my great-grandson's divorced wife might be known as the best-dressed woman in Deauville?"

"How," inquires Lizzie, "do you know he's going to be divorced?"

"By that time," I returns, "you'll have to show your divorce papers to get a marriage license."

"I know the property that's on Glib's mind," remarks Hank at this juncture, "and it's not such a bad buy at three thousand an acre. Of course the idea that he's trying to get across that there's a profit of eighteen thousand an acre to be made is the bunk. There might be if you could sell lots on the hoof, but you can't. It'd take another three thousand for streets, gas, electricity and water, not to mention interest, taxes, commissions, advertising and the rest of the so forths. After you did that you might get thirty cents a foot for it."

"I'll bet," says Lizzie, "I could sell twenty or thirty feet just in my sewing club for fifty cents a foot."

"In other words," I adds, "a dollar for a pair of feet. What are you going to build? Little theaters or kitchenette apartments for humming birds?"

"Did you hear what Ritter said about it being a good buy?" puts in Valentine, hasty, taking no chances of letting his big deal ooze away in small talk.

"Yes," says I, "but what of it? Twenty-dollar gold pieces are a good buy at nineteen-forty-three, but there's a catch in it."

"I know," discovers Lizzie Magruder. "They don't make twenty-dollar gold pieces any more."

"You got to have the nineteen-forty-three," I explains. "If I had thirty thousand dollars, I'd leave my wife."

"And if I had thirty thousand," snaps the frau, "I'd give it to you."

"I have an idea," announces Glib, after a spell of silence. "Why don't you all go in on it? Form a corporation, each take so much stock ——"

"Great!" I interrupts. "Valentine's Victims, Inc."

"You'd only have to put up 30 per cent of the price," goes on the real estater pro tem. "That's nine thousand dollars. The six of you together certainly can afford that much. Besides," continues Glib, "I'll tell you what I'll do. If you don't get out with a profit in a year, I'll take the property off your hands for what it costs, with interest."

"I imagine," says Hank dryly, "you'd do it with great interest after we'd put the improvements in, but what guaranty would we have that you'd make good?"

"Isn't my word O. K.?" comes back Valentine.

"I've traveled a bit," returns Ritter, "and nowhere have I encountered a more perfectly balanced and highly polished word than yours; but when you're dealing with deeds of trust, you can only trust in deeds. In a year from now the chances are you won't even be in the real-estate business."

"By that time," I suggests, "he'll probably be importing kangaroos to Australia or selling California oranges in Florida."

"I'll go in if you fellows will," remarks Jim Magruder, who's been busy counting on his fingers ever since Valentine started talking profits.

"That settles it," says Lizzie. "Of course they will if you will. They'll just jump at the chance. Jim's wonderful at things like real estate, aren't you, Jim?"

"Look at the frontage he got hooked with at the altar," I mutters to Ritter.

"I'd just love to be in a corporation," babbles on the Magruder mayhem, "sitting around in a big mahogany room, clipping coupons and ordering strong, silent men secretaries around. Jim'll be president ——"

"Why Jim?" cuts in Hank.

"What a ridiculous question!" exclaims Lizzie. "Whose idea is the whole thing? Who else knows Robert's Rules and Orders? Who else could conduct a meeting with taste?"

"He can have the job," says I, weary. "Personally, I'd rather be wrong than president of Valentine's Victims, Inc."

"Oh," thinks up Lizzie, "we got to have a name, don't we?"

"Not necessarily," replies Ritter. "The folks we sell lots to will provide plenty."

"How," offers Tillie Ritter, who gives birth to a thought every time February thirtieth falls on a rainy Thursday, "would something like the Cute and Cozy Home Corporation, Inc., do?"

"I'd rather call it Adorable Acres, Inc.," says Hank; "or maybe Hotsy-Totsy Homesites, Inc. What's your idea, Dink?"

"I'll stand pat on Valentine's Victims," I tells him, "but if you insist on my drawing another card, what's your reaction to Lavender and Old Lace Locations, Inc.?"

"What does Inc. mean?" inquires Kate.

"That," explains Ritter, "is the degree a corporation gets when it graduates from bankruptcy."

"But," expostulates Lizzie, "we haven't gone into bankruptcy yet."

"We probably have," I assures her gravely. "We have no assets and you're a liability, aren't you?"

"Some corporations," goes on Hank, "have also the degrees of Ltd. and F. F. F."

"F. F. F.?" I puzzles.

"Two fires and a failure," returns Ritter.

"Oh, yes," says I; "we must arrange for them as soon as possible."

"What do we need them for?" asks Lizzie.

"Well," I tells her, "you girls like diamonds and mink coats, don't you? You get the best ones off the failure plant and the arson bush."

"Come on," growls Magruder impatiently, "are you fellows going in on Glib's proposition?"

I glances over toward Hank, but he just shrugs his shoulders as if he hasn't made up his mind.

"Got a fountain pen?" I asks Valentine.

"Sure," says he quick, and pulls the pen and a contract from his pocket.

"Wait a second!" shouts the wife. "Don't you want to see the land first?"

"No," I barks. "If I did I might really get interested in it—God forbid. . . . All right?" I yelps over to Ritter.

"Over the river," he grins back.

I presses the pen to the dotted line and my Jack Hancock flows out free and easy.

II

THE next morning I'm called out of town suddenly, and it's a couple of weeks before I get back to Doughmore. Ritter's at the station to meet me.

"How's the big acreage man?" I inquires.

"Just sitting up and taking light nourishment," returns Hank, "and singing the blue-print blues."

"Anything doing with the land?" I asks.

"No," says Ritter. "We've been waiting for you to come back. The corporation's meeting at the Magruders' this afternoon. How'd you like to take a look at the land before going there?"

"Sure," I agrees. "I'd travel a mile to see a millstone."

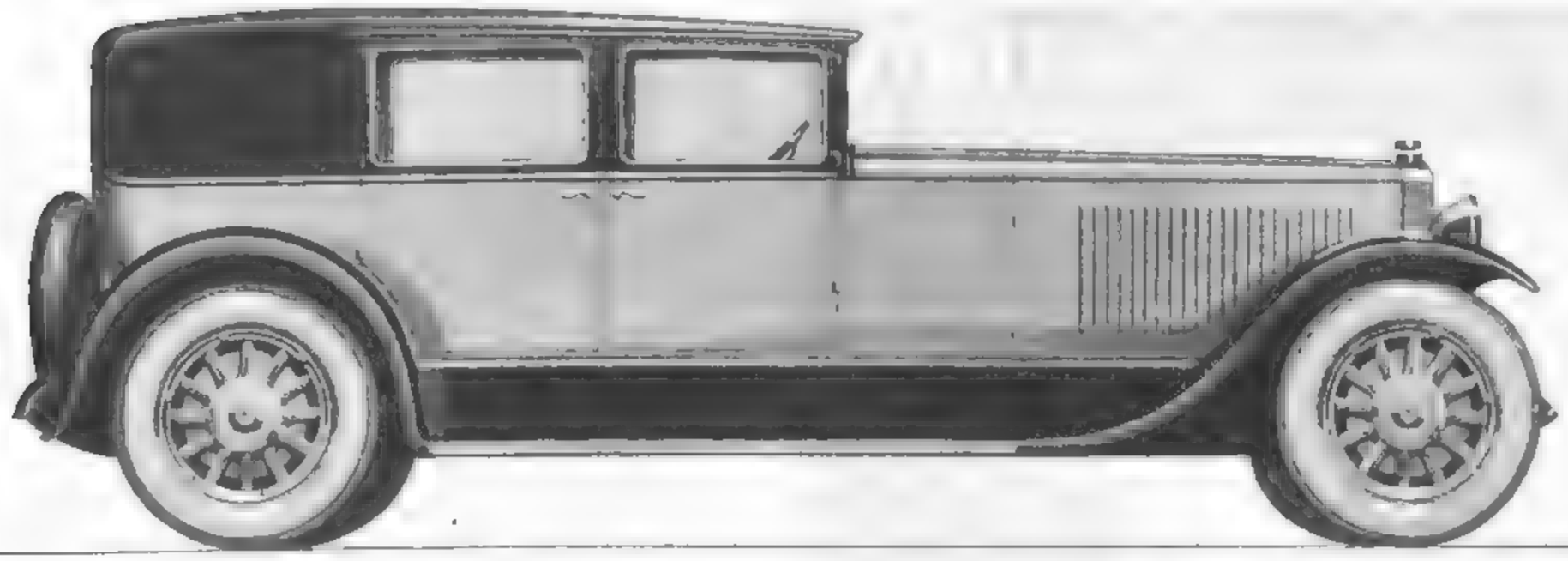
I'm kind of pleasantly surprised when I gets my first look at the land. It's above sea level and a bunch of houses are going up in the neighborhood. Of course there's a couple of mountains on the property that have got to be yanked down to fill in a half dozen sink holes and mosquito nurseries; but, after all, you can't expect to get billiard tables at three thousand an acre. The tract actually is a five-minute walk from the station, provided you have no objections to plowing through a jungle of poison ivy, hurdling over a coal yard and a string of freight sheds and wading a fat creek to grab the 8:22.

"Glib says the county's going to build a road from here to the depot," Ritter tells me.

"How does he know?" I growls. "Has he quit the real-estate business and gone into politics since I saw him last?"

"I wouldn't be amazed," returns Hank. "I've seen nothing of him since we took title."

"What title did you get for me?" I inquired. "K. C. O.—King of the Come-Ons?" *(Continued on Page 192)*



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(Continued from Page 190)

"You've had that a long time, bo," says Ritter. "All I needed to get for you was a couple of extra bars and a palm."

"A lily," I remarks, "would be more in keeping with the occasion."

"Remember," cautions Hank, after we leaves, "to act like a second vice president when we gets to the Magruders'."

"That's right," I remembers, "I am second vice president. How does a second vice president act?"

"Just a shade less prominent than a deaf-and-dumb proxy," answered Ritter.

When we arrives at Jim's I finds the gals around Lizzie, who's sitting off in a corner with a clutter of books and papers in front of her, looking pale and anxious. She's dressed in a sort of artist's smock, the kind painters are supposed to wear and flapjack tossers in Greenwich Village do wear.

"You can't imagine what I've been through," I hears her telling Kate and Mrs. Ritter, "writing up minutes, delving up on corporational laws, studying blue prints and ——"

"That's a nice gown you got," cuts in Tillie.

"I spent a lot of time on it," returns the Magruder misfortune. "Don't you think the costume becoming to a secretary of a land corporation?"

"Gosh!" I mutters to Hank. "Am I laid out right for a second vice president?"

"The necktie," whispers Ritter, "is a bit too oratorical."

"The meeting will come to order," announces Magruder at this junction. "The secretary will read the minutes."

Lizzie pulls a few ahems, reaches for a glass of water and fingers a flock of papers big enough to contain all the minutes of all the meetings held since the late flood. She's as nervous as the conventional black at a wedding.

"Probably misses the broadcasting outfit," suggests Hank.

"Too bad we haven't one," says I. "The garage mechanics and tile setters down in Paragould, Arkansas, must be wild to get these proceedings."

"The first meeting of the Magruder Realty Corporation," begins Lizzie, "was held in the charming semicolonial home of Mrs. Dink O'Day on the fourteenth day of June, ultimo, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and fifty-first. After a delightful collation in which squabs and a vegetable ring were featured ——"

"I move the reading of the minutes be dispensed with," yelps Ritter, jumping to his feet.

"On what grounds?" asks Jim.

"On the grounds," barks Hank, "that they are immaterial, irrelevant and who gives a damn what we had to eat that day."

"You're out of order," rules Magruder.

"I know I am," shouts Ritter, "or I wouldn't be here."

"Second the motion," says I.

"There's no motion before the house," comes back Jim.

"Maybe not," returns Hank, "but there'll be a commotion if we got to listen to four or five hours of Lizzie."

"I move," says I, "that the secretary be given a vote of thanks and that the bale of minutes in her hands be turned over to the waste-paper department of the Salvation Army."

"They haven't enough wagons," remarks Ritter, "but I second the motion."

"The chair," declares Magruder, "refuses to entertain the motion."

"The chair," slams back Hank, "is too tight even to entertain a doubt."

After heaving the hammer and tongs around a while, we compromises on letting Lizzie read only the parts of her library that have to do with the formation of the realty corporation.

"The following officers were elected," she gets to eventually: "James Fortesque Allayne Magruder, president; Tillie Ritter, first vice president; Dink O'Day, second vice president; Elizabeth Dinkelspiel Magruder, secretary; Henry Ritter, treasurer; Katherine O'Day, sergeant at arms; and Olga Stumpf, chairman of the auditing committee."

"Everybody's a couple of officers. Haven't we any privacy?" grumbles Ritter.

"There's darn little to be had in Doughmore at this time of the year," I reminds him; "but it being none of my affair, who's Olga Stumpf?"

"Ask Lizzie," suggests Hank.

"Olga," explains the secretary in answer to my question of personal privilege, "is the cook in this house. All corporations that have any social standing have auditing committees, so I picked Olga for the job. Of course, we won't really let her do any auditing."

"Probably not," agrees Ritter. "Receivers rarely employ Swedish skillet wrestlers to go over the books of defunct corporations."

"Why," demands Tillie, "wasn't my Bertha given the job? She's been with me longer than your girl has with you."

"Let's make Bertha chairman of the committee on the disposal of waste paper," says I, "and give her Lizzie's minutes to start with."

It's finally decided to give Olga and the auditing committee the corporate air and Lizzie goes on with the minutes.

"Get serious now," I urges Ritter. "Remember, we got some real jack tied up in this thing."

"Don't worry," soothes Hank. "I'm the boy treasurer of the outfit and the dough's got to pass through this bottle neck before it gets into circulation."

"Maybe," I admits; "but you don't sign contracts. The president and secretary do that, and the Magruders have both those jobs. What's to prevent them from getting us into a jam?"

"Jim's got more mazuma in the deal than any of us," returns Ritter, "and he won't make any sucker plays. Besides, there's nothing anybody can do until we put in the improvements, and I'm looking after that part of it. Nothing's been started yet. I'm just getting bids."

The minutes are disposed of without any more trouble and we proceeds to new business. Magruder spreads out a big blue print and we all crowds around for a look.

"That doesn't look anything like the place you showed me," complains Tillie. "I didn't see any streets there. What's this?" she reads, "'Magruder Avenue.'"

I looks over her shoulder at the print. Several streets are marked there—Magruder Avenue, Elizabeth Road, James Street, Dinkelspiel Turnpike and Allayne Avenue.

"I thought," says Kate, "we were going to use the names of prominent people."

"Well?" comes back Lizzie, cold.

"Got a couple of loose alleys," inquires Hank, "that you can christen after me and Dink?"

"Those are just temporary names," explains Jim, uneasy.

"Turnpike!" sneers Tillie, with a glance at the blue print. "Who are the Turnpikes? Some more of your family?"

"Sure," says I. "They're related to the Magruders through the Crossroads and Detours of Long Island."

"Any other new business?" yelps Jim.

"I been looking at office furniture, filing cabinets, safes and such things," reports Lizzie, "and I think we can get the whole top floor of the Equitable Building."

"What's the idea?" asks Hank.

"Don't we have to have offices for our corporation?" comes back the Magruder frill.

"We do," returns Ritter; "but I've already arranged to rent a booth from the phone company for that very purpose."

"And we expect," I adds, "to sublet part of the space for a dance floor. Listen, gal, all the work this corporation's going to do can be done on a deal table in the kitchen, with room enough left over for three chess games and two sets of bridge. You haven't ordered any fixtures, have you?" I asks, kind of worried.

"No," she answers; "I just been looking, but I did buy some pretty name plates with our titles for the different desks."

"Then you'll pay for 'em," I explodes. "This is a soulless corporation and ——"

"That reminds me," interrupts Tillie, "of something I wanted to bring up."

"Does the second vice president yield the floor?" inquires the chair.

"Sure," says I, "she can have it. That's Lizzie's gum that's making me stick to it."

"What I wanted to say was this," orates Mrs. Ritter: "Does this have to be a soulless corporation like all the others? Can't this one have a soul? I make a movement that ——"

"I second her motion to adjourn," shouts Hank.

"Just a minute," urges Magruder. "Don't you think we ought to discuss the restrictions we're going to put on the property?"

"Aren't there any now?" asks Ritter.

"None," replies Jim. "We want a high-class residence section, don't we?"

"The way I picture Magruder Manor," says Lizzie, kind of dreamy, "is a beautiful place with windy roads and big lawns with prattling children ——"

"—— running up and down Magruder Avenue," cuts in Tillie, sarcastic.

"—— and," goes on Lizzie, "fine shade trees "

"—— along Elizabeth Road," finishes up Mrs. Ritter.

"I would suggest," says I, "that we make folks buy at least half an acre and put up huts that'll cramp 'em for more than ten grand. Also that we bar saxophones, mah-jongg sets, the throwing of gin bottles out of the window, the cooking of onion soup and families with more than thirty-six cross-eyed children."

When Hank points out to me that the restriction stuff is a serious matter, we gets down to a real discussion of the subject. By the time everybody has their say, Magruder Manor is so restricted it has trouble breathing, Lizzie being the strongest for keeping everybody out of the place excepting those who wouldn't possibly come there. We decides to talk it over again at another meeting and then we adjourns sinus die until the following Sunday at 8:30 P.M., Eastern standard time.

III

WHEN I sees Hank a few days later he looks like he'd never had a friend in the world and lost that one.

"I have bad news for you," says he.

"What's the matter?" I asks.

"I just got the bids for grading the land and making the roads," says Ritter, "and we're out of luck. Just for the roads they want ten thousand dollars."

"Do they have to be paved with square-cut diamonds and emeralds?" I inquires.

"It'd be cheaper to lay them," comes back Hank, "than to put down cinders. By the time we got done the land would cost us about eight thousand an acre, and we could never get that out of it. I'm sorry for you."

"Why for me?" I wonders.

"I kind of dragged you into this deal," says Ritter, "by telling you that night it was a good buy and ——"

"Forget it, feller," I cuts in, "I been minused by experts. Why improve the stuff at all?" I goes on. "Why not let the tract stick as it is and later on sell it as acreage? It's bound to go up. Lots that close to the station are sure to be a fine residence buy in a few years. Remember, we're only thirty minutes from New York."

"You talk like Glib," remarks Hank.

"Seen him lately?" I asks.

"No," replies Ritter, "but here comes something just as good."

It's Lizzie Magruder, with a wide grin and swinging along as if she'd just inherited some brains.

"She won't be so happy," remarks Hank, "when I slip her the news."

"Well," says the Magruder hen, "I've just sold part of Magruder Manor."

"Who to?" we both shouts at once.

"Oscar Sweeney," returns Lizzie. "What do you think I got for an acre?"

"A promise to pay," I guesses.

"Four thousand dollars," says she, "and all in cash."

"Who is Sweeney," asks Ritter, "and what's he going to do with the acre?"

"Let me tell you all about it," gushes Mrs. Magruder. "You know there was a piece in the paper about our company. Mr. Sweeney saw that I was secretary and this morning he called on me. He's going to build a picture house."

"Movies?" I queries.

"Uh-huh," nods Lizzie.

"I thought," says Hank, "we were going to keep business out of Magruder Manor?"

"Oh," she shrugs, "a picture house isn't a business. It'll be wonderful for the kiddies and ——"

"I don't quite get this," interrupts Ritter. "Who'd want to build a movie out in a pasture, and what would he want with an acre?"

"That's Mr. Sweeney's affair," returns Lizzie. "Here's the agreement we both signed."

Hank takes the paper and begins reading. I notice him turning paler and paler. Finally he acts like he's going to collapse.

"What's the matter?" I asks.

"Did Sweeney tell you," demands Ritter between his clenched teeth, "that he was going to build a picture house?"

"Sure," answers Lizzie, kind of bewildered.

"I see Jim's name here too," goes on Hank. "Did he read the agreement?"

"He was in a hurry and just glanced at it," says Mrs. Magruder. "Jim always takes my word," she adds defiantly.

"Did you read it?" continues Ritter.

"Certainly," snaps Lizzie. "It says there just what he told me—that he was going to build a picture theater. He called it like the English do—a cinemore or a cin—something like that."

"What's the trouble?" I horns in.

"Nothing," says Hank, "excepting that Jim and Lizzie have peddled an acre of our land for an incinerator."

"That's it!" cries Mrs. Magruder. "That's the English word I was trying to think of for picture show."

"'Cinema,'" explains Ritter, "is the word you have in mind."

"What's the other thing?" I asks.

"An incinerator is a garbage-reduction plant," returns Hank. "Sweeney's the bird that's been trying for ten years to break in with one near Doughmore, and now he's in—in exclusive Magruder Manor."

"I thought he said 'cinema,'" wails Lizzie, beginning to get wise. "Anyhow, we got nine good acres left."

"You have not," snaps Ritter. "You've sold 'em all for four thousand dollars Who's going to live near a garbage plant? You expect your prattling children to play around it? What are you laughing about?" yelps Hank at me.

"I'm thinking about restrictions," I guffaws. "I wonder if the garbage dump will face on Magruder Avenue or Elizabeth Road?"

"Oh, you're hateful," shrieks Lizzie, and runs frantic away from us.

"The deal might not be legal," says I to Ritter. "I guess we can call it off "

"I don't know," mutters Hank. "There's no misrepresentation. Sweeney told her he wanted the land for an incinerator and that fathead right away got cinema in her dome "

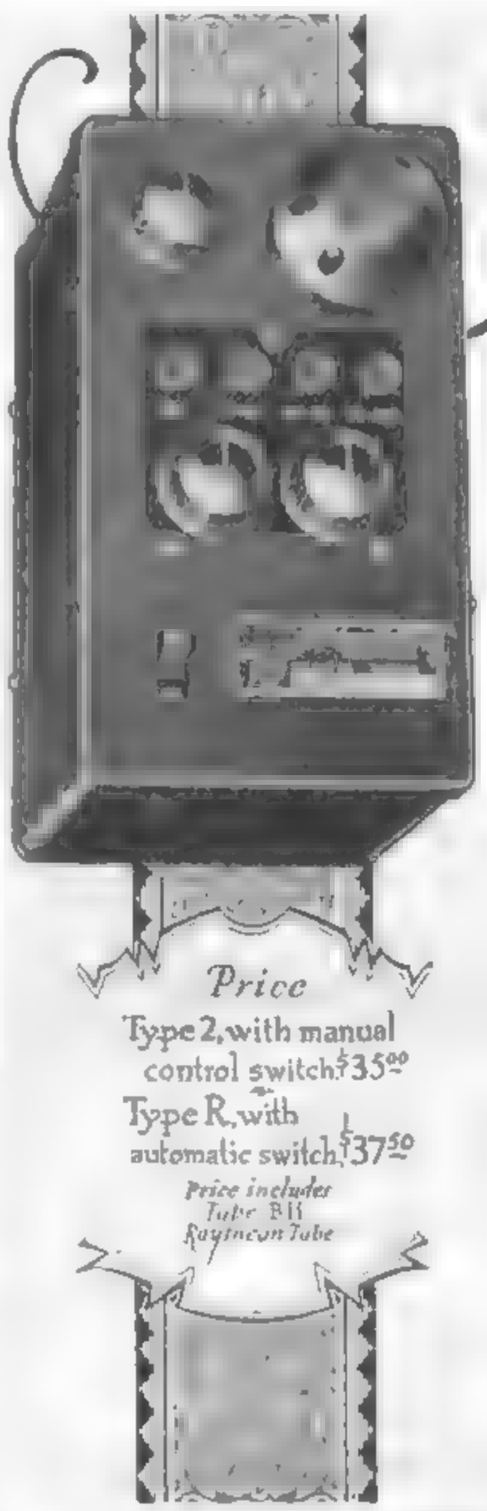
"I guess," I remarks, "he pushed the notion along some."

"Maybe," says Ritter; "but that doesn't help us any. Let's find out quick where we stand."

"Hello, boys!" cries a voice behind us. We both turn around. It's Glib Valentine.

"Just the man I want to see," says I. "I want to ask you something about a real-estate deal."

"Forget real estate," comes back Glib. "Anybody's a sucker to play with it. What you fellows want is some first-class industrial bonds. Now I got a line "



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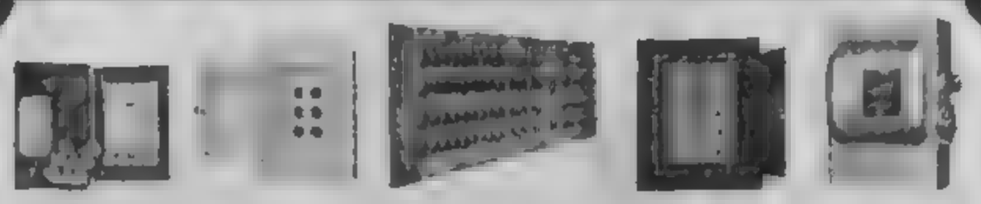


BULLDOG ELECTRIC PRODUCTS CO.
(MUTUAL ELECTRIC & MACHINE CO.)
DETROIT MICH. U.S.A.

WANTED

The Right Man
for
Sales Organization Work—On A Salary and Expense Basis

ON OUR FIELD STAFF we need clean cut, aggressive men whose training and experience fit them to engage in sales organization work of the highest order. This is not a canvasser's or order taker's job; but the man we are looking for must be able and willing to sell personally when occasion requires.

The applicant who is selected will be given extensive preliminary training for this responsible position.

High school education is essential; college training is desirable. Experience in educational work is particularly helpful as the applicant must be able to address and influence audiences.

Year-round traveling is involved, although opportunity is afforded for frequent home contact. A territorial assignment comprises an entire state or part of a state.

A substantial salary and an allowance ample to cover traveling expenses is paid at the start to the man who can qualify. Increases in salary follow as ability is demonstrated.

The applicant must have a car. A fidelity bond is required.

If you believe that you can qualify for one of these attractive positions, write complete information regarding your education and your experience. Mention your age, height, weight. Give a record of your employment and salaries received for the past five years. Inclose a recent photograph. Include your telephone number.

Also state what territorial preference you have and how soon you would be available. All applications will be acknowledged, and personal interviews will subsequently be arranged with applicants whose letters indicate that their experience and training satisfy the requirements.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Circulation Department
273 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

SEX STORY—MALE

(Continued from Page 19)

white men is. But Turks and Ayrabs! Is this to be a Christian furnace now, or ain't it?"

I knew, of course, at once where Con had got that stuff, but I pretended innocence. "Turks, Con? What's biting you? We got all Slav labor on this job—men like Dan. There's not a Turk about the place, excepting probably a Murphy or a Callahan fitting pipe here and there."

Con grinned, but stuck right to his guns.

"Dan ain't a bohunk any more," said Con. "Dan's a white man. And them Turks you named is all good Christian men. I converted them myself. But that Sokolović is a sure-enough Turk. Dan told me so. And so is that whole gang of Bosnian flatheads he's got layin' up flues. Turks every one. They'll be swipin' all your empty cement sacks an' wearin' them out for prayer rugs, putting a pagan curse on this grand new stack of mine. Throw out the whole hell kit of them, chief."

But I told Con laying bricks was no religious rite with me, and that Sokolović would stay if he marked every fire brick with a crescent and a scimitar. I yielded this, however—that I had no objection to Con and Dan doing a little missionary work on Riffat with a pick handle or some other good persuader, if they thought they could get away with it—which I doubted, Sokolović Riffat being a considerable body of a man.

I remember well the first time I ever saw a scapular; the first time, in fact, that I ever knew there was such a thing. I remember, too, the second and last time I've ever seen one.

Death flapped black wings both times dreadfully close above the heads of good steel men. They would still be vivid in my memory, those two incidents, if I should live till men reach Mars.

First time I ever saw one was at Lakeside Steel. Tony was all the name I ever knew for a lovable little Pagliacci of a wop, who, grinning insolently twelve fiery hours a day square into danger's face, held down the most hazardous job in Lakeside's flaring Bessemer.

Tony was coupler for the hotmetal dinkey that charged about, up on the vessel floor, bringing hot rations from cupolas and mixers to the roaring vessels.

One night while standing on the blower's platform, watching across the mill the ever-marvelous spectacle of the great vessels belching flame, I saw with horror one of the little ladle dinkeys go out of control. A throttle must have stuck. At any rate, full tilt, pushing ahead of it a great hot-metal ladle—luckily empty then—it dashed out to the end of the charging-floor track, broke through the rail stops and a stout steel fence and leaped down twenty feet to the ground floor into the midst of a lot of burned-out vessel bottoms, where they awaited cooling and repair.

The dinkey skinner, after a valiant effort to control his little engine, unloaded out of the open back of his cab just before the plunge. But Tony the wop, seated where he belonged, on the dinkey's bumper, between the ladle and the engine coupled to it, did not know that he was riding wild until it was too late. And he went down in that dreadful plunge, between—get this—between the ladle and the dinkey.

I saw the whole thing from across the mill. I saw that ladle, with the little shifter ramming it ahead, go hell-bent off the end of the charging floor and crash with doomsday racket down among the hot vessel bottoms twenty feet below.

A smothering cloud of dust burst up, as though a shell had landed, and yellow-hot bricks came shooting through it out of the wrecked ladle's incandescent lining. Flame leaped from the little engine's fire box, and with an ear-piercing shriek, steam spouted scalding clouds from broken boiler flues.

I leaped down off the blower's platform and ran with horror in my heart toward that hideous mess, and as I ran, out of that hell cloud—out of that welter of dust and steam and showering yellow bricks and dinkey cinders, Tony bounced. He rolled right square up onto his two feet, almost in front of me, and as I watched him, pop-eyed, started to knock the dust out of his clothes.

"Tony"—I managed to get up words at last—"Tony, you no be hurt?"

"No finda some place hurta me somet'ing yet," said Tony, cheerfully feeling for evidence of breakage as he brushed.

It made me mad—him dusting, dusting there. He should have been down on his knuckle bones in the dirt, thanking his God. He was, in his Italian heart. I found that out.

"Well," I exploded, "I'll say that you're the luckiest wop since Romulus was a pup!"

Tony looked at me. I remember it as the only time I ever saw that little Dago with a serious face. "No gotta luck," said Tony. "Gotta dees!" And he opened his shirt. Against his olive chest, hung about his shoulder with a cord, was a little packet with a transparent front. In it the Mother smiled serenely.

"No gotta luck," said Tony. "Gotta dees!"

I have never heard God thanked more reverently.

When I saw a scapular the second time I knew then something of the reverence in which it could be held by those who wore it.

Con Riggin, washing up by the water trough where tapping bars were cooled, had his shirt wide open. I came upon him thus as I went through old Number 1's cast house one day at whistle time. The man Sokolović was walking just ahead of me. Dan Tanković was at my side, returning with me from a visit to our job.

I don't know how it happened. Perhaps a cord, for years in use, broke through just then.

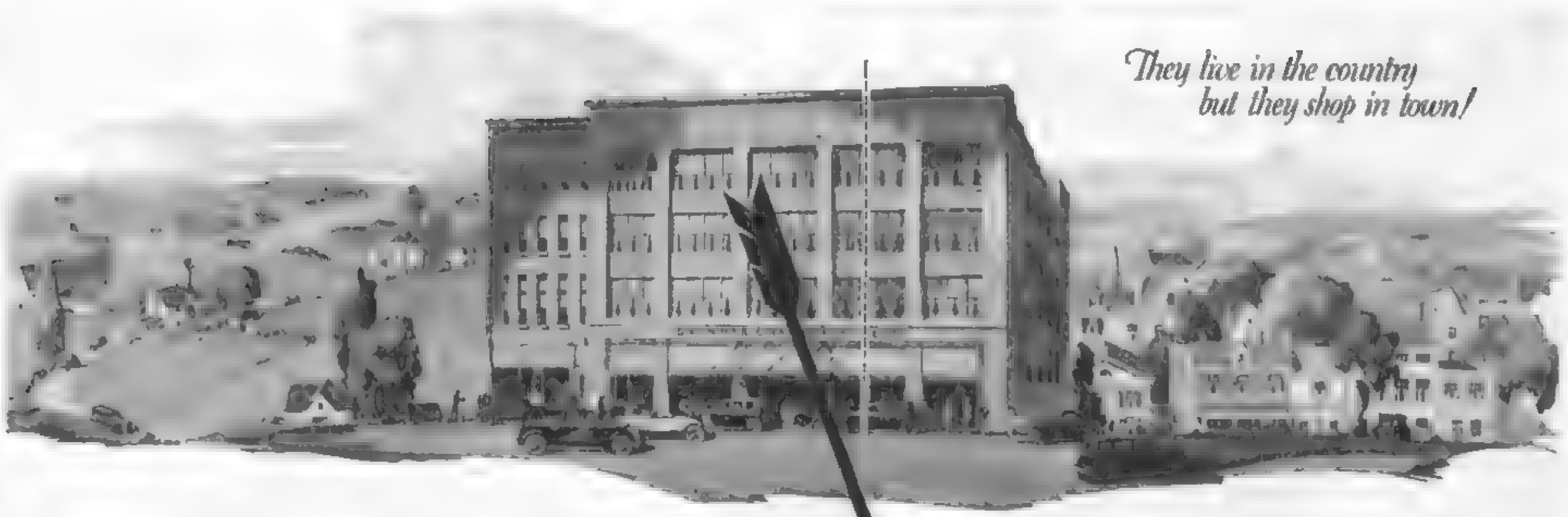
Or maybe Con's hand caught and tore it, scouring with a towel. I don't know how the scapular that Con was wearing fell away from him; but it did fall, and Sokolović, passing, put his foot upon it.

I'm sure—dead sure—that the big Bosnian never did that thing on purpose. Had he noticed it he would have recognized in the scapular at once the *amajli* of his own religion, the little triangular leather bag, worn similarly, holding inside, some verses from the Koran, inscribed on a bit of parchment by some wise and learned teacher of his faith.

But even had he seen that Con's scapular contained a woman's image, still he would not have offered it insult. He was too broad a man, too decent, to show disrespect to another man's religion just because it differed from his own. Mohammedans, too, so I have read, have a very deep respect for Jesus Christ, the man and teacher, and so might very naturally admire the beautiful young Semite girl who was his Mother. It was an accident, I know. But old Con Riggin, grounded in the belief that all Mohammedans are natural sons of the devil, struck down Sokolović instanter with a sidewise, heel-fisted blow across the temple that would have broken any but a Balkan skull.

Things happened then. Things came about almost too fast for me to follow. Most men would have stayed down after that buffet for a count of fifty. Sokolović was up before you could have started off with "One!" One hand, flung back and down to save himself in falling, came into contact with a test mold, the little oblong block of iron into which is poured a sample from each heat as it is tapped. It still was hot, I know, for a test piece that had just been knocked out of it lay close beside it, still bright red. But that mold block was

(Continued on Page 197)



They live in the country but they shop in town!

Does this great market ask for your products?

In thousands of other towns all over the country, the story is just the same. Two out of every three customers—even three out of four in some cases—are country dwellers.

Do they know your goods? Have you told them your story? You can reach the cream of this rich two-thirds of the small-town retail trade most effectively and economically through the pages of *The Country Gentleman.*

Country Gentleman circulation is advertising-responsive because it separates, from the total farm market, the intelligent and progressive farm family. That statement has been proved many times by checking *Country Gentleman* subscribers against the preferred accounts on local merchants' books.

It is because *The Country Gentleman* sells goods—and for that reason alone—that it carries a volume of advertising more than double the volume carried by any other national farm publication.

Every word of this letter is well worth reading

"Gentlemen:

"In compliance with your request we are enclosing map showing the principal territory served by us, and a photograph of our store.

"You may be surprised to see a store of this size in a city of 12,000 population. As a matter of fact our store probably would be only one-third its present size, if we were confined to the city limits. About 65% of our total business comes from people who live outside of Albert Lea.

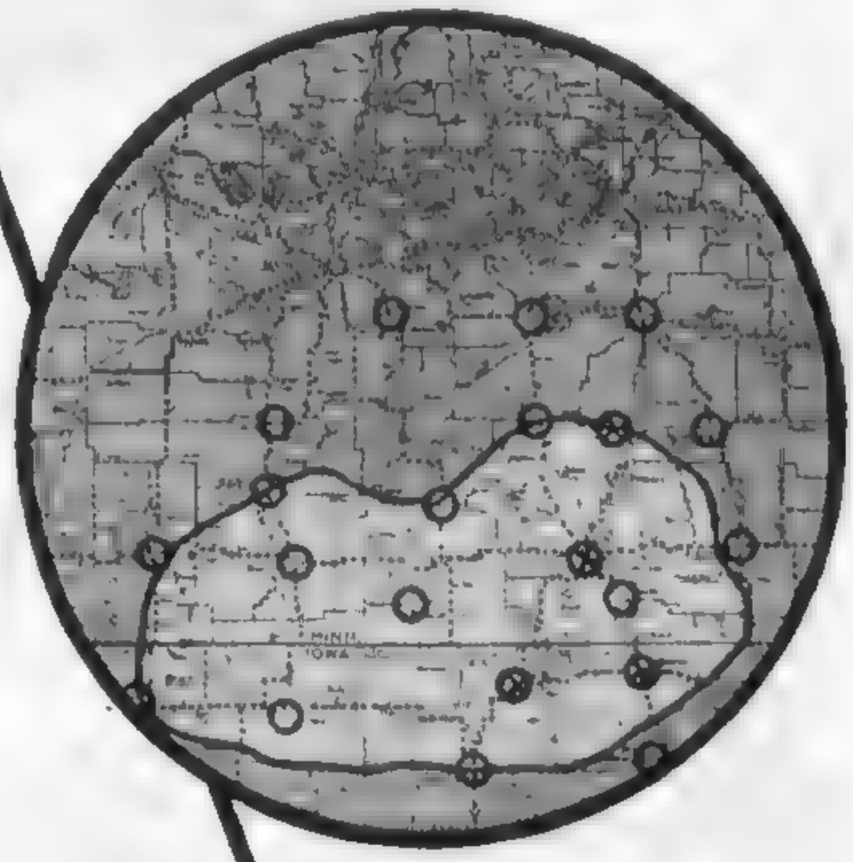
"Our trade territory covers all, or portions of, seven counties. We advertise in the newspapers of several towns, and our poster advertising covers a larger territory than we have marked on the map.

"As you know, this is one of the best dairy and diversified farming sections of the country. Our farm families are well educated and progressive. They are sending their boys and girls to high school and to college. They want the same comfort, style and convenience that are enjoyed by the city people. That is why they are coming many miles to our store, where they know they will find adequate stocks and up-to-date merchandise, priced right, from which to make their selections.

"We have gone over your list of subscriptions to The Country Gentleman in our territory, and recognize the names of many of our good customers. There is no doubt about the high character of the people who read your magazine.

"SKINNER, CHAMBERLAIN & CO."

"As a Matter of Fact Our Store Probably Would Be Only One-Third Its Present Size, If We Were Confined to the City Limits. About 65% of Our Total Business Comes From People Who Live Outside of Albert Lea."



A map of present-day trading radius of the Skinner, Chamberlain & Co. store.

NET PAID CIRCULATION

August, 1925, 804,000 copies—November, 1927, 1,500,000 copies

The Country Gentleman

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

65%

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ALL WOOL SUITINGS AND COATINGS FOR MEN AND WOMEN
PURE WOOL BLANKETS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

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is the history of a high QUALITY STANDARD, established by a small woolen mill, and a remarkable growth through adherence to this standard.

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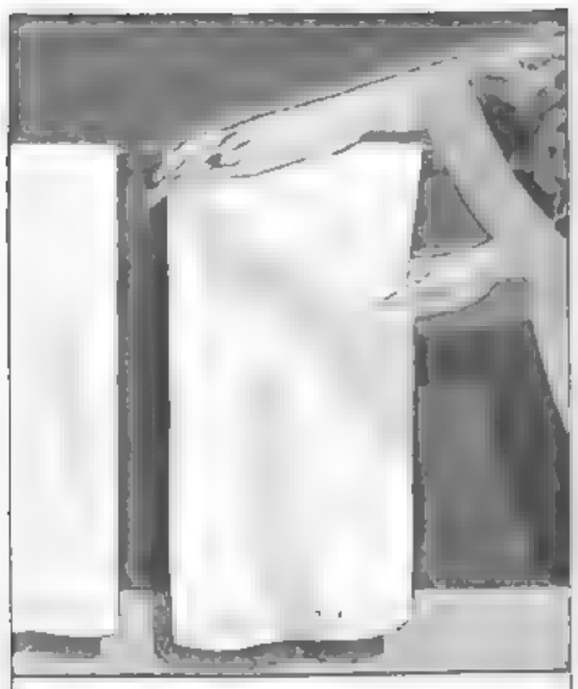

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Boott Towels are on sale where you shop, or send us twenty-five cents [stamps or check] for a full-sized sample. Boott Mills, Dept. S1112, Lowell, Mass.

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Planters Salted Peanuts knock hunger for a goal. Big, husky, crisp peanuts salted just right. In glassine bags with MR. PEANUT on them. 5c everywhere. "The Nickel Lunch."

Planters Nut & Chocolate Company
U. S. A. and Canada

PLANTERS
SALTED PEANUTS

(Continued from Page 194)

not half so hot as Sokolović's anger at that undeserved affront. Mad from the insult of that blow, he came up with that block of blistering iron in his hand. It weighed perhaps ten pounds.

When old Con Riggin hit a man he generally stayed hit. When Con connected properly, he was used to calling it a finished job and going on to the next affair demanding his attention. Con was a blast-furnace foreman and a busy man. Con usually let 'em lay for someone else to gather up.

So, naturally, Con thought no further of Sokolović after he felt his fist land solidly. Con was still stooping, reverently picking up the fallen scapular, when the big Bosnian came erect and poised that block of iron high above his head.

"Giaour!"

I was near enough to hear Sokolović grunt out that epithet at disbelievers as he tensed his stomach muscles to strike down. But I was not near enough to him to make a rush worth while. But things kept happening, just the same. Affairs kept moving at a swifter rate than I could follow.

"Balija!" I heard Dan Tanković snarl, and glanced toward him just in time to see him throw.

I'll never tell you where Dan's knife came from. In Montenegro, doubtless, he would have worn it in his sash, the handle of it sticking out in a bristle of pistol butts and things. But Dan wore no bright sash in Ironville. Dan told me afterward that the thing was called a kandjar, a heavy-bladed dagger without cross-guard, adapted well for throwing, and long in use in Asia Minor as a missile weapon. Dan got it from a Moslem, so he said, who put it through his shoulder, and then shortly died. Dan had learned the trick of it. He told me he could throw it almost through the middle of an oncoming Turk at twenty paces.

It shows the calm, pachydermal sagacity of Dan, that in this moment of high passion he did not throw that kandjar into Sokolović's body. He would have done it in the Balkans, never doubt. But Dan was in America, and so he threw it at the man's raised arm. It hit, as Dan intended, handle first. I heard the bone crack, and the hot mold block dropped out of the Bosnian's blistered hand and thumped down, grazing Con Riggin's shoulder as it fell. Then I jumped in between Riffat and those two.

It happened I was on the new furnace job the day old Number 1's draft of full slag pots left the iron. I saw the thing, so you do not get this second or tenth hand, with magnified heroics for each telling. I saw Con Riggin and Dan Tanković do that job of work with jumbo. And when I come to think of it, ten thousand tellings could not magnify that one small episode of the terrific saga, Steel.

Old Number 1's cinder spur ran originally fair down through the middle of the new B Furnace site. One of the first jobs we had to do then was to build a new track into old Number 1's slag notch, so that there would be a way to run her cinder ladles in while we were digging the new stove foundations.

It happened that the work was hemmed in closely by surrounding mills, so that we had but little room between the new slag spur and our excavations; but we got into rock close to the surface on that side of our digging and it was entirely safe to run the new spur close alongside our work. Not so safe, certainly, as though those huge pots full of liquid cinder were a mile or two away; but old furnaces must run till new ones take their place, and you soon get so that you do not even move an extra step aside when a draft of hot stuff comes rolling by you in the yard. So men poured concrete and built forms, while almost above their heads, old Number 1's slag pots lurched by, slopping fire, headed for the dump.

I don't know to this day what made the draft leave steel that afternoon. It doesn't matter. One great pot went off. We had built the new spur up to a newly planned yard level, four or five feet above the old, long-used solid surface, and the pot that jumped steel dug down into the new filled bank beside the ties and slowly toppled.

Deliberately it tipped. Slowly enough for a great shout of warning to send bricklayers and carpenters and concrete men and a survey corps wildly clambering out of the stove foundation pit before red death came flowing in.

We stood then, at the far edge of the excavation, watching the fiery spectacle. A splendid sight—that red flood washing down. No one was hurt. It would not cost much to break that slag out once it cooled, and perhaps I might even be able to charge the whole mess to the blast-furnace department. So I enjoyed it. I even found myself hoping that the next pot to the one that had upset might topple too. It had been dragged off steel, too, and sat the filled bank none too solidly. I watched the fireworks with equanimity—with actual pleasure, even—for a moment.

And then, all in a second, equanimity was despair, and actual pleasure, very actual horror; for, as I stood and watched, that man Sokolović showed us just how much man there was inside his clothes—showed us a piece of heroism that was the more heroic because it was not fearless. It was fearful. Fear must have taken the very soul of him and shaken it by the neck. But just the same, he did the thing he did.

At first I could not fathom it. Then suddenly I realized. There were two men of his, two fellow Bosnians of his, inside one of the new brick gas flues, taking out arch forms. They had not heard the great shout of warning, deep inside the fire-brick tunnel where they worked.

Sokolović beat the slag flow to the open end of that flue only by five feet. Yet he went into it like a chased rabbit into a burrow. It was the most utterly useless bit of human courage I have ever seen. He had no chance in the wide, wide world to get those men out. He had hardly disappeared when the slow, fiery flow crept past the open flue end.

Luckily, that death flow had come many yards to reach that open flue end. Contact with the cold earth and masonry had chilled it. The front of it advanced now no faster than a man might stroll, a shallow, dull red, viscous little river, maybe six inches deep.

It flowed past the open end of the flue and sealed it with a stream just as impossible to ford as though it had been fifteen fathoms deep. It flowed into the flue—no man could guess how far, but hardly more than a few feet, for the stream was chilling fast.

If only it made no contact with the lumber of the arch forms in the flue, Sokolović and his two might stay there safe until the slag cooled solid. That was their one way of escape. The other end of the new flue ended tight up against the masonry of old Number 1's foundations, later to be cut away.

But dread came over us, watching there; praying there with whatever efficacy steel men sadly out of practice might send up a prayer. Dread came over us with double menace. For first there came a wisp of smoke, white wood smoke, out of the flue end, showing that the slag flow had penetrated far enough to make contact with the arch form lumber; and then, more hideous still, we all saw slag begin to drip over the lip of the second derailed pot. So slowly that we had not noticed, it was settling then. The upset pot, which had not broken coupling with the next, was dragging it down into the soft fill with it.

If that one went, three men were surely dead, three men were trapped beyond the slightest hope of help inside that blazing flue. For if the second pot went over, its contents would rush down not now on chilling ground but on a fiery river bed already established for it. It would run almost like water, following the hot stream bed sure and swift right down into the flue where Sokolović and his two now choked in wood smoke and in sulphur fumes.

"Oh! that Corn!"

Drop a little "Freezone" on that aching corn, instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off! Doesn't hurt one bit! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

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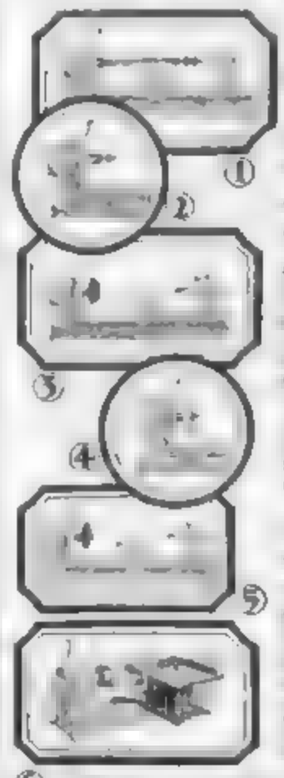

ELECTRO MAGNETIC TOOL CO., Dept. 25-N, 1830 S. 52nd Avenue, Cicero, Ill.
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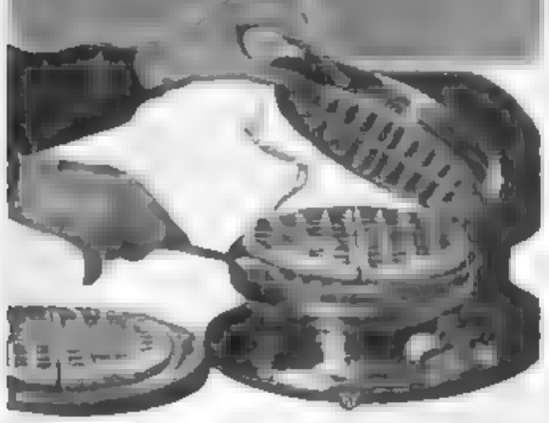

No Grease, Smoke, or Odor!

SERVE waffles to-day, if you would delight your dear ones. Serve them at any meal, in the way they like best. Try them with fresh fruits or berries and whipped cream. With butter and syrup, honey, or cinnamon sugar, they are unrivalled for flavor and nourishing goodness.

Only $9.00

But do not make your waffles over the stove on an old-fashioned griddle. That is the hard way, the uncertain way. To make them always light, crisp, and fluffy, use a WHITE CROSS Electric Waffle Iron It cooks both sides at the same time. You make the waffles in a jiffy, right at the table. They are always perfect, always piping hot.

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It hung on balance, that huge pot, the red slag drooling, drooling from its lip. We held breath, every man, as though we feared that the breath of men might topple it, so delicately it sat.

If that one should go over ——

Men were in a small brick tunnel just below it—men shut in there, death-trapped by a door of fire. Two unwarned trapped men; one man warned, yet who all hopelessly had gone in to the two unwarned, on the one slim chance in a million that he might somehow help them—who went in to them because, whoever puts the hearts of gods into the chests of men, they were his men, and in there with them was where he belonged.

If it went over now—that second pot——

Well, if it did, what of it? There were men too, I write to say, outside that fiery flue. There were old-time steel men. There were Con Riggin and Dan Tanković, blast furnacers of the tough old days—and jumbo!

The blows they hit! I tell you, man, had that flue roof been built of concrete, reënforced to half its section with steel bars, it would have been the same. The blows they hit, old Con and broad-backed Dan, with that great jumbo hammer!

Right over them the great slag ladle balanced, drooling fire. The seething stream from the first pot had poured down into the excavation pit just beyond the flue. The clothes of Dan and Con, who stood upon its arch, belaboring the bricks with mighty blows of jumbo, smoked from the heat of the red flow that crawled along just a few feet below them. But if that second pot went over, its contents would cascade upon the very flue top. And even now, slow sinking wheels started a little avalanche, and pebbles rolled down the soft bank of the railroad fill and showered upon the arch.

"Run, Con, run!" a dozen throats voiced terror.

"Bjež', Dan, bježi-i-i-i!" came Slavic desperate yellings.

Run? Bježi? Listen, friend! To hell with that tale! Boom! And the brick shards flew as jumbo thundered down.

I stood there, safe at the far side of the excavation pit, and counted—counted those hammer blows! Well, what else had I to do? Men like gods were working, doing. To stand and count was no more silly than to stand and not count.

Twenty! And an arch brick went crashing in!

Out of the little hole smoke rose. And a man's hand, reaching, seeking, as though the man who owned it hoped that he might be pulled away *from* coming hame out of a hole where once a little fire brick had been.

Boom! Twenty-one! Big Dan and old Con sledging like a pair of half gods there, under the lip of that great caldron. Vulcan and Thor had each his own great hammer. This pair had one between them—one that it took two to wield. No great myth hammer, either; one of very actual iron.

Crash! Twenty-five! Me counting! Lava dripping! Lava pouring—pouring so fast that they knew twenty-five to be the last. So they threw the great hammer down and tried. I could have groaned aloud, so hard they pulled, and could not get the first man through the hole they'd broken. There was no time to break it bigger—no time for twenty-six, which would have done it. I thought they'd pull that man apart, they pulled so hard.

"Run, Con, run! She goes!"

"Bjež', Dan, bježi-i-i-i!"

Run? Who? Con Riggin?

Bježi? Tko? Tanković Danilo? Zar ja?

Zar ja! You can make that into English—even I! But you can't translate it into English. You can only translate it into a sneer of withering contempt.

Run? That pair of tough, hard-burned blast-furnace salamanders?

With a terrific yank that tore loose fire bricks with his hip bones, they brought their man through—minus his pants, his pants stripped cleanly off him. More easily then another—who still was not Riffat Sokolović.

Once more then—this big fellow, who sticks a little in the hole. Up with him now! And as Sokolović came up through that ragged little hole into the good world of living brother men, flame leaped impotently after him from below and liquid fire surged down at him from above.

Run then? Run? Man, you never saw good running! I never shouted so in all my life. What was I shouting? I was shouting, "Twenty-five! Twenty-five! Twenty-five!" Like a crazy man. But never since creation, you can name the odds, did any men move over ground so fast as Dan and Con and that big Moslem hunk, Sokolović. It was a thing to yell about, seeing those three break records that had stood since Adam. Twenty-five or any other thing would do to yell. Anyway, nobody heard me. Every man was busy with some fool private yelling of his own.

All right then, let her go to hell and topple! Fat chance that flow of cinder had to catch that trio! Con first! It warmed the very heart of you to see how fast that old blast-furnace harp could leg it. Then Riffat, who proceeded—what I mean—Riffat, bent on arriving somewhere just a little bit before he started there. And bringing up the rear, stepping on Riffat's heels at every stride, Dan Tanković, with a great two-handled hammer, bless his smoking ankles, riding astride his spreading Montenegrin shoulders!

I managed to press through the crowd of Bosnian men and come at last to Con and Dan and Riffat. And that last-named, instead of being down on knees and elbows, thanking Allah for deliverance, was upright on his two hind legs, berating with the utmost vehemence his gang of fellow countrymen.

Dan Tanković was laughing at him till the tears ran down his pock-scarred face and off the bristles of his fierce mustache. Dan had an arm across Sokolović's shoulders; to steady himself, maybe, as he roared.

"What," I inquired of Dan, "by the beard of the prophet, is this howling dervish selling to the multitude at this particular time?"

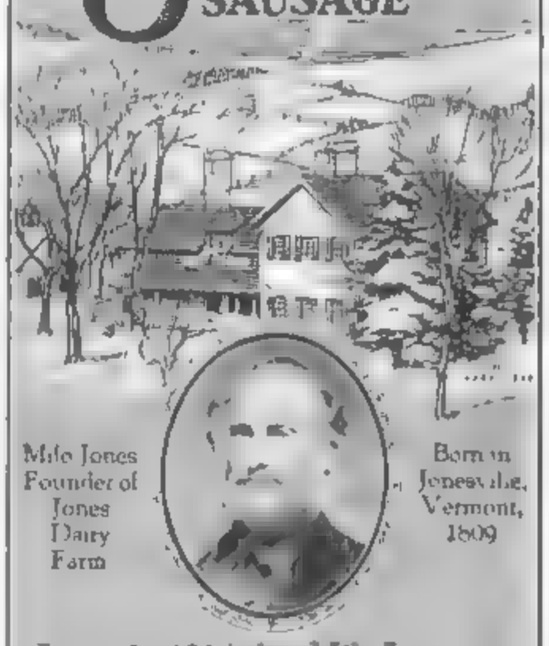
Dan's grin was something to write home about. Dan tightened a great arm across Sokolović's back as he replied.

"Dot Riffat-beg," said Dan, "she's give all dot gang men he's got old Vrag! She's giv'm devil!"

Riffat-beg, mind you! The Turkish bey, lord, master, honored one in charge! Not *balija*, dirty-nosed oaf, now. Riffat-beg!

"She's giv'm devil, Riffat-beg," translated Dan. "Tell'm dot gang flathead Bosnia bohunks dey be one fine brickmason gang he don't t'ink so! Tell'm getta hell outahere, go home every man, make flue for kitchen stove; no versteh make bles farnis stove flue. She's tell'm wass matter dey make flue dis job so much no good not'ing, one old stara Irish, 'nd one sick little Crnagorski, me, can broke 'em up brick arch wit' peanut-candy hammer."

JONES DAIRY FARM SAUSAGE



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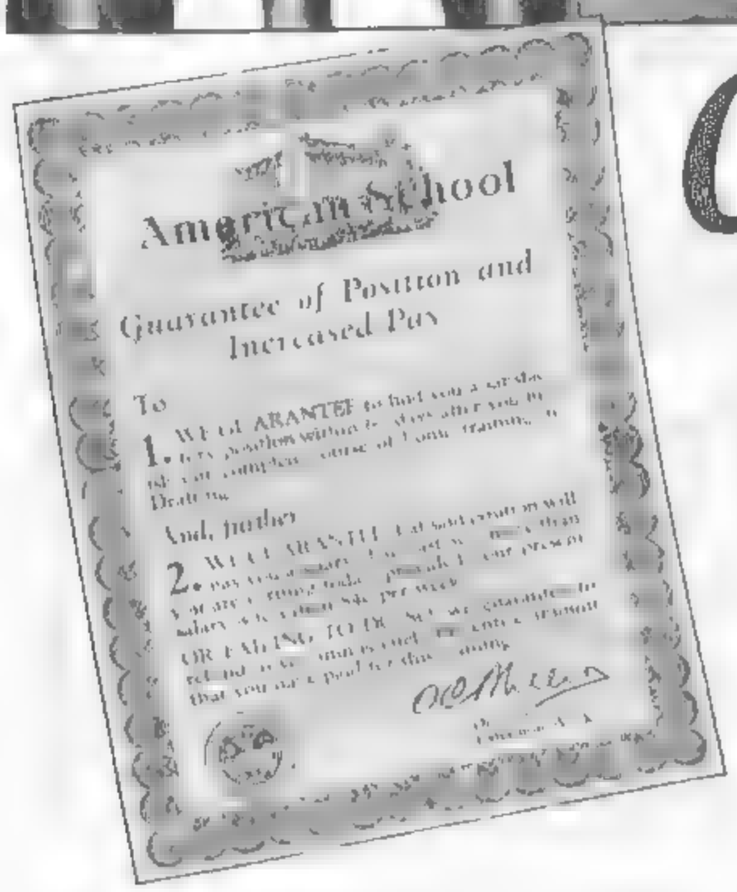

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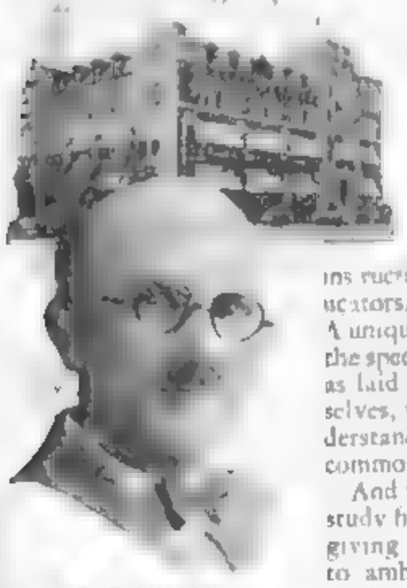

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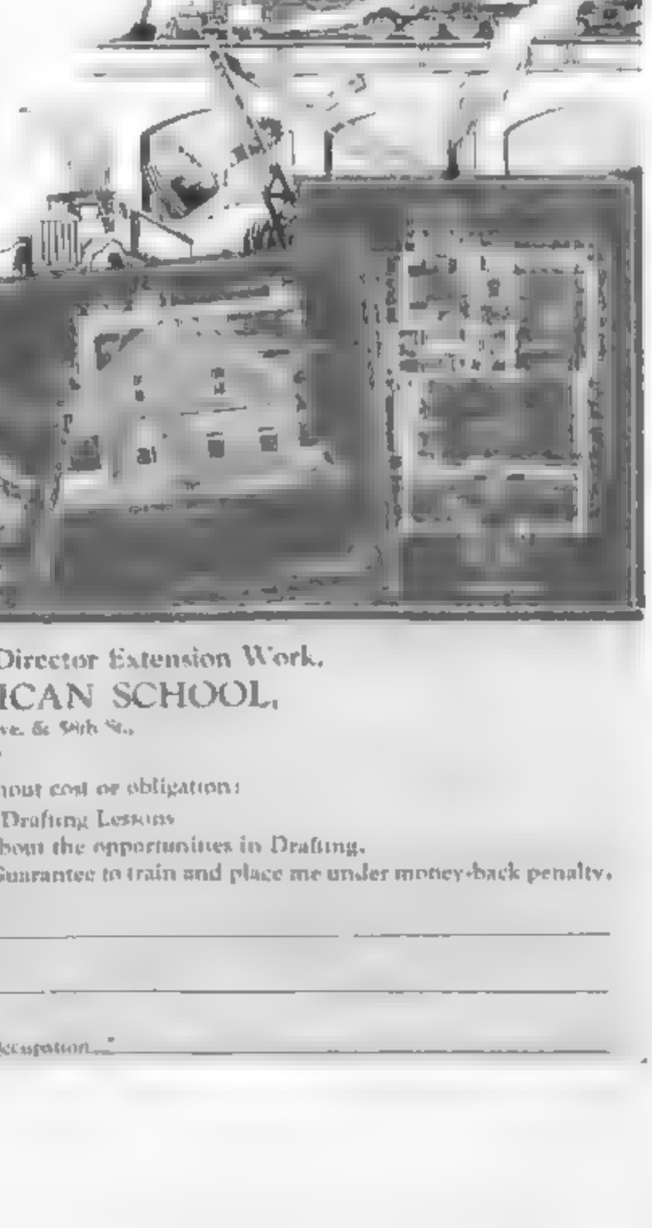

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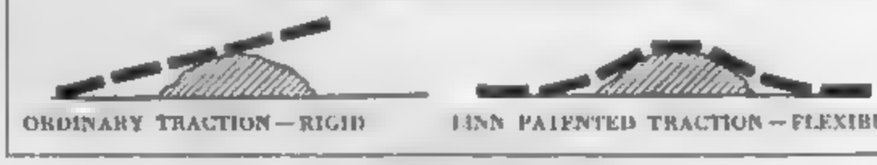

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A HOLE IN ONE

(Continued from Page 7)

the stomach runs by this little hot-dog stand, and there is a detour line that taps into this minature gravel pit. Now it's this little alley that gets clogged up. Of course he had dug it out, but the main duct line above it was the one that wasn't running. No stone would be up there, for a stone won't float uphill.

Well, he explained it so easy I was sorry I hadn't taken up doctoring, for it looked mighty simple. He left me the map. He had written it on the back of a golf score, so I don't know now whether he went from the liver to the main duct in par, or if he took three's on the green. I could tell from the drawings that he was in the rough when he hit the little duct. The drawings looked like he had taken about three niblicks and two putter-mashies to get on the fairway down into the stomach.

Then I would get the nurse to draw what she thought had happened. 'Course she would have the liver on the opposite side and maybe shaped like a bonnet. But I just thought: "If everybody was shaped as different on the inside as they are on the outside, how does a doctor know what part of the body an organ would be located in?". Take a long tall fellow; his interior furnishings must all be draped up and down, while with a little, dumpy, short Bird they must lay horizontal. For instance, they must operate on fat people with a sword instead of a knife, and on extremely slender people with a safety razor to keep from going clear through. Take, for instance, the changing waistline of the last few years. Suppose a doctor wanted to reach something directly under a line with it, he wouldn't know whether to lance the lady's shoulder or hip.

Then I had the nurse go to the hospital library and get the doctor books, and we would look at pictures of views taken in this locality, with X marking spot where stones were last seen. These books always showed the interior in colored photography; it looked almost like a Cecil de Mille Movie.

Now the Gall goes into this little pocket and remains until needed—that is, until you get sore at somebody and want to use it up on them, that's why it is that good-natured people are the ones that have the Gall operations; they never get a chance to use it up on anybody. Another thing I learned is that the complaint is more common by far among women than among men. Well, that fact didn't please me so much, as I was just bordering on the effeminate as it was. I also learned that it was more prevalent among Jewish people; that's what I get for going to those Kosher restaurants with Eddie Cantor.

What Caused the Trouble

Now, as I have so thoroughly and comprehensively explained the location of this, now what causes the stones to form? Well, there are various reasons. Republicans staying in power too long will increase the epidemic; seeing the same ending to Moving Pictures is a prime cause; a wife driving from the rear seat will cause Gastric juices to form an acid, and that slowly jells into a stone as she keeps hollering.

Of course I will always believe that mine was caused by no sanitary drinking cups in the old Indian Territory where I was born. We used a gourd, raised from a gourd vine. Not only did we all drink out of the same gourd but the one gourd lasted for years, till Prohibition weaned some of them away from water.

Then another thing I have thought of recently that might have caused it, that is our handkerchiefs, when we bought them from the store, were not wrapped in sealed packages. They were just handled in the bulk. Some clerk might have had Gall trouble and slipped it to me in that way. I believe that if modern sanitary methods like the above hadn't come in when they did that by now four out of five would have had gallstones.

But while laying in the hospital recuperating I just accidentally stumbled on what I really think caused the operation. For years I had carried a very big—that is, big for my circumstances—Accident and Sickness Disability Insurance. Well, I would notice that my wife would get a little irritable every year when it would come time to pay the premiums on these various sick and accident policies, and say, "Well, that's pretty large to carry, isn't it, when you never have got a cent out of it?" And I would admit that it did seem like a bad investment.

It was getting terribly discouraging to keep paying year after year and not being able to get sick, and with no prospects of ever getting sick. Here I was betting a lot of insurance companies that I would get sick or hurt and they were betting me I wouldn't. Now if you think you are not a sucker in a case like that, all you have to do is to look at the financial standing of the company in comparison to the financial standing of the people who bet on the other side. It's just a case of somebody knowing more about you than you know about yourself.

A Story With a Moral

Why, they have the highest priced doctors to look you over. If you look like nothing but lightening can kill you, why, he sends in a report to the company to go ahead and bet you that you won't get sick. But if you look the least bit like you are going to get sick, they don't bet you. Any time they approve of you, that should show you right there that there is nothing going to happen to you. But you, like a fool, go ahead and bet them in the face of all this professional knowledge that you know more than they do.

I argued with my wife, saying, "Well, I may get sick."

"Yes, you might get sick, but you never do."

Well, you see she had me licked. I then said, "I may get hurt in a polo game by falling off my horse."

She said, "No, you have fallen off so much, you've got used to it, so I have no more hopes along that line."

So last Summer when paying time came, and as she's the banker, my insurance man—he really shouldn't be one, he's so different from the others—advised her to reduce the policies. They decided to cut down on the accident and disability, but they allowed the straight life to remain. They figured I would die, but that I would die without illness. Well, I didn't know the thing had been cut down.

One day I was a-laying in the hospital and I just happened to have the only bright thought that had come to me in weeks. "Say, this thing I'm doubled up here with comes under the heading of 'sickness'; it even comes under the heading of 'accident.'" For wasn't I getting well from an operation?

So I thought of those policies I had been paying on for years. This sickness is going to turn out all right, at that. I began to think how I could stretch it out into what might be termed a slow convalescence. So I was grinning like a moving-picture producer who has just thought of a suggestive title to his new picture. So when my wife called again I broke the good news to her.

I says, "If we can get a bona-fide doctor to say that I have been sick and couldn't spin a rope and talk about Coolidge, we are in for some disability." Well, I noticed the wife didn't seem so boistrous about this idea. Then I got to thinking: "Maybe I haven't been sick enough, or maybe I haven't got a bona-fide doctor."

Then the truth did slowly out; she told me the sad story of the cutting down of the insurance. It read like a sentence to me.

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She said my physical condition had misled them. Of course she said there would be some salvage out of our shortsightedness, but that the operation would be by no means money-making. When if the original policies had prevailed I would have reaped a neat benefit.

So if you want to stay well, just bet a lot of rich companies that you will get sick; then if you can't have any luck getting sick, have the policy cut down, and before six months you'll be saying "Doctor, the pain is right there."

Of course I got this consolation: If I had had the bigger policy, why, it would have had some clause in there where I got sick on the wrong day or had the wrong disease or that policy didn't cover rock quarries. There would have been an alibi somewhere, for those four pages of clauses in a policy are not put in there just to make it longer. So I guess everything happened for the best. After all, it's not the operation that's bad; it's the castor oil afterwards. I know now how Mussolini conquered Italy.

Now I think anybody that suffers must do so with a view or purpose in mind, and that's why I want to point a moral in this article. This article was not just written to show you the wonderful human pictures that Herbert Johnson can draw; this idea is bigger than art itself. When people have tonsils removed, they come out bragging about it and tell what the operation was for; the same with adenoids; and they start talking about their appendics before their wraps are off.

It Isn't Being Done

But with Gall Bladder they never bring the name of the operation into public earshot. They say they have been operated on, but they don't say what for. Now I figures out that it's the name that's against it. Now I don't know why that name should be a more offensive thing to speak of while the company is just settling down to steady scandal gossip than any other part of the body. It's just among a lot of other what the doctors call organs, and to operate on these with undesirable names should be no disgrace for conversational purposes. But it's just human nature; we always like something with some big name that we don't know anything about; some doctor for no reason at all, outside of the fee, called it the appendix. It had a nice sounding name. Now, everybody that don't know what to be operated on for, have their appendix removed.

Now the Gall Bladder means something; it's a real name of a real functioning organ, same as the heart functions—in some people. But the name is all wrong for living and dining room gossip. It's too crude, it's too sudden, it's not euphonius, it means too much what it is; it's like a toothpick—we want to use it but we don't want to let anybody know it. And as for operations, why appendics can't compare with this other.

Why, appendics are taken out just while they are looking for something else, while this other calls for a table, a lot of nurses and a bunch of ether; it's a surgeon's operation; while appendics is a hospital night-watchman's job. If we ever make it amount to anything as a topic, we have got to change its name, and I have been giving the name a lot of thought. I thought we ought to call it something from the Latin.

The word "Gall" itself is not bad. Gaul was a nation that flourished when the flourishing was good, and was extinguished when the extinguishing was good. So it's the second word of the disease that makes the name objectionable. So what do you say we take the first letter of the first name, which is G, and the first letter of the second name, which is B, and for euphonious reasons we add double E to each one of these and tack on an S to the last one for good measure and that gives us the word Gee-Bee's?

Now don't get this confused with HeeBee JeeBee's. What we've got or just had are just GeeBee's. Now that name means little enough that it ought to become popular. It sounds good and has no objectionable features that I can see, and ought to give us entrée anywhere. I don't want to just stand around a party and point to my scar and not be able to tell what disease put it there. This appendix crowd has lorded it over other operations long enough. Now that we've got a name with no harsh sounding words, let us GeeBee people step in and get some of the credit. Why, on account of its location we can point with much more modesty to our scars.

But I am broad-minded. I think that all operations should be on an equality. Any time you have whiffed the ether, that should make you eligible to speak publicly and call your operation by its name, no matter what region is remodeled. If you have been overhauled, you should be eligible to enter any conversation, for you are then one of the Fraternity of Scarbellies.

So if I can lift the GeeBee's operation to a social standing in conversational circles that Appendix now occupies, then my illness will not have been in vain. Are you with me, GeeBees? Then Scars front! Forward, march! Viva, GeeBee's!

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Rogers.

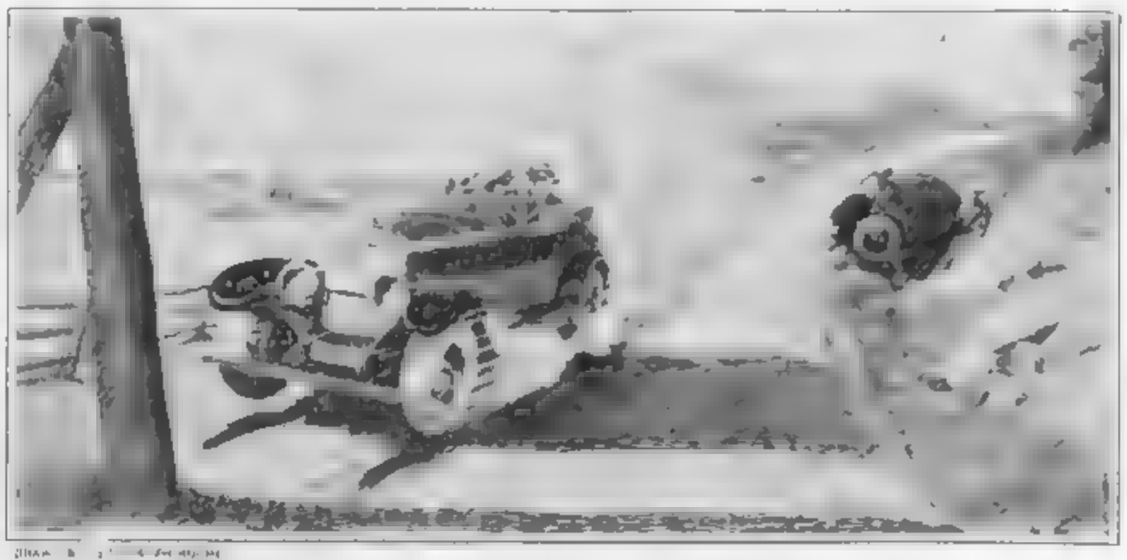
Man o' War—The Golden Stallion

IN THE story of the Golden Stallion that was published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, the statement was made that Man o' War was retired because he had bowed a tendon, which means he was practically broken down and not fit for racing any more and he necessarily had to be put in the stud.

This statement was incorrect. When Man o' War was retired he did not have a bowed tendon; and when he went into the stud in Kentucky, he was absolutely sound in every way and had no blemishes on him of any description.

I want to thank the Curtis Publishing Company for the courtesy they have extended to me in allowing me to make this statement in justice to one of the greatest horses this country has ever produced.

S. D. RIDDLE.



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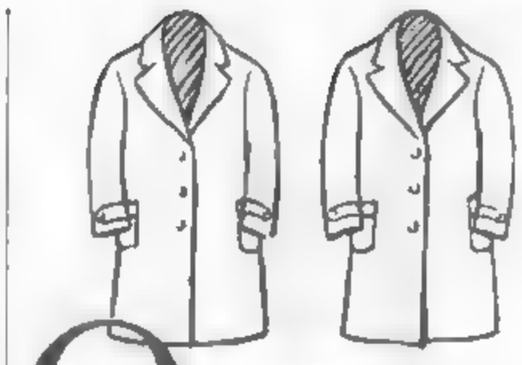

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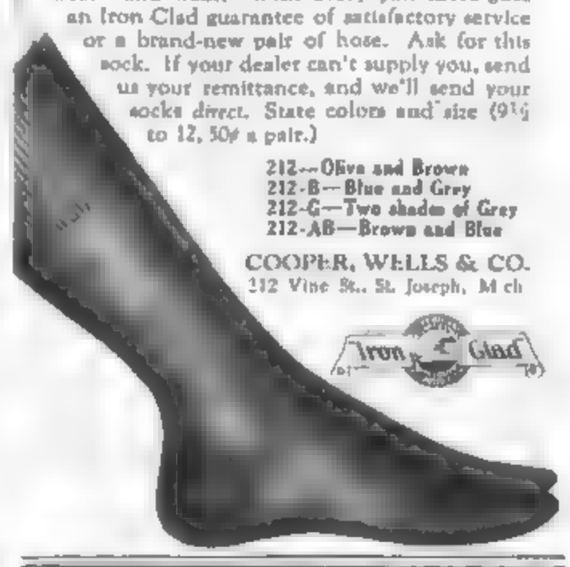

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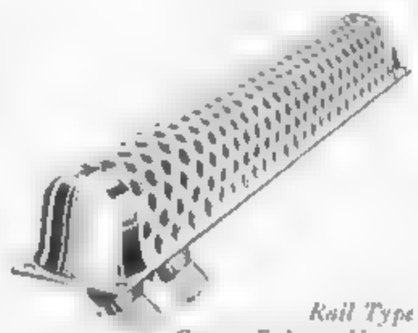

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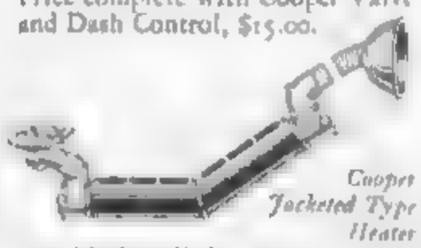

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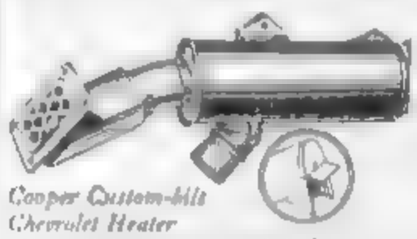

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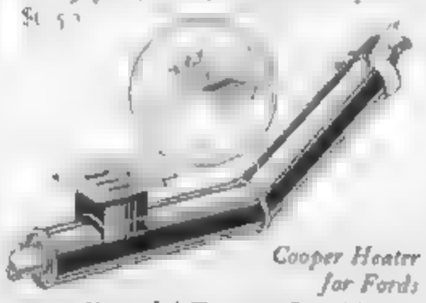

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ACCELERATING SENTIMENT

(Continued from Page 27)

his record, for I had bought it from Cooper about two weeks before that; but Cooper had promised Mr. Ford the use of it for the speed trials on Lake St. Clair. The 999 was a remarkable piece of fast junk.

Ballyhooing Oldfield was very profitable and had but one bad feature. Barney had the habit of accumulating a huge bank roll and then retiring from the dare-devil business. This retiring from active warfare would cause Will H. Pickens to revise his plans and think up other methods of contributing to science and sport. I never worried over Oldfield's retirements, for I knew that Barney would get back on the track the day some other dare-devil broke his mile record. But in the meantime, during these intervals, I kept abreast of the times.

Grass has grown under my feet, and I admit it, but I also claim that I always grabbed a scythe and made hay out of that grass. At the end of the outdoor amusement season of 1907, a year of financial panic, I found myself broke in San Antonio. I had just finished staging motor races at the big fairs in Texas and had fifteen star drivers under contract. Farmers and promoters have sometimes been ruined by the drought in Texas, but in the summer of 1907 my ruin was accomplished by heavy rains on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. Times were so difficult that most of my drivers and mechanics were reduced to a hot-tamale-and-chile-con-carne diet. I disbanded the speed circus in San Antonio, and when I got through paying off the boys I had just enough money for a ticket to Chicago.

I broke the jump at St. Louis, where the James Gordon Bennett International Balloon Race was being held that fall. The right to hold the race in America was won by Lieut. Frank P. Lahm, of the United States Army, who had finished first in the Bennett race of 1906 in Europe. There were nine huge bags in the contest and I was impressed by their size and beauty. Another item dear to the heart and pockets of a promoter was the fact that nine nations were represented in the race, thus making it a world championship.

This was America's first big aerial contest, for 1907 was long before the day when airplanes flew around in the air like chips in a lumber camp. The heavier-than-air machine was still an unrealized dream and veteran balloonists laughed at the secret flights of the Wright brothers.

A Blow to Patriotic Pride

There is something mysterious and awe-inspiring about a monster balloon. People saw it rise and soar away at the mercy of the air currents. Nobody knew where it was going to land—least of all the occupants of the basket, whose one dread was that they would be blown over the same ocean so recently traversed by Lindbergh and others.

The St. Louis race was won by Dr. I. Erbsloh in the German balloon Pommern, which landed at Asbury Park, New Jersey, 876.75 miles from the starting point. This was a new world record and the contest aroused great interest all over the country. I knew that the next Bennett race would be held the following year in the country corresponding with the winner's nationality and realized that it was a staggering blow to the United States. It meant that America must go through the year 1908 without a balloon race, and being a scion of a proud old Southern family, I determined that this glorious nation would have a balloon contest in 1908 if I had to make balloons out of paper bags and blow them up myself.

I had counted the gigantic cotton-and-rubber bags and knew that there were nine balloons to a race. Outside of that information I was still a pedestrian. St. Louis already having seen one race, I decided to confer the honor on another city. My ticket read from San Antonio to Chicago. I couldn't go back to San Antonio, for that half of the ticket was already canceled. I have never confided to a single Chicagoan that his town's choice of the famous balloon race of 1908 was decided by the railroad company which sold me a ticket to Chicago. Another point in favor of the lake metropolis was that Will H. Pickens had unlimited credit at the Stratford Hotel, now torn down, so you can give credit where credit is due.

If you will follow me step by step, I will show you just how a promoter promotes. I took the train for Chicago and figured out my battle maps on the way. I didn't have a dime and balloons cost about $2000 apiece, uninflated. Anybody who has ever dropped a quarter in the cellar meter realizes how much gas would cost to fill a balloon of approximately 60,000 cubic feet capacity. In the first place, I needed a man who would ride the white horse in front of the procession. This man would have to be a sincere amateur sportsman along the type of W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.—a man who didn't call for his lawyer every time he saw his picture in the paper, and a man who would take a sporting chance. There was very little money involved in the initial steps, but the man on the white horse was expected to furnish that.

In the Best French Manner

I finally selected a well-known Chicagoan, Charles Andrew Coey, for the honor. Mr. Coey was a leading automobile distributor and an amateur sportsman who had frequently raced against Oldfield in open speed tournaments in the Middle West. A promoter's idea of an amateur sportsman is a man who is satisfied with a silver cup instead of a 50 per cent slice of a $10,000 gate. No sportsman could be too amateurish in that respect for Will H. Pickens.

Upon arrival in Chicago I called on Mr. Coey and outlined my plan for filling the vacuum in American balloon racing for the year of 1908. I told him what a wonderful sight a balloon race was and how much one meant to the fair town of Chicago. There were also commercial possibilities in the scheme, and under proper direction, Chicago could soon be the balloon center of the universe. Mr. Coey was very enthusiastic and agreed to finance the promotion. The first installment was a check for $250, made payable to Will H. Pickens. This payment is what a promoter calls front money. It enabled me to live in my accustomed style, to mingle with the best people and put up a good front. It also enabled me to flash a bank roll with a wrapper consisting of a $100 bill and a filler of ones, fives and tens.

The next step was organizing an Aeronautique Club in the best French manner. As a comic opera needs at least one joke to make it comic, the Aeronautique Club of Chicago required one practical member who knew something about ballooning. We found that man in Octave Chanute, whose writings on ballooning were recognized as international authority. Coey called on Mr. Chanute and had no difficulty in persuading him to join the movement to make Chicago the home port for the world's runaway balloons. With Chanute as the nucleus of the organization, Coey called together a group of influential friends in commercial and financial circles and the Aeronautique Club of Chicago was launched.

The charter was procured, handsome stationery engraved, membership cards embossed, and, most important of all, engraved announcements of membership were ordered. Coey was elected president at the first meeting, and in his acceptance speech he painted the picture of the wonderful panorama of the St. Louis balloon race of 1907, and proposed a resolution that the Chicago club sponsor a similar race on July 4, 1908. The resolution was carried with the proviso that it would be possible to procure the services of a competent

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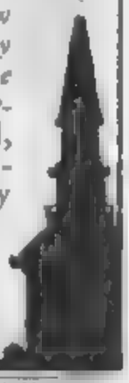

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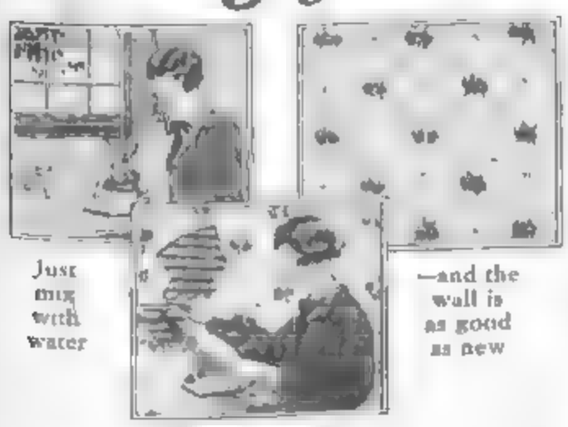

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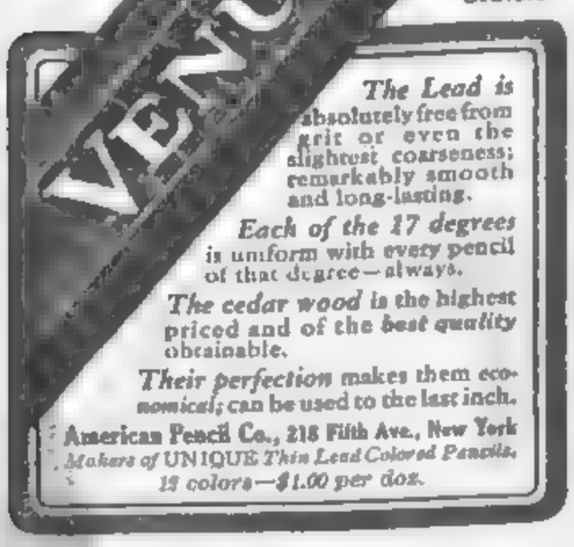

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promoter to handle the details. Will H. Pickens was very much at leisure. Coey was authorized to engage my services. He had no trouble signing me up.

I estimated that it would require $20,000 to stage the race. The next step was to raise the money. That's where the important engraved announcements of membership came in. We realized that there were many sportsmen and prominent men throughout the country who would not be able to sleep nights if Chicago suffered from a dearth of balloons. Therefore we didn't slight a single citizen in our efforts to line up a strong brigade of volunteers who would struggle for science and sport. The announcements were sent forth like doves from the ark, and soon our mail bag was full of acceptances.

There were 300 members in all, and after a reasonable period we forwarded each member his bill for his first year's dues. The assessment was $100 a head and this filled our coffers.

Remember that there was nothing shady about this stunt. Every member of the club was an amateur, pure and simple. The promotion was on the level and no city or club ever got a greater run for its money than Chicago in 1908. The only mercenary person in the organization was Will H. Pickens, whose activities were professional and whose efforts were to be rewarded with coin of the realm.

Adding International Flavor

Realizing that few of our new members knew anything about the science of brushing the clouds in spherical blimps, we determined to furnish them with information by publishing the first balloon magazine in the United States. We stuffed this magazine with data, illustrations and educational matter to enlighten the members and enable them to carry on an intelligent balloon conversation with persons who had only themselves to blame for bringing up the subject. This magazine was called the Aeronautique Review and was printed in lavish style on heavy calendered paper. The date of the first issue was February, 1908. There never was a second.

An obstacle developed at this stage which didn't worry me, but greatly perturbed less-experienced members of the club. This hurdle was furnished by the Aero Club of America, headquarters New York, which declared the proposed race to be an outlaw contest and forbade any of its members or pilots entering or participating in the race. This meant that we would have to procure our own balloons.

I immediately started on a hurry-up tour of the country east of the Mississippi for the purpose of organizing aero clubs in other cities. After planting the seed I returned to Chicago, and President Coey issued a call for all loyal balloonists to meet in Chicago for the purpose of organizing the Federation of American Aero Clubs. The original Aero Club of America had but around six affiliated clubs. When our outlaw banquet was held in Chicago a few weeks later we found that we had thirty-six cities represented and each town pledged an aero club. This took off the outlaw stigma and caused the balloon center of America to travel overnight from New York to Chicago.

Needless to state, the race was immediately sanctioned by the new federation and Will H. Pickens was appointed director general of contests. Everything about the balloon race was going along fine except that we had thirty-six balloon clubs and not a single balloon.

There must be nine balloons in every balloon race. I had learned that in St. Louis and might even have been considered an expert on that one detail. The time was now ripe for the big ballyhoo that would get the people of Chicago and other cities in the federation interested in the essential industry of ballooning. President Coey of the Aeronautique Club came to the front by ordering the biggest balloon in the world, capacity 100,000 cubic feet. He planked down $3500 and made a trial flight that qualified him as a legitimate and experienced pilot. He flew from Quincy, Illinois, to Clear Lake, South Dakota, a distance of about 600 miles.

Coey's flight was widely exploited and stimulated interest among other sportsmen. I splattered the country with a twenty-four-sheet showing him in ballooning costume with his balloon Chicago in the background. Colonel Scott, of St. Paul; Dick Ferris, of Minneapolis; Norman G. Keenan, of Cincinnati; and Dr. Frederick J. Fielding, of San Antonio, built balloons at their own expense and entered them in the big race.

That made five in all. We were still four shy of the correct number. The Aeronautique Club decided to finance the building of the necessary four bags. The entries were now complete and, like home-brew, the only thing lacking was an international flavor. One day a chap walked into my office and introduced himself as Captain Muller, of Alsace-Lorraine. He furnished me with the missing link of the race.

I decided that Captain Muller would represent France, and cabled Louis Strang, one of my automobile-racing protégés, who was in France racing over the Dieppe circuit, to cable the entry of his balloon, the Ville de Dieppe, and nominate Captain Muller as pilot. I next took the gallant captain to a costumer and invested five wise dollars in renting a French army officer's uniform, rank captain. I could have made him a general for three more dollars. Then I hustled him to the barber and had his straggly mustache turned upward in military fashion. The Chicago papers fought for the privilege of printing Captain Muller's picture on their front pages.

With Europe taken care of, we next turned to Japan. While trying to get hold of a Nipponese pilot I went down to a Jap curio store and ordered a polite Japanese printer to make up some stationery on rice paper bearing the insignia of the Ballooning Club of Tokio. This title was in the original Japanese. Then I went to another Japanese shop and paid an industrious Jap schoolboy to write a letter, begging the honor of being permitted to enter Taro Wasaro, champion balloonist of all Nippon, in the honorable contest against so many worthy competitors. He closed by hoping that the race would be won by the most courageous of all the seekers after celestial science and by affixing a signature purporting to be that of the dean of the aeronauts of Tokio.

A Balloon, But No Pilot

I fully intended to hire a Japanese pilot to guide a balloon in the contest, but was unable to get one. That's where complications set in, for, after showing the letter to other sport editors, I had foolishly left it on a desk in the sport department of a Chicago newspaper. I also left a press story explaining the contents of the Jap's epistle.

When the sporting editor came in he sent a famous football player to a real Japanese student. This student translated the letter and pronounced it authentic. He went me one better by claiming to know the illustrious Japanese balloonist, Taro Wasaro. When I called on the editor the next day I was astounded to learn that he had prepared a three-column layout of the letter and was going to run it the next day. By this time it was too late for me to confess that it was a fake and the layout appeared the following morning. The Japanese student may have been right and there may actually have been a Taro Wasaro. But I couldn't discover him or any other Jap who was willing to take a chance in a strange balloon.

I issued a statement to the press, saying that Taro would be unable to appear. Then I assigned the balloon I had intended to dedicate to the Land of the Rising Sun over to the Aero Club of Winnipeg. We painted out the Japanese inscription and lettered in the august name of King Edward, monarch of England. We called our third balloon

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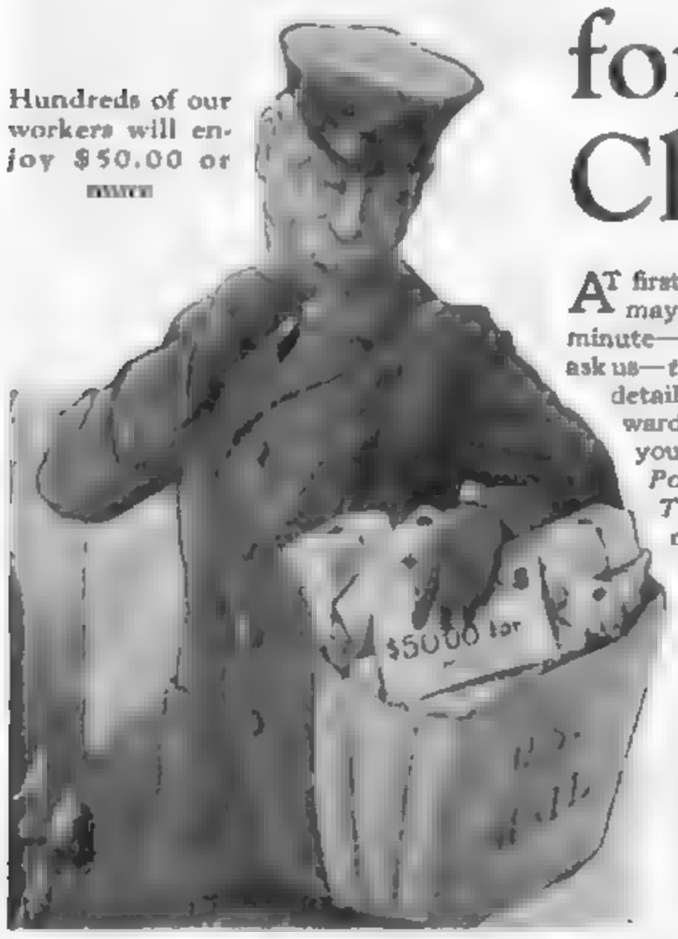

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the Columbia. The fourth one was christened the United States.

That completed the nine entries and the race had taken definite form. All Chicago was balloon mad. I had even been infected by the spirit of sportsmanship, and when I heard that another promoter was planning to stage a balloon contest in Ohio I denounced him as an outlaw. I made a plea that the sport be kept free from the profit-sharing element who would taint and injure the glorious pastime of aeronautics. But I didn't go so far as to relinquish my contract, which entitled me to 25 per cent of the gate receipts.

We rented a plot of ground on the South Side and erected temporary stands which would accommodate 25,000 people. Another 25,000 could be parked in the standing section. Board fences were slapped together around the inclosure and everything was ready for the race. The gas was tested and declared to be the most buoyant of any municipal gas in the country. Final preparations were completed and we sat back and waited for the big day.

I had worked a total of eight months on the contest and it was the biggest thing I had ever tackled. It had gathered momentum like the well-known snowball. Although I was the recognized ringmaster, I was smart enough to exploit the big names in the Aeronautique Club and to keep myself in the background. Coey's trial flight in the Chicago was the turning point in our publicity and we got more newspaper space than any other sporting event ever held in the Middle West.

July Fourth dawned clear and hot. The balloon-inflating zone was wired off and guarded by militia to prevent smokers from flipping lighted cigar butts into the danger area. Picture nine mammoth balloons swaying like inflated elephants in a gentle breeze. The seats were graded from a dollar to two dollars. Standing room was fifty cents. When the crowds started storming the gates, I might as well have been alone on a desert island, for I was fascinated by the nine big balloons. No less than 50,000 people jammed the park and another 500,000 surrounded the park and studded the streets and the lake front. We put both Chicago baseball games on the bum that day.

Nine Balloons—Count 'Em

But for once I forgot that I was a promoter and kept staring at the swaying bags. No matter what happened, no matter if the race was a success or a disaster, I felt vindicated every time I checked off the bags, for there were nine of them and it required nine balloons to make a race. I had learned this in St. Louis when my ballooning was in its infancy.

Coey was the popular favorite. So much had been written about Captain Muller that he was the second choice. The most imposing figure of all the entrants was Doctor Fielding, of San Antonio, who stood six feet four inches. Captain Muller was the next broadcaster to take the air. His companion was George Schoeneck, a boy of seventeen with a reputation for dare-devil automobile racing.

Muller's Ville de Dieppe plunked right into the middle of Lake Michigan and only his nerve and quick thinking saved him and the boy from drowning. He climbed into the rope rigging, pulled the kid up after him and cut the basket loose with a pocket knife.

The Ville de Dieppe shot 5000 feet into the air and the captain should have been pronounced dead right there. But through some mysterious method he brought the bag down in a beet field in Northern Michigan. The kid now knows that Captain Muller had never been off the ground before but is convinced that he was then the greatest balloonist in the world. The seven other balloons got off rapidly and sailed over the lake.

Hero of the Air

The crowd went home thrilled to the marrow, for it had witnessed Chicago's bid for the supremacy of the air. The spectacle was over for the spectators, but it had just begun for the pilots. They came down all over the map. The next morning wires drifted in from the vagrant bags. Four balloons had dropped in the province of Ontario, having covered distances from 300 to 600 miles. You know about Muller. Three more landed in Michigan. Only Doctor Fielding was missing in the check-up. It was impossible to get news of the San Antonio and it was feared that it had selected one of the five Great Lakes as a landing station.

Then came a flash late the following afternoon. It had landed in West Shefford, province of Quebec. I hastily consulted an outline map on the wall. I measured the distance between West Shefford and Chicago and realized that the doctor had certainly hopped far and wide on his maiden jump. I didn't know how far it was until I had wired the United States Geographical Survey office in Washington and the Canadian officials in Ottawa. They verified my suspicions. Doctor Fielding had covered 895 miles and broken the world's record!

He had beaten the previous mark established by the Pommern in St. Louis the year before by almost twenty miles. He came back to Chicago and was acclaimed a hero. He was tendered a big banquet and became an international figure in ballooning.

When the returns were all in and the balloonists were safe on earth, I became a promoter again. My share of the proceeds was around $16,000—$6000 of which I had drawn in advance. The success of the meet resulted in many cities clamoring for the

(Continued on Page 210)

DRAWN BY NEO HILTON

"How's That? Every One of Them a Priceless First Edition?" "What's This One All Alone Over Here?" "Oh, That's the One I've Read."

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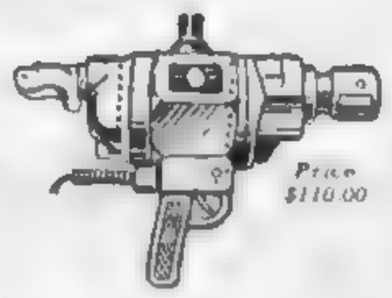

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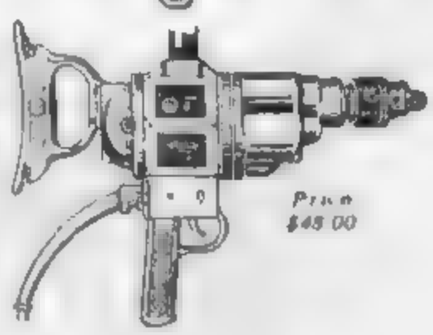

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Index of Advertisers

November 12, 1927

	PAGE
Allen-A Company, The	87
Aluminum Company of America	210
American Brass Company, The	80
American Gas Machine Co., Inc.	185
American Numbering Machine Co.	204
American Pencil Co.	205
American Pop Corn Co.	204
American Radiator Company	120, 121
American Sales Book Company	209
American School, The	199
Vanity Leather Products Co.	117
Amrad Corporation, The	160
Ansonia Clock Co.	98
A. P. W. Paper Company	187
Arnold Shoe Co., M. N.	149
A. T. & S. F. Railway	198
Atwater Kent Manufacturing Co.	110, 111
Automobile Club of Southern California	176, 177
Bassick Co., The	96
Bell & Howell Co.	97
Bird & Son, inc.	114
Black & Decker Mfg. Co., The	207
Bliss Brothers Company	204
Bohn Aluminum & Brass Corporation	167
Boncilla Laboratories, Inc.	182
Boott Mills	197
Bowes Seal Fast Corp.	201
Brown & Sharpe Mfg. Company	171
Brunswick Balke-Collender Co., The	57
Ball Dog Electric Products Co.	194
Californians Inc.	211
Campbell Soup Company	33
Carter Company, The William	154
Celotex Company, The	82
Chandler-Cleveland Motors Corp.	81
Chase & Co., L. C.	132
Chase Brass & Copper Co., Inc.	161
Cheek Neal Coffee Company	172
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway	152, 153
Chicago Solder Company	146
Chrysler Sales Corporation	128, 129
Clark, Frank C.	206
Clark Grave Vault Company, The	115
Clarkson, David B.	206
Clinton Carpet Company	166
Collins & Aikman Company	37
Commonwealth Shoe & Leather Co	157
Congoleum-Nairn Inc.	48
Conklin Pen Company, The	168
Consolidated Shingle Mills of British Columbia Ltd., The	164
Continental Motors Corporation	102, 103
Continental Scale Works	201
Cooper Manufacturing Co	2 3
Cooper, Wells & Co.	202
Corbin, P. & F.	88
Crofut & Knapp Company, The	79
Crosley Radio Corp., The	186
Cunningham, Inc., E. T.	188
Demuth & Co., Wm.	83
Diamond Match Co., The	202
Dodge Brothers, Inc.	116
Douglass Company, The	134
Eclipse-Needles Co.	178
Edison Electric Appliance Co., Inc.	75
Edison, Inc., Thomas A.	50
Electric Auto-Lite Company, The	191
Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc.	131
Electro Magnetic Tool Company	197
Elliott Addressing Machine Co.	204
Ethyl Gasoline Corporation	112
Evans & Co., Victor J.	204
Field & Flint Co.	140
Fisk Tire Company, Inc., The	78
Florsheim Shoe Co., The	185, 186, 190, 192
Ford Motor Company	144, 145
Freed-Eisemann Radio Corporation	190
French Battery Company	126
General Tire & Rubber Co., The	125
Glover Co., Inc., H. Clay	70
Great Northern Hotel, Chicago	86
Ground Gripper Shoe Co., Inc.	124
Hamilton Watch Company	183
Hart Schaffner & Marx	2
Holeproof Hosiery Company	1
Holophane Company	94
Holt Co., Edward	202
Hoosier Manufacturing Co., The	158, 159
Hoover Company, The	135
Hudson Motor Car Company	76, 77
Hupp Motor Car Corp.	51
Hutto Engineering Company Inc	137
Huyck & Sons, F. C.	196
Ingersoll Watch Co., Inc	56
Ingram Co., Frederick F.	62
International Typewriter Exchange	206
Johnson & Son, S. C.	165
Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works, Iver	122
Johnston Company, Robert A.	212
Jones Dairy Farm	198
Karpen & Bros., S.	99
King Seeley Corporation	150
Kokomo Electric Company, The	193
LaSalle Extension University	205
Lehn & Fink, Inc.	52
Libbey-Owens Sheet Glass Co., The	156
Liquid Carbonic Corporation, The	118
Lyon & Sons, Inc., J. W.	84
Mabie Todd & Co.	133
Macklanburg-Duncan Co.	91
Marchant Calculating Machine Co.	173
Marland Refining Company	138
Mason Tire and Rubber Company	109
Meccano Co., Inc.	181
Miller Rubber Company, The	101
Mills, Albert	204
Monroe Calculating Machine Co., Inc.	73
Moorhead Knitting Co., Inc.	151
Murphy Varnish Company	67
Nash Motors Co.	123
National Blank Book Company	60
National Carbon Company, Inc.	66
National Confectioners' Association and Allied Industries	170
National Jewelers Publicity Ass'n	169
National Lamp Works, G. E. Co.	72
National Stamping & Electrical Works	198
New Jersey Zinc Company, The	148
North Bros. Mfg. Co.	130
Nunn-Bush Shoe Co.	119
Oakland Motor Car Co.	35
Oh Henry!	89
Oil Heating Institute, The	155
O. K. Machine Company	206
Olds Motor Works	43
Packard Motor Car Co.	90
Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company	39
Parker Brothers, Inc.	205
Pennsylvania Railroad	153
Perfect Circle Company, The	194
Phillips-Jones	180
Photographers Ass'n of America	162, 163
Piggly Wiggly Corporation	179
Pinaud Incorporated, Ed.	100
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co.	54
Planters Nut & Chocolate Company	197
Pratt & Lambert-Inc.	88
Quaker Oats Company, The	II Cover
Raytheon Manufacturing Co.	61
Reo Motor Car Company	65
Republic Motor Truck Co., Inc.	200
Reynolds Tobacco Company, R. J.	46
Rogers Bros. 1847	III Cover
Russell Mfg. Co.	69
Rutland Fire Clay Co.	205
Sanymetal Products Co., The	192
Scholl Mfg. Co., The	206
Schrader's Son, Inc., A.	55
Scott Paper Company	174
Sinclair Refining Company, Inc	71
Skinner & Sons, William	63
Smith Shoe Company, J. P	142
Southern Pacific Lines	208
Sparks-Withington Company, The	68
Stearns & Company, Frederick	147
Steinway & Sons	92, 93
Swift & Company	41
Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation	45
Tower Manufacturing Corp.	198
Trico Products Corporation	189
Tucson Sunshine-Climate Club	205
United Electrical Mfg. Co., The	201
Universal Pictures	50
Upson Company, The	131
U. S. Playing Card Co., The	54
Valentine & Company	95
Van Cleef Bros.	113
Van Dorn Electric Tool Company, The	136
Victor Talking Machine Co.	IV Cover
Waters-Genter Company	168
Webster Co., Inc., F. S.	202
Wesley & Co., Edward	197
White Sewing Machine Co.	184
Williams Mfg. Company, The	204
Willys-Overland, Inc.	106, 107
Yale & Towne Mfg. Co., The	85
Zenith Radio Corporation	139

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

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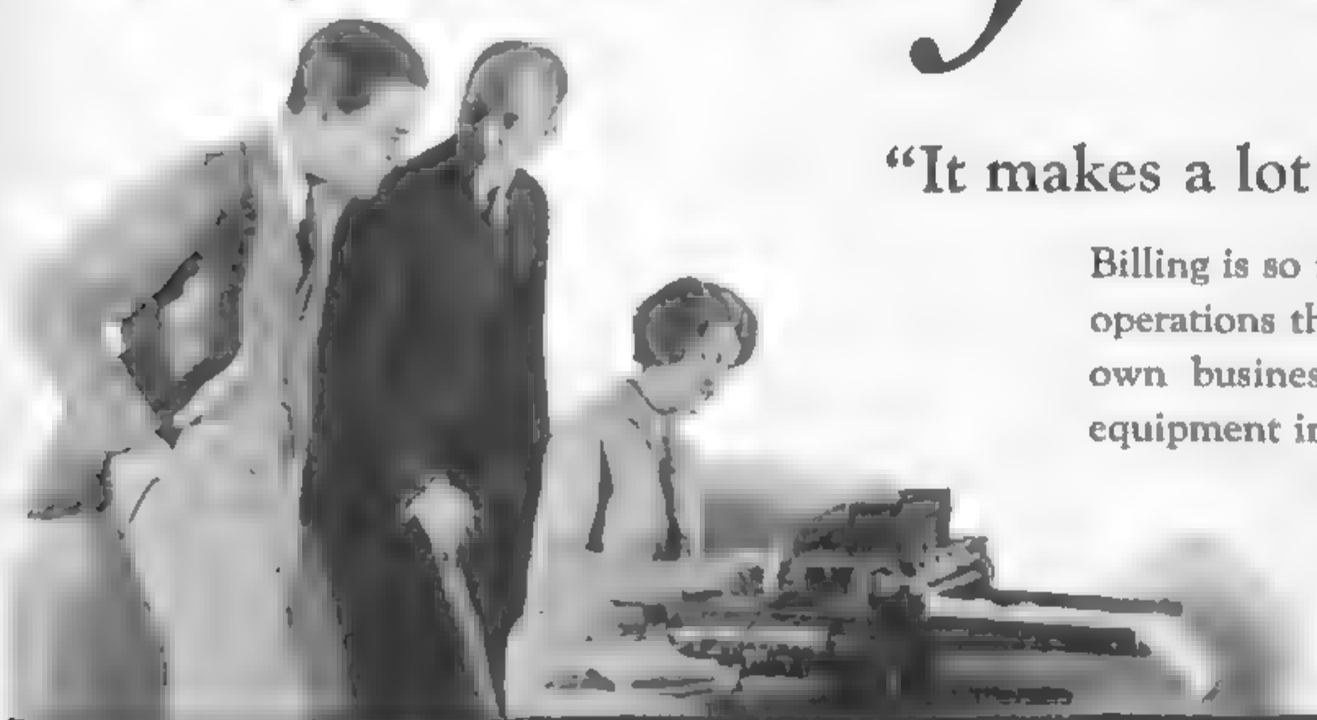

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¶Paint the garage interior, the rims of your tires, the window frames.

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The pigment base for the better grades of Aluminum Paint is Albron Aluminum Bronze Powder, made of pure ALCOA Aluminum.

ALUMINUM PAINT
"IT LEAFS"

(Continued from Page 208)

Federation of Aero Clubs to sanction meetings and provide the balloons for races in their towns. I determined to give up automobile contests and devote myself to the science of aeronautics. After visiting many towns and playing one against the other, I selected Columbus, Ohio, for the next Sky Derby. All contracts were speedily signed and the race was scheduled for August 29, 1908. In the meantime I studied the rule book and discovered that it was not necessary to have nine balloons in a race. So I decided to limit Columbus to five. The city was all smoked up, for by now ballooning was the great American sport. I plastered the state with twenty-four-sheets and an enormous crowd paid to see the spectacle.

The balloons were inflated at Driving Park with gas piped from a main several blocks away. The bags filled as usual and everything looked auspicious for the greatest contest ever staged. The five pilots and their aids had equipped themselves with enough food to last a week. The word was given, the ropes were thrown off and the crowd cheered itself hoarse. But nary a balloon budged an inch. Some of them were nodding sleepily, like round-shouldered clerks on a hot day.

I rushed out and told the pilots to unhook their bags of sand ballast. This was done, but still the balloons hugged the ground affectionately. Then I ordered the five aids out of the baskets. They dropped out, but still the balloons acted like sick lollipops. The week's supply of food was dumped overboard without effect. Not a balloon lifted its chin off the ground. The cheers of the crowd changed to hoots. Finally all the balloons got off the ground and sailed back and forth across the city like lazy buzzards. Two of them managed to sail out of sight, but the three others hung over Columbus the rest of the afternoon. The trouble was in the gas supply. Air had leaked into the pipes and was pumped into the bags, diluting the lifting power of the gas.

Of the two balloons which got away, one landed in Lake Erie and the other dropped into a railroad cut at Niagara Falls.

I left Columbus rather hurriedly, determined to give up the science of ballooning and stick to automobile racing, for motor enthusiasts are unable to hoot so loud and so long as balloon fans. That was my last balloon race, although I had made a fair profit at Columbus, and I had provided the city with the greatest spectacle ever seen in Ohio up to four o'clock that afternoon—which was the time that the balloons were supposed to get off the ground.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Pickens. The third will appear in the issue of November 26th.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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Table of Contents

November 12, 1927

Cover Design by Alan Foster

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
Bravo, Toro!—*I. A. R. Wylie*	8
No Brains at All—*William Hazlett Upson*	11
Philadelphia—*Joseph Hergesheimer*	12
The Blowhard—*Kennett Harris*	14
Sex Story—Male—*R. G. Kirk*	18
The Deep Pit—*Elsie Singmaster*	21
The Captain's Cordon Rouge—*James Warner Bellah*	22
Mayzie in a Sister Act—*Sewell Ford*	24
Plupy Shows a Smiling Face to the World But Has to "Swaller Hard"—*Henry A. Shute*	34
Bottomless Pond—*Richard Matthews Hallet*	42
Buy, Baby, Buy—*Sam Hellman*	186

ARTICLES

A Hole in One—*Will Rogers*	6
Nine Months' Rest—*Frederic F. Van de Water*	16
A Cook's Tour—*George Rector*	20
Accelerating Sentiment—*William Hickman Pickens*	26
Treat Us Like Men—*Christian Gauss*	31
Presidential Campaigns—The Compromisers, 1848 and 1852—*Meade Minnigerode*	36
On Circle—*Will James*	40
Prophets of Profits—*Olive Chapin Lawson*	47
This Savings-Bank Business—*John J. Pulleyn*	50

SERIALS

The Prince Serves His Purpose (In three parts)—*Alice Duer Miller*	3
The Border Jumpers (Second part)—*Hal G. Evarts*	28

MISCELLANY

Editorials	30
Short Turns and Encores	32
Americana	49

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You can. The statistics of average property-wealth, average savings deposits, average automobile ownership—of all the things that denote prosperity—show that Californians are about *twice* as well off as the average American family.

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For every San Franciscan—here or on the way—these advantages spell OPPORTUNITY

"San Francisco, September 6, 1927.

"We came to California from one of the prairie states, and rented a home for the palm tree that stood in the front yard. Last winter was the second we have spent in California, and it seemed wonderful again just to go outdoors to a green lawn on which a flake of snow has never fallen; to send the children to school without mittens; to see gay-colored birds bathing in the garden fountain in mid-winter.

"Yet we can have snow, too, and go tobogganing on week-ends, just by a few hours' motor trip to Yosemite in winter, and come back home to a day of golf or tennis. There is more in California than a busy man's family can find time to enjoy, but on week-ends and summer vacations we are discovering ocean beaches and mountain lakes and little valleys covered with orchards—delightful places different from anything we have known before.

"All these opportunities for fun could not mean as much to us, of course, if it had been hard to get a start in business in San Francisco. But even in the short time since we came, it has been possible for me to get further ahead in my business than I could have done in an equal time back East.

(*Name on request*) L. H. E."

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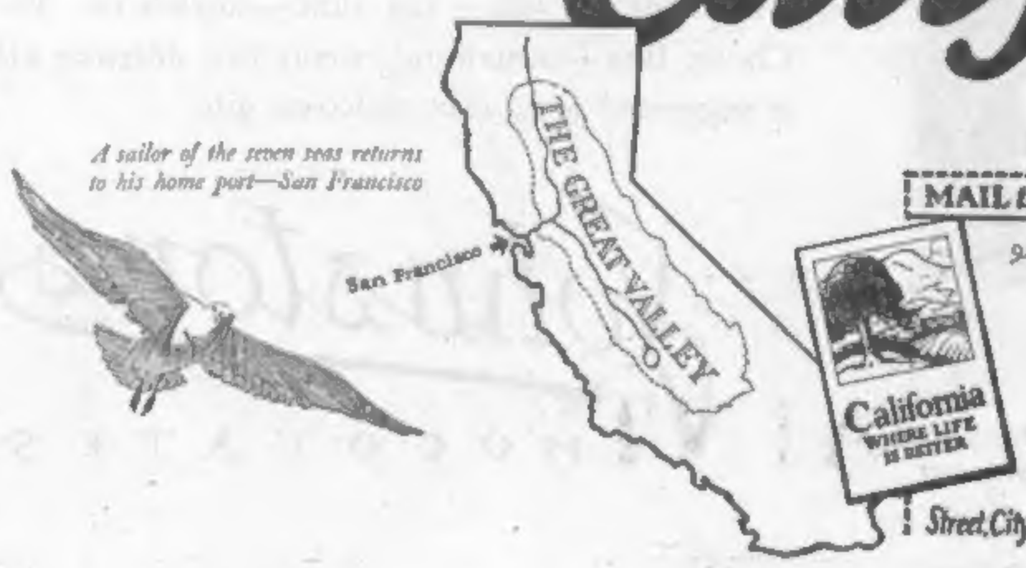

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